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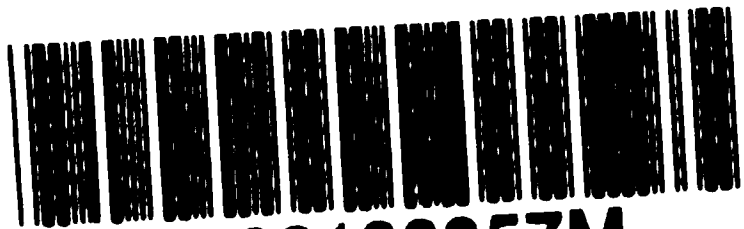
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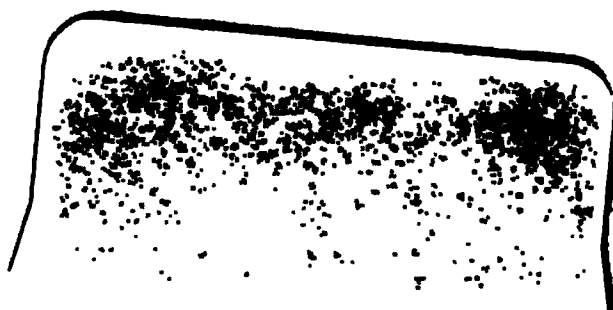
ROMANCE WITHOUT FICTION



HENRY BLEBY.



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ROMANCE WITHOUT FICTION:

OR,

SKETCHES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF AN OLD MISSIONARY.

BY HENRY BLEBY,

CHAIRMAN AND GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE WESLEYAN MISSIONS
IN THE BAHAMAS.

"Truth needs no flowers of speech."—POPE.

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PREFACE.

THE writer of these pages, during forty years of missionary service, has been mixed up with a good deal of thrilling incident. He was early enough in the mission field to be an eye-witness of the fierce dying struggles of British colonial slavery, and take part in the stirring events that preceded and followed the overthrow of the unhallowed system, that made merchandise and chattels of human beings. And he was personally acquainted with many of the individuals who figure in these narratives both for good and evil.

These sketches have been written at different times since 1853 ; some of them in Barbadoes, others in Paris, some upon the sea, and several in the Bahamas. They are not tales of fiction. All the persons mentioned in them were real actors on the stage of life ; and all the events described were veritable occurrences. Should any hearts be moved to pity by reading these stories, it will not be pity wasted upon mere imaginary suffering. If tears of sympathy are called forth, they will not be shed over fanciful distress and ideal woe.

The narrative element possesses a subtle fascinating power, that accounts for the supremacy of the novel and the story above every other form of literary art. The omnivorous appetite that prevails in the nursery for such stories as "Jack the Giant Killer," "Little Red Riding-Hood," and "Cinderella," is a silent acknowledgment of

this power. Jack's insatiable love of yarns upon the fore-castle is homage rendered to it. And the preference of Sunday scholars for story volumes, above all others that load the shelves of the library, is a tacit assertion of the enchanting influence. The story is at the bottom of the epic and the drama; and the most pleasing essays and disquisitions are those which embody brief stories for enlivenment and illustration. Even in the sacred volume the narrative element abounds; recognising the fact, that the taste for it has its basis in the depths of human nature.

It is hoped that this volume of truthful narrative will not only afford amusement and gratification to its readers, but serve also to deepen in many hearts an interest in the great work of Christian missions, by which the kingdoms of this world are to be subdued and won for the Prince of Peace.

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ROMANCE

OF

THE MISSION FIELD.

I.

PRAYER ANSWERED.

MORE things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

TENNYSON.

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

So wrote Cowper, in that beautiful hymn, in which the inscrutable wisdom of Jehovah, working out the loving designs of His Providence, is described in strains that have carried with them abundant consolation and hope to many a desponding spirit.

The sentiment embodied in these words must have presented itself in great power and beauty to the eleven chosen “Apostles of the Lamb,” as they contemplated the manner in which the Divine Head of the Church filled up the vacancy among them that had been created by the apostasy of “the son of perdition.” Setting aside the mistaken

arrangements of mere human wisdom by a method of His own, transcending all human anticipation, and in the exercise of His own sole prerogative, he provided a successor to Judas in the apostolate ; going into the camp of the enemy, seizing upon the very head and chief of the persecutors, and transforming that embodiment of bitter, fierce, persecuting zeal into a bright flame of light and love, and changing the relentless, unscrupulous opposer into a faithful and dauntless friend. It was a development of His wonder-working Providence, fraught with richest instruction and encouragement to them in their great work. And it was calculated to open up to them enlarged views of Christ's mediatorial government and illimitable perfections, and abundantly to strengthen their faith in Him. It afforded a lofty and impressive illustration of the truth, that "His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts ; "and, "as the heavens are high above the earth, so are His ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts."

So it is in many of the great events which stand out prominently in man's history. Divine Wisdom selects and brings out the instruments suited to the accomplishment of its own beneficent purposes in a way that baffles and transcends all human sagacity and forethought. When the world lay slumbering in the lap of a corrupt apostate church, enervated and enfeebled and blinded by the spells she had succeeded in casting over the nations, and the man was wanted who should rise up in the energy of a renewed and sanctified nature to break the charm of her enchantments, and thunder in the ears of all Europe words of faith and power destined to shake the world, and initiate a new era of light and of religion, Jehovah knew where to lay His hand upon the agent He required. The all-seeing eye of Him who is on the throne beheld him in the secluded recesses of a German monastery. And Martin Luther, the obscure son of a village woodcutter, was called forth from the cell to which, in Popish ignorance and godly simplicity and sincerity, he had devoted the remainder of his life, to be a witness for God, and produce that Reformation which

nas led to such auspicious results, and shed showers of blessing upon the nations of the world. Not amongst the wealthy and the great, but amongst the lowly and the poor, did Divine Providence look for and choose the instrument by whom the counsels of infinite benignity were to be fulfilled, for the benefit of the world.

So, when dense clouds had settled upon the British nation, and religion, degenerating into mere empty form, had well nigh died out in the land, and a slumbering church was to be aroused, heavenly light diffused through the land, and a revival of pure and undefiled religion to be wrought which should spread untold blessings over all the world, and subvert and overthrow all the false religions that debase and destroy man upon the face of the earth, the Divine Head of the Church selected and brought forth His chosen agent. He disciplined and prepared a despised Oxford student, and investing him with the wisdom, and the courage, and the piety, fitting him for the great work, sent out John Wesley to be a herald of mercy to the world, and give an impulse to His great work of restoring man, such as it had never before received since the apostolic age. Truly is it said, "Great things doeth He, which we cannot comprehend." (Job xxxvii. 5.)

The powerful government of the British monarch extends over many of the beautiful isles of the Caribbean Sea, which in the progress of wars waged by Britain, not always with wise discretion, against the Continental powers, have fallen under the British crown. But at the period of our narrative all these fruitful lands where summer, unchequered by any of the cold blasts of winter, reigns with perennial glory, and clothes them with unchanging verdure, fruitfulness, and beauty, are cursed with the presence of slavery. Man holds property in man. Hundreds of thousands of the swarthy children of Africa, carried off by inhuman violence and wrong from their native land and borne to foreign shores under the protection of the British flag, are crushed down by oppression, lacerated by the whip, and wasted by unrequited toil, to enrich and

pamper those who make merchandise of the souls and bodies of fellow-creatures, heirs of immortality and redemption equally with themselves. There, too, darkness reigns. The wretchedness of the slave's lot is unrelieved by the consolations of religion. No light from heaven is suffered to fall across his path. For the soul must be kept in darkness, and all the nobler faculties of his nobler nature must be cramped and crushed down, that the fetters may remain quietly upon his limbs, and avarice plunder him at discretion.

There are men there, it is true, who call themselves clergymen. But they are slaveholders themselves, and recognise no right beyond that possessed by cattle, in human beings guilty of a dark complexion. There are also two or three Moravian Missionaries, who, in self-denying love for souls for whom Christ died, have found their way to these sunlit shores, and, as far as they are suffered, shed a few rays of light upon such minds as they can gain access to. But, subject to all kinds of humiliating restrictions through the jealousy of the slaveholders, on the few plantations where they are barely tolerated by command of absentee proprietors, it is but little they can do to help those around them. So that few, feeble, and far between are the rays of light that fall athwart the mass of darkness overspreading the thousands of human sufferers who are wasted, one generation after another, upon those blood-stained sugar plantations.

But the oppressed are not forgotten of God. The Lover of souls has thoughts of mercy concerning them, and it is in the purposes of His loving-kindness to bring to them, in their darkness and despairing misery, that heavenly light which is spreading over the mother-land. In His loving providence He is about to open up to them the bright hopes and consolations of the Gospel, to cheer them in their oppressions, and enable them to sustain the multiplied wrongs which are heaped upon them; that blessed Gospel which in its far-reaching influence shall in due time melt the chains which bind them, unloose the fetters, and make the oppressed go free. As in the case of the apostle chosen by

Him to fill the place of the fallen Judas, He who rules the affairs of this world chooses the instrument to initiate this work of true benevolence from amongst those whom human wisdom would never have thought of in such a connexion. He goes amongst the slaveholders themselves. Laying His hand upon one of the chief men among them, He selects him as the instrument to commence a Missionary work in those Western Isles of the sea, by which a large harvest of precious souls is to be gathered into the heavenly garner; and which is destined to number amongst its triumphs the utter overthrow of the slaveholding system itself in all the dominions of the British monarch, and prepare the way for its abolition amongst the other nations of the earth.

Near the centre of the pleasant little island of Antigua, —which, like most of its sister isles, abounds with natural beauties and smiling landscapes,—on a sugar plantation delightfully situated, resides a Mr. Gilbert. He occupies a large, well-furnished mansion, abounding in all the luxurious comforts with which wealthy West India planters generally surround themselves; a class of men to whom the words of heavenly wisdom apply with much truth, “men of the world who have their portion in this life,” and who deny themselves no earthly indulgence that is within their reach. Mr. Gilbert is one of the principal men of the island, wealthy and well-educated; and, as Speaker of the House of Assembly, holds one of the highest official situations in the land. An extensive proprietor of the soil, and the owner of slaves on a large scale,—several hundreds looking to him as their proprietor,—he is regarded as one of the most influential persons in the colony. He bears, however, the reputation of being a kind and indulgent master, under whom slavery is stripped of many of its revolting features. None of his slaves are either flogged into a bloody grave, or ground out of life by reckless and incessant toil beyond human strength to endure. Broken down in health by one of those diseases which prevail within the tropics, when all means of restoration have failed nearer home, this gentleman is advised

by his medical attendants to try the effects of a voyage to England, often the best remedy in such intertropical ailments.

Navigation has not yet arrived at that advanced degree of perfection which it is destined to reach in after years. A voyage to Europe from the West Indies is a matter of time, and is not without considerable risk. But when life and health are at stake, men will make sacrifices, and expose themselves to hazards they would not otherwise encounter. Mr. Gilbert resolves to act upon the advice of his physicians ; and in one of the well loaded and comfortably fitted ships which bear his own produce to the European market, bids adieu to his native isle, uncertain, in the shattered state of his health, whether he shall ever look upon those lovely shores again. It pleases the wise Disposer of events to restore him ; the long sea voyage, and a short residence in England, accomplish the purpose for which he has left his home.

For thirty or forty years John Wesley has been passing through the country, a flame of light and love, carrying blessing and peace and salvation to thousands of wretched homes. The fruits of his God-honoured labours are covering the land, and his name is everywhere known to be venerated by multitudes, who owe all their most precious hopes to his loving toil ; having by his preaching been led to the Saviour of sinners. Mr. Gilbert hears of this wonderful man, who is making such a noise in the nation ; praised by some, denounced as a troubler and a fanatic by others. Perhaps it may be that sickness and a near approach to the confines of the unseen world have not been without some effect upon his mind ; or that God's loving-kindness in restoring his shattered health may have exerted a softening influence, and predisposed his heart to listen favourably to the message of Divine mercy. Certain it is, however, that the life-giving word lays hold upon his conscience. As he listens to that servant of the Lord, who has been the herald of salvation to multitudes, a vivid impression of eternal things comes upon his mind. Thoughts of God and of religion are awakened, to which he has all his life been a stranger. The past and

the future are presented in a light altogether new to him ; and the proud man of the world—the self-indulgent slaveholder—is found humbled at the foot of the cross, earnestly praying, “ God be merciful to me a sinner.” Burdened and heavy laden with a sense of sin, he soon forms an acquaintance with the God-honoured man whose powerful ministry has been the means of awakening him to a sense of his guilt and danger as a sinner, and ere long he is enabled to rejoice in the blessings of salvation, passed from death unto life, and made a child of God by faith in Christ Jesus.

Mr. Gilbert resided for some time in England, during which he had the privilege of frequent intercourse with the founder of Methodism, who preached in his house at Wandsworth, and baptized two of the Negro slaves he had taken with him to the mother country, who, like their owner, had heard the Gospel to salvation ; and he returned to Antigua about 1759. Thus to John Wesley himself is to be ascribed the honour of laying the foundation of the prosperous Methodist Churches in the West Indies. Not only was Mr. Gilbert brought to God through his instrumentality,—the first amongst the slave-owners,—but the two slaves of that gentleman, received into the church by baptism administered by the Founder of Methodism, were the first-fruits and the earnest of a large harvest of souls to be gathered into the garner of the Lord from amongst the enslaved children of Africa, by that ministry of Methodism which Mr. Wesley originated.

The West Indian planter is a greatly changed man when his foot again presses the soil of Antigua. He has not only gained the physical health he went to seek in Europe ; he has found the pearl of great price. Once a child of wrath even as others, having his portion in this life, and caring for nothing beyond it, he is now a new creature, translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God’s dear Son ; a warm-hearted, devoted member of the Methodist body.

Settled again on his own plantation, he no longer looks around him with the heedlessness and indifference of former

times. Once, in common with the men of his class, he identified the Negroes who cultivated his lands with the monkey tribes, as mere goods and chattels; or as being at best such a degenerate variety of the human species as to defy all cultivation of mind or correction of morals. But old things have passed away, and all things have become new. Those dense clouds of prejudice with which sin and selfishness had burdened his mind, have been dispelled by the bright Sun of Righteousness shining upon his soul; and now he regards the sable children of toil around him as men and brethren,—men equally with himself heirs of immortality, and equally with himself interested in a Heavenly Father's love, and entitled to the blessings of redemption. The love of God that has been shed abroad in his heart is not mere sentimentality. It is the loving active principle that produces a yearning charity to his fellow-men. It is like a fire in his bones, that will give him no rest until he makes known to the thousands of souls perishing all around him in darkness and sin, and to persons of all shades of colour, that glorious Gospel which has been to himself the power of God to salvation.

It soon begins to be whispered that there are "strange doings at Gilbert's." The plantation is known by the family name. It is observed that the mill is not in motion, and there is no smoke from the boiling-house on Sunday, as there used to be. On that day there is no work of any kind done on the plantation. Worse than this, Mr. Gilbert is reported to have "gone mad, for he is trying to teach religion to the Negroes; and he might just as well try to turn his mules and oxen into men, as to make Christians out of Negro slaves."

The fact is that the master of Gilbert's, constrained by the love of Christ, has begun to do something for the salvation of the souls living and dying all around him in ignorance and in sin. He first of all gathers his household for domestic worship; and many of the slaves of the estate, as they can get an opportunity, crowd in on these occasions, and manifest an earnest desire to know something of this

“new religion,” as they call it, of which they have never heard anything before. The two converted slaves baptized by Mr. Wesley tell their fellow slaves of what God has done for them, and the happiness of which they have been made partakers ; and in many hearts there is awakened an intense yearning for instruction concerning the things of God. This desire, freely expressed by many of these poor ignorant Negroes, he regards as a providential call pointing out to him the path of Christian duty. Regardless of what may be said or thought by those around him, he boldly takes up the cross ; and Sabbath after Sabbath speaks to the assembled Negroes of his own plantation concerning their souls, the great work of redemption, and the things belonging to their peace. And the work grows. The slaves from other estates venture tremblingly to Gilbert’s when they can make an opportunity, not quite sure that they will not be driven away or punished ; but they become more bold and confident when they find that their presence gives no offence, but is rather welcomed, both by Mr. Gilbert and his people. Then some of the white people go to see this strange sight, —one of the leading men of the island become “a Negro parson.” After a while the Sabbath services at Gilbert’s become an acknowledged institution throughout the district in which the plantation is situated, and multitudes resort thither to join in Christian worship, and receive instruction in the way of life.

Probably had some person of inferior note attempted such an innovation upon the established state of things in the island, he would have been indignantly driven from the land by the ungodly and deeply-prejudiced slave-holders. But God has wisely chosen the right instrument for commencing a work pregnant with such grand results. He has laid His hand upon the proper man. The religion-haters of the colony may scowl, and grumble, and mutter vain protestations. Many of them do so. But Mr. Gilbert is beyond their control. He occupies a position in society which sets their opposition at nought. Consequently no active measures are taken to interfere with the Sabbath services at

Gilbert's. In this is seen and recognised the all-comprehending Providence of God.

The work goes prosperously on. First one and then another presents himself, groaning under the burden of a guilty conscience, and anxious to know what they must do to be saved. They are directed to "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world," and obtain peace with God, and rejoice in the blessings of salvation. After the lapse of a few years there are found upwards of two hundred souls, chiefly Negro slaves, rejoicing in a new life, and in the spiritual liberty wherewith Christ has made them free. They have all been gathered into classes, after the model of English Methodism; and many a Negro hut resounds with the voice of prayer and praise, where, for generations, there had been the unbroken stillness of spiritual death.

Dark and mysterious are the ways of God! Mr. Gilbert has prosecuted his unostentatious career of usefulness until he has lived down all the reproach that was cast upon him. And the little society of which he is the overseer has become firmly established, when his health again gives way. Many tears and many prayers are called forth when his sickness becomes known. But after a short illness he passes away in Christian triumph to the realms of the blest, and the little flock of converted souls, who have been brought to Christ through his labours, are left without a shepherd. His loss is greatly mourned, for there is none left to take his place, and preach, as he had done, Sabbath after Sabbath, the word of life to the poor enslaved children of Africa, who had too much cause to say, before he became their instructor in the things of God, "No man cared for my soul." Gilbert's, deprived of its master, has become spiritually a desolation. There is no longer seen on the Sabbath forenoon a multitude, clad in their best and cleanest apparel, going up with joy to the house of prayer. The voice of the beloved preacher who had proclaimed to the multitude the glad tidings of great joy, is silent in the dust; and gloom and sorrow are in many habitations.

In the absence of every thing like pastoral care and over-

sight, it is not surprising that during the lapse of several years some of the members fall away, and classes which had been formed are broken up. But there are two faithful Negro women who strive and labour earnestly to keep together the scattering flock. Amongst those things which their faithful instructor has often delighted to dwell upon, both in his public and private ministrations, was the power of prayer; and he continually urged them, as a duty and a privilege, "in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving to make known their requests unto God." These two earnest class-leaders have not forgotten this. They call to mind the examples he had brought from the Scriptures to show how God hears and ultimately answers the prayer of faith. They remember what he told them of Abraham, and Elijah, and Daniel, and others who pleaded successfully with God; and they urge the people now, in this time of extremity, when God alone can help them, to call upon Him in prayer. They want a teacher to supply the place of Mr. Gilbert, and show them the way of the Lord. They cannot conceive *how* it can be done, or where the man they want is to come from. But they know that nothing is too hard for the Lord. He is all-sufficient, and can do whatsoever He pleases; "for has not Massa Gilbert told them so out of the book?"

"Let us tell God about it." "Let us pray to we Saviour, as Massa Gilbert tell us. He will find de way to help we," is the continual exhortation of these two faithful unlettered women. And it is not without effect. Although some who had been gathered in have fallen away, a goodly number are yet in earnest to "flee from the wrath to come," and save their souls. Animated by the zeal and faith of this devoted couple, they frequently assemble together for prayer. Often are they hindered by the almost incessant toil exacted from them on the estates to which they belong as slaves; yet as many as can get together continue "instant in prayer." Night after night, whenever it is practicable, there is a little band, led on by these two faithful slaves, pouring out simple, earnest supplication before God, the burden of which

is that He will look in pity upon their destitution, and send them one like "Massa Gilbert," to break to them the bread of life, and help them on in the way to heaven. Years roll on, and the answer comes not. But still they pray and do not faint. Greatly tempted to yield to discouragement, they call to mind what the man of God has often told them, "that the Lord sometimes tries the faith and patience of His people by keeping back for a while the promised blessing which He is sure to bestow in the end." Like the woman of Canaan, they cry more earnestly, "Lord, help us," looking out as eagerly as did the prophet on Carmel for the sign that their prayer has prevailed.

It does prevail. The All-merciful One cannot turn a deaf ear to importunity like this. It is in the designs of His Providence to carry on a mighty work of grace and salvation from this small beginning in Antigua. He tries the faith of these simple-hearted supplicants for a long season; then He sends them the help they pray for. And He sends it in a way that no human wisdom could have anticipated.

About this time a want is felt in the dockyard at English Harbour. A master shipwright is required to superintend the workmen employed upon the ships of war that are brought thither for repairs. The skilled workman that is needed is not to be found in Antigua. In these times of war, operations are carried on upon a large scale in the docks at English Harbour, and it is a situation of considerable responsibility that has to be filled. The sceptic would probably curl his lip in scorn at the thought; but it is the pleading importunity of these poor praying slave people at Gilbert's that influences and decides the filling up of this vacant situation at English Harbour. Men often unconsciously fulfil the Divine purposes when acting only with a regard to their own convenience. So it is in the present case. There is in the government service at Chatham a subordinate but clever mechanic, who through Methodist agency has been won from the world to Christ. Being a man of considerable intelligence, and possessing

talents for usefulness in the Church, he has been appointed to fill the offices of class-leader and exhorter. Here is the chosen successor to the saintly Gilbert, the man to take up his mantle and enter into the evangelical labours from which he has been taken away. To him is directed the choice of those whose province it is to fill up the vacant post at English Harbour. They select him for the post because he is an accomplished workman, and a man of sober and upright character. But God has overruled the selection in His own unerring wisdom ; and all unconscious of the sphere of Christian usefulness that is awaiting him in Antigua, John Baxter accepts the situation, and crosses the Atlantic, in direct opposition to the wishes of his friends, to undertake the duties that have been assigned to him there.

Mr. Baxter is a devoted man of God, who for twelve years has borne the reproach of Methodism. He is well fitted, both by nature and grace, for the work that lies before him in the service of his Divine Master. It soon becomes manifest to him that, in accepting the Government appointment that was offered to him, he has been guided by a wisdom higher than his own. He has not been many hours upon the strange shores before he is informed of the work begun by Mr. Gilbert, and interrupted by his death. He soon finds out the praying remnant of the scattered society ; and when he begins to speak with them of the things of God, they at once recognise in him the man whom God has brought to them, in answer to the many prayers they have sent up to Him, that He would give them a teacher to help them in finding the way to heaven.

Two days after his arrival, Mr. Baxter begins to address the people. It is Saturday night, and only a few of the faithful members are present, who for years have been longing to hear again the voice of a faithful preacher of the word of life. How are their spirits gladdened ! How greatly is their faith in God confirmed, as they listen once more to the joyful sound, and look upon the manly form of him whom God has brought to their help ! They have

asked God to send them a teacher of His truth ; and there he is before them, in their eyes the embodiment of the promise fulfilled, "Ask, and ye shall receive !"

The news spreads rapidly, "A preacher has come." On the next day, being the Sabbath, some hundreds flock to hear the messenger of truth. So it is during the following week : whenever he preaches, he finds a multitude athirst for the word. He accepts the sign. God has brought him here, in His wonder-working providence, "to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound." He gives himself heartily to the work, rejoicing over many souls awakened and made wise unto salvation through his labours. He does not abandon or neglect the duties of the secular office he was sent out to fulfil. On the contrary, he commands the respect and confidence of all with whom he is connected by uncompromising diligence and fidelity. But on the Sabbath, and very frequently on week evenings, he preaches to anxious multitudes the Gospel of salvation.

He does not labour in vain. His heart is cheered by glorious success. Many a dark mind is illuminated ; many a sin-hardened heart melted down into true penitence under the power of the word. Week after week his soul is cheered by seeing sinners converted from the error of their way. The classes which had been scattered, are gathered again. Other classes are formed ; and the planters are as much astonished as the Jews were when God through Peter granted unto the Gentiles repentance unto life, at seeing religion powerfully spreading, and producing all its gracious fruit amongst the Negro slaves. They have been accustomed to look upon these unfortunate children of oppression as no more capable of religious instruction than their cattle and their mules.

Success itself becomes in time a source of embarrassment. Soon after Mr. Baxter's arrival he had written to Mr. Wesley, "The old standers desire that I would inform you that you have many children in Antigua whom you never saw." A

year later he writes : " Six hundred of them (the Negroes) have joined the Society ; and if using the means of grace be any proof, we may conclude they are in earnest. Some of them come three or four miles after the labours of the day, that they may be present at eight o'clock to hear the word ; and on Sundays many come nine or ten miles barefooted to meet their classes." Mr. Baxter is in labours abundant. Every evening, after the duties of the day are over, this devoted servant of Christ rides to one of the plantations, where the required permission has been granted, to meet with and preach to the people there, and then returns home to be ready for the secular duties of the morrow. The entire Sabbath is devoted to ministerial work. It is very desirable that a preacher be sent from home to take charge of the growing church ; that, however, is impracticable, or the zeal of John Wesley would have led him favourably to respond to the appeals addressed to him on this subject.

But the work is the Lord's, and He fails not to provide for it. When Mr. Baxter is well-nigh overwhelmed with the care of this expanding cause, another member of the Gilbert family, or one bearing the same name, is sent to his aid. A Mrs. Gilbert has claims upon a plantation in Antigua ; and failing to receive her annuity regularly, she is compelled to visit the West Indies. She has been a member of the Methodist Society in England, when it was a sect everywhere spoken against, and when it required both resolution and fortitude to be identified with it. On her arrival in Antigua, she sees and acknowledges the hand of the Lord in bringing her to this far-off land, that she may render much-needed aid to a faithful servant of his Master, who, like Issachar, " is crouching down under two burdens," either of which is quite sufficient for any man to bear. This Christian lady enters cheerfully and energetically into the work, recognising the leadings of the cloud that has conducted her to the sunny land. " Had the estate," she observed, " regularly paid my annuity, I should have rested in my native clime, and quietly enjoyed those means of grace which I so highly prize ; but God hath His way in the

whirlwind. I did not know that He had any thing for me to do in His vineyard, nor could I suppose that He would use so mean an instrument. But my work was provided. Immediately on my arrival I was called on to supply those deficiencies which the secular affairs of Mr. Baxter rendered unavoidable."

The help thus providentially sent to Mr. Baxter affords temporary relief, but soon greatly increases the trouble and difficulty. This Christian lady opens her house to all that will attend at family prayer every day, and once in every week for the reading of the Scriptures. Both whites and blacks attend in considerable numbers, and a new impulse is given to the soul-saving work. The societies largely increase; and the pressure of duty and responsibility becomes heavier than it has ever been before. One urgent application after another is sent to Mr. Wesley. But, though earnestly desirous of sending the much required help, he is unable to do so. God, however, is mindful of the work that is turning many to righteousness, and again answers prayer in sending help to those faithful labourers. Driven by stress of weather to the shores of Antigua, a ship drops her anchor in the harbour, that has on board a Methodist family bound to the plantations in Virginia. They have been unscrupulously imposed upon, and shamefully treated, by the captain; so that when the vessel, after thirteen weeks' contention with the elements, is compelled to put into Antigua, where the sufferings they have endured are made known, they are advised by kind and sympathizing friends whom they meet amongst the Methodists to leave her. The same friends also raise a subscription to pay for their passage, and set them free from the power of the tyrant into whose hands they have unhappily fallen. The father of the family is an old man, who has been for some years a devoted member of the Methodist Society at Waterford in Ireland. His two sons, both of them grown up men, soon find employment suited to their condition and capacities, one at the dockyard, and the other on a plantation. The old man displays gifts and piety that render him a valuable helper to Mr. Baxter

and Mrs. Gilbert : and, thus strengthened, the work spreads and grows more and more.

Eight years have elapsed since Mr. Baxter entered into the labours of the lamented Gilbert. They have been years of toil and anxiety, and yet of joy and triumph. Every year has witnessed considerable accessions to the number of those who have experienced the saving power of Divine grace. A chapel has been erected in the principal town of the island, in which a large number of all classes in the community assemble every Sabbath to worship God and hear the truth as it is in Jesus. The societies, that numbered about two hundred when Mr. Gilbert was so mysteriously taken from their head, have now increased to over two thousand. "I find it hard to flesh and blood," says Mr. Baxter, in a letter to Mr. Wesley, "to work all day and then ride ten miles into the country at night to preach." The need for ministerial help has become almost overwhelming. Neither Mr. Baxter, who has taken to himself a wife that is a true helpmeet, nor Mrs. Gilbert, who devotes all her time and energies to the cause, can hope to hold out long under this severe and continually increasing pressure. There seems to be no help in man. Even the large warm heart of John Wesley fails them ; for, in the multiplicity of his labours and the advancing infirmities of age, he can find no means of furnishing the aid he earnestly desires to afford to the little Methodist flock in the isles of the sea.

But it is now remembered how prayer once before moved the Lord's hand to send help in the time of need. When the society was scattered after the death of Mr. Gilbert, the earnest intercessions of a faithful few prevailed with God, and He took a man from the dockyard at Chatham, and brought him to the bereaved flock, to become their pastor and instructor in Divine things. "The Lord's arm is not shortened, neither is His ear heavy." He can find the means of supplying their great want. All along Mr. Baxter and Mrs. Gilbert have been praying that some faithful labourers might be sent to assist them in the great work. But now the whole church is stirred up with them-

selves to more special pleading with God on this behalf. Week after week meetings are held in the chapel and on the plantations for this purpose ; and God is earnestly entreated to send forth labourers into this field, where the harvest is already great.

They do not pray in vain. As in the former instance, prayer is heard and answered, and in a way that wondrously displays the all-prevailing, all controlling providence of God ; showing how He who hears the prayers of the faithful has “ His way in the whirlwind,” “ riding upon the heavens in their help, and in His excellency on the sky.”

It is in the autumn of 1786,—when for several years earnest and united prayer has been going up to heaven from the widely scattered societies in Antigua, that God would send them ministers to meet the demands for instruction of the scattered and increasing congregations,—that Dr. Coke embarks at Gravesend with a band of Missionaries. The three companions of the good Doctor are Messrs. Warrenner, Hammett, and Clarke. They are bound to Nova Scotia ; where a Wesleyan Mission has been commenced, and a reinforcement of missionary labourers is required to meet the demands of the growing work. Appointed by the Conference to go to British North America, they have no thought about the West Indies and the praying people there ; nor have they the slightest expectation of ever visiting those sunny regions of the West. But “ the steps of good men are ordered by the Lord ;” and He directs and overrules all human events for the accomplishment of His own wise purposes. There are prayers registered in heaven which are to influence their movements, and give their voyage a direction altogether unexpected.

On the 24th of September the missionary band join the ship which is to be much longer than they anticipated their home upon the deep ; and they commence their voyage under circumstances not the most auspicious. Their course down the Channel is both rough and dangerous. A storm of unusual severity and duration assails the vessel, during which their safety is imperilled by collision with a sloop ; and they

also narrowly escape the danger of being run down by a large frigate, driven by the fury of the tempest across their path. Battered and tossed about for many days at the mercy of the elements, it is not until the end of the third week that they are able to pass the Land's End, and fairly stretch out into the wide and angry Atlantic.

But this is only the beginning of sorrows to the tempest-tossed voyagers. They encounter a succession of fierce gales day after day, causing the waters to rise and swell into waves of mountainous dimensions, and driving them far out of the course they want to pursue. After nine weeks of this rough kind of life a greater peril threatens them, for the ship is found to have sprung a dangerous leak; and it is with difficulty the water can be kept under by the constant use of the pumps. Before effectual measures can be adopted to remedy this evil, a fierce whirling tempest, worse than anything they have encountered before, comes upon them, and the vessel is in imminent danger of foundering. Axes are in readiness to cut away the masts, and both crew and passengers feel that there is but a step between them and eternity. Great are the searchings of heart which these continuous perils cause in the missionary band. But they know in whom they have believed; and, raised above all anxious fear, they feel, with the Apostle, "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain."

It is one of the aggravations of their condition that the commander of the vessel that is bearing them over the sea is, like too many more of his class, ignorant, surly, and brutal, and the slave of a vulgar superstition. Owing probably to a misunderstanding of Jonah's history, the superstitious notion is held by many whose business leads them to go down to the sea in ships, that the presence of a minister of religion on board brings bad luck to a ship's crew. The captain is one of these, and every disaster that occurs on the voyage is by him attributed to the influence of the missionaries on board the vessel. From the beginning he has looked with a strong feeling of dislike upon these men of God; and every fresh trouble that occurs adds to the

gloom and surliness of his disposition. The more they pray the worse becomes the weather, in the captain's opinion, and the greater the danger to the ship. At length the brute in him becomes so thoroughly aroused that he is on the point of imitating the conduct of the mariners in the case of Jonah, by throwing Dr. Coke overboard, to propitiate the angry spirits of the deep. Though restrained from proceeding to this extremity, he assails the Doctor with personal violence, administering sundry cuffs and kicks; and in his frenzy seizing upon some of the books and papers that overspread the table in the Doctor's cabin, and hurling them into the sea. These surly humours and proceedings of the captain do not by any means add to the comfort of the missionary travellers; but they endure them patiently, as they do the other evils and discomforts of a miserable voyage, rejoicing that they are not only called to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, but also to suffer for His sake.

The captain's ebullitions of violent temper bring no improvement of the weather. For sixty-eight days, with scarcely any intermission, they have been driven about by the fury of the elements, often at their wits' end, and seemingly ready to perish. As yet there is no improvement. On the sixty-ninth day they are in the midst of a violent hurricane. The ship is thrown on her beam ends, and the passengers are crying out, "Pray for us, Doctor, for we are just gone." But the Lord interposes, as He has done many times before, when they seemed to be in the last extremity, and by the blowing away of the sails the ship is relieved from her imminent danger; and they drive before the terrible gale with bare spars, until its violence has in some degree expended itself. The provisions are now getting low, and the water supply is beginning to fail; for it will soon be three months since they left the Thames. Nor is there the slightest prospect of a favourable change in the weather.

In these circumstances the captain summons a sort of council from amongst the passengers to consider what is best to be done. The ship is in bad condition and very leaky, owing to her fierce and protracted conflict with the elements;

and he expresses it as his opinion that it is hopeless to attempt to reach Halifax in the face of such stormy weather as they have encountered for so many weeks; and even with fine weather the provisions would not hold out for the voyage. With one consent it is determined, as that which seems to be most practicable, to give up the attempt to reach Nova Scotia, and shape their course to the West Indies. The sails are altered accordingly; they direct their course in a more southerly direction; and a few days suffice to carry them out of the region of storms and tempests. A clear blue sky is now above them, and the water is comparatively smooth. A favourable breeze bears them swiftly on their course. The cold chills of winter speedily change to a balmy summer temperature. A tropical bird hovers about the ship; and after the lapse of eleven days, from the time they turned their vessel's prow towards the West Indies, they discover land. It proves to be the island of Antigua, and early in the morning of the 25th of December, to the great joy of all on board, they find themselves in the pleasant land-enclosed harbour of St. John.

As soon as the anchor is dropped Dr. Coke and his companions go ashore, with the view of inquiring for Mr. Baxter; of whose labours and successes in Antigua Dr. Coke is not entirely ignorant. In passing along the street from the landing place one of the first persons they fall in with is Mr. Baxter himself, on his way to the chapel to celebrate the public services of the Christmas festival. The joy of the meeting is great on both sides, though for widely different reasons. Dr. Coke and his fellow-voyagers rejoice that they have been thus graciously delivered from the perils of the sea. With Mr. Baxter there is joy that God has answered prayer and sent the help so long desired. Upon the Doctor devolve the services of the day. Thrice to large and attentive audiences does he gladly hold forth the word of life, and declare the wonders of that love of God which spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all.

But who shall describe the gladness of the people, or tell of

the confirmation given to their faith in God by this impressive and wonderful answer to their prayers? For months—for years—they have been pleading with God in earnest supplication that, as He sent Mr. Baxter to their aid when they prayed so earnestly in that behalf, so now He would by some means, not difficult to heavenly Wisdom to discover, send them ministers to be their instructors and guides in the way of life. And lo! the answer has come! While they have been praying, God has heard them, and in His own wise and perfect way has been working for them, and giving such a direction to passing events as to fulfil the desire of their hearts. There they are; the very men they have wanted! the very men they have prayed for! brought contrary to their own wishes, and in opposition to their most strenuous efforts, across the broad stormy ocean to Antigua; faithful ministers of the Gospel of peace! What a wonderful proof is this of the power of prayer, and what an encouragement in every thing to make known their wishes unto God! Prayer has raised up the stormy wind, and lashed the ocean waves into fury, to drive these men of God far from their intended course, and bring them to a strange land, a land altogether far from their thoughts, there to find a people prepared of the Lord for their evangelical labours, and to gather, in an unexpected field, a precious harvest of immortal souls.

Nor do the missionary band fail to consider the works of the Lord and regard the operation of His hands. When they look at the work of the Lord that for twenty-six years has been going on in the colony, first through the labours of Mr. Gilbert, and then through the agency of Mr. Baxter; when they observe the proportions to which it has grown, and learn how for several years the people have been besieging the throne of grace with prayer that He would send them the help they cannot obtain from man; they see clearly the hand of the Lord in all that has befallen them. In answer to the prayers of the earnest, simple people in Antigua, He has commissioned the fierce storm and tempest to assail them on their way, and thus render it impracticable for them to reach the country to which they were bound.

While their lives have been precious in His sight, and He has preserved them in the manifold perils of their protracted voyage, He has driven them away from their intended course, and brought them, "by a way they knew not, and by a path they have not known," to the very island, and into the very port, where there is a people prepared of the Lord, and hungering for that bread of life which they can break unto them. Their own purposes and wishes have been overruled and baffled, and they have been guided through the darkness and the danger by a wisdom superior to their own.

The idea of proceeding to Nova Scotia is at once abandoned by the missionaries. Here is a field open to them; and it is surely the hand of the Lord that has guided their course hither. The cloud of Divine Providence has so manifestly led the way, that they at once resolve to accept and enter upon the work which lies before them. Apart from the white population, there are in the several islands that pertain to the British crown at least a million in whose veins flows the blood of Africa, from the fair Mestafina, only one-sixteenth black, or the olive Quadroon, to the jetty, full-blooded Negroes, stolen by thousands from their own sun-burnt shores to till the lands of the stranger. And for the souls of all these multitudes no man cares. Classed with the unintelligent brute, they are by their owners, and by those to whom their owners look as religious instructors, shut out, so far as man can do it, from the blessings of redemption, and left, without an effort to save them, to perish in their sins. Here is the work to which the Lord has called them. The results of Mr. Gilbert's and Mr. Baxter's labours have demonstrated, not only that the black man has a soul that is capable of being saved equally with that of the man of fairer hue, but that he is also capable of exhibiting in his life and conversation all the heavenly dispositions, and all the exalted graces and beauties, of Christian holiness. Here, therefore, it is resolved that they shall stay, and toil in the field which God has opened to them ready for a glorious harvest.

By this opportune arrival of the missionaries, not only is Antigua supplied with the pastoral help it needed so much, but provision is made for the extension of the work to other parts of the West Indies. St. Vincent, Dominica, St. Eustatius, St. Kitt's, Jamaica, soon receive the Gospel, carried thither by Wesleyan missionaries; and ultimately this work of God extends over all the islands under the British crown. Other missionaries are sent out as the spreading work demands their services. Mr. Baxter sees it his duty to give up the lucrative situation held by him in the dockyard, and devote himself to the full missionary work. And many souls, rescued from darkness and sin, pass away to the skies, to swell the great multitude before the throne gathered out of every nation and people and kindred and tongue.

“ See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace ! ”

How little did Mr. Gilbert dream, when he first stood up with fear and trembling to speak to a few of his own family and dependents about the common salvation, of the extent to which the work he was commencing would grow. Little did he suppose that he was laying the foundation of a Mission destined to prosper, until churches should be planted in all the islands of the Caribbean Sea, and tens of thousands of souls, recovered by the instrumentality of the preached word, should be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. And far, very far, was it from his thoughts, that in introducing to the Western Archipelago the Gospel as known and preached by the Methodists, he was lighting up a flame that would ultimately melt the chains of the slave, break up the power of the oppressor, and utterly abolish the horrible system which makes merchandise of the souls and bodies of men; thus wiping off the foulest blot that ever stained the escutcheon of Christian Britain. Yet so it was. Mr. Gilbert, the planter and slave-holder, was God's chosen instrument to initiate a work of grace and salvation that has brought peace and joy and hope into thousands of families, saved a multitude of souls, and proclaimed liberty to

those who, held in slavery under the British flag, were groaning under the lash and plundered of all that is dear to man.

For more than a century the work of God through Methodist agency has now been going on in the western isles of the sea, unchecked by oppressive and persecuting laws, or by the frequent imprisonment of missionaries, or the brutal violence of mobs; and numerous churches have grown up, against which the gates of hell have not prevailed. The Wesleyan Mission has had its martyrs too, who have died under the whip or through cruel imprisonment, and it has rejoiced in examples of Christian heroism and devotedness to God worthy of apostolic times. May the word of the Lord have free course and be glorified, until all the isles of the sea, and all the continents of the earth, shall hear the life-giving sound, and the world be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea!

II.

THE FAMINE OF THE WORD.

SAD are the sorrows that oftentimes come,
Heavy and dull, and blighting and chill,
Shutting the light from our heart and our home,
Marring our hopes and defying our will.
But let us not sink beneath the woe—
'Tis well, perchance, we are tried and bowed ;
For be sure though we may not oft see it below,
"There's a silvery lining to every cloud."

ELIZA COOK.

THE eye that surveys Jamaica from the sea, rests upon a scene of surpassing grandeur. Clothed with perennial verdure, the range of mountains extending from east to west forms the great backbone of the island. Sloping gradually to the sea on either side, they tower to the clouds, in which their summits are frequently shrouded ; while at other times their perfect outline, strongly marked against the clear, cloudless azure of a tropical sky, and seen through a calm, pellucid atmosphere, from a distance of forty or fifty miles, exhibits that beautiful, soft, dark-blue appearance which secured for them the designation of "the Blue Mountains." From the vast reservoirs which these majestic mountains embosom flow innumerable streams, often seen winding, like a silver thread, through the deep ravines, until their waters unite in a river of considerable magnitude, imparting unbounded fertility to the soil, and producing a luxuriance of vegetable life of which the denizens of more temperate zones can scarcely form an adequate conception. And it is always so. In these regions, where the icy grasp of winter is unknown, and the evergreen cocoa-nut and cabbage-palms exhibit their lofty plumes in unchanging beauty,

and the paroquet and tiny humming-bird flit about, where little change of temperature is experienced from January to December, we find the type of that better land,—that uncorrupted paradise,—

“ Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.”

We shall scarcely find on earth a region more beautiful. But where shall we find a land more deeply stained with crime? Within these lovely shores, which might serve to furnish the poet's description of the natural beauties and glories fitted for unsinning man, the foul demons of oppression and persecution took up their abode, producing, during more than three centuries of grievous wrong, scenes of cruelty and woe over which angels might drop the pitying tear. From the unknown graves of slaughtered Indians, from whole hecatombs of mangled, murdered slaves, and from many a loathsome cell, which has echoed to the sighs and prayers of persecuted and imprisoned Missionaries of the Cross, a voice has long been going up, and entering into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth, against that land of beauty and of blood,—that abode of nature's grandeur and man's depravity,—as rivalling in guiltiness the blighted valley of Siddim, or the desolated plain whereon once stood, in peerless strength and magnificence, the proud and polluted Babylon that the Lord overthrew in His wrath.

The unfortunate Indians, who for ages possessed the soil before the foot of the European invader touched the land, have long since been swept away by fraud, lust, and cruelty. No traces of their existence remain, except the bones of the murdered victims, and fragments of rude pottery, sometimes accidentally discovered in the almost inaccessible caves of the interior, or the wild, wave-beaten caverns of the sea-shore. But the blood-stained system of slavery has long been in operation here, absorbing and devouring cargo after cargo of the unhappy children of Africa, and sending thousands after thousands to a premature, and often to a bloody, grave. As yet the philanthropy of Britain has not grown

strong enough to put down the revolting traffic in redeemed and immortal human beings ; and all the horrors of the middle passage continue without mitigation or check. Large numbers of Negroes annually disappear under the wasting labour of the plantations, and the dread torture of the lash. Still they come ; for "it is cheaper to buy than to breed ;" and the used-up, forgotten multitudes, forgotten by all but a just and holy God, are replaced by the man-stealer from the burning, plundered towns and villages of Africa. Father of mercies ! what sad doings of wasting and oppression are here ! What thousands of despairing, bleeding, broken hearts are here ! What scenes of life-long misery and agony are here ! The land is full of blood !

And shall not the Lord visit for these things ? Yes, He has visited ; but it is in mercy, not in judgment ! The missionary is here. God has sent, not the sword, nor the pestilence, but the herald of peace. And influences are at work within these shores destined, with unfailing certainty, to undermine and overthrow that monstrous system of oppression and wrong, upon which the sainted Wesley inscribed a just sentence of condemnation and ruin, when he branded it as "the execrable sum of all villanies." Brought to these slavery-cursed islands, without any purpose or design of his own, and under circumstances clearly indicating the finger of God, the missionary for nearly twenty years has been pursuing his hallowed toil within these shores. But it is in the face of reproach and persecution, such as might well discourage one not sustained by the cheering and elevating conviction that he is doing the Lord's work ; and doing it in the Lord's strength, and not his own. Nor is it surprising that the man of God, the delegate of heaven, meets with scorn and persecution at the hands of men interested in the perpetuation of an atrocious system, by which more than three hundred thousand human beings are plundered of all human rights, and debased into chattels, brutes, and things. Between such a system and the blessed Gospel, of which he is the minister, there is the essential and irrepressible antagonism that has

ever existed, and must always exist, between light and darkness, and right and wrong. To the upholders of that system of unrighteousness and oppression, the missionary, with the New Testament in his hand, must needs be an object of dread and dislike. They have an intuitive fear that their wicked craft will be endangered, if they suffer the light of God's holy word to reach their slaves. Hence, from the beginning, the missionaries have encountered fierce and malignant opposition. But God is stronger than men. These enemies of truth and righteousness, though as yet they know it not, have entered upon a conflict with almighty power, before which British colonial slavery and its upholders are destined to be swept away.

There stands in the centre of Kingston, the commercial capital of this large and lovely island, a commodious place of worship, with a missionaries' residence under the same roof. It was originally the mansion of one of the city magnates. Partly through the contributions obtained by Dr. Coke in England and in the island, and partly out of his own private fortune, which was never spared in God's cause, this convenient locality, with the buildings upon it, has been secured for the mission service, and adapted to the two-fold purpose it is required to serve. The ground floor furnishes ample accommodation for a large family, with an extensive band-room attached. The upper part forms a commodious chapel, having a low gallery running partly around it. When completely filled, this sanctuary receives fifteen hundred or sixteen hundred persons; while the band-room, from which a broad staircase affords access to the chapel, and a view of the pulpit and the preacher, will allow three hundred more from below to listen to the word of life.

God has hallowed this spot by making it the birth-place of many souls. Through His blessing on His truth, nearly six hundred, in addition to those who have passed away to join the assembly before the throne, have been born to glory here, and now form a flourishing and increasing Church. Many of these are free coloured and black people, formerly sadly debased by ignorance and vice. But not a few are

slaves, who, whilst wearing the chains of an earthly owner, and degraded into chattels, have been brought, through the mighty energy of the Gospel, into spiritual liberty, and elevated to the dignity of children and heirs of God. The blessed work still goes on ; and souls, made wise unto salvation through faith in the crucified One, are being continually added to the Church.

When God works in saving men, Satan rages ; and his agents also become active to hinder or destroy the truth. Attempts have already been made by the legislative authorities, who are all slave-holders, to place insuperable barriers in the way of the instruction of the Negroes, and harass their teachers, and, if possible, drive them from the land. But the vigilance of Dr. Coke, and the tolerant spirit prevailing in his majesty's councils, have hitherto rendered these efforts abortive, or prevented them from producing more than temporary embarrassment and injury ; inasmuch as the intolerant enactments of the local legislature have been uniformly disallowed by the home government.

But during the time these persecuting laws were suffered to come into operation, pending the decision of the imperial government concerning them, several missionaries have experienced the rigours of a Jamaica gaol : and some of them, with health broken by persecution, or to avoid the penalty of perpetual imprisonment incurred by preaching to congregations comprising slaves, have been compelled to depart from the colony. Mob violence has also done its evil work. But that has been considerably checked by a startling event, which, for a season, made a powerful impression on many thoughtless minds. A fierce opposer of the missionaries, named Taylor, notorious for his profaneness and profligate habits, made several unsuccessful attempts to break up the congregation, and injure the preacher. At this time, the chapel not having as yet been obtained, the people were accustomed to assemble in a private house in the lower part of the city, which could contain only a small portion of those who flocked to hear the truth. Many, therefore, were compelled to sit or stand both in the

front and at the back of the premises. The persecutor having, one evening, with his vicious companions, been foiled in the attempt to break up the meeting and hinder the service from going on, took his departure, giving utterance to a profane oath that he would come next Monday with his companions on horseback, and "gallop over the crowd till he had trampled the accursed Methodists down to hell." But God was beforehand with the blasphemer. At the very same hour, the following Monday, when the people, many of them with great fear and trembling, were gathering, as usual, to worship God, the corpse of the persecutor, followed by many of the abettors of his wickedness, was borne to the churchyard for interment. God had smitten him down with fever. For some years after this, a salutary dread of the almighty arm, which had been so impressively uplifted, modified the rage of the persecutors.

But the work is growing, and it must be stopped; for, say some, "people cannot pass through the streets of the city without being annoyed by singing and prayer." "These Methodists are at it all night; the orderly inhabitants cannot rest in their beds without being disturbed." "It must be put an end to." How to accomplish this is the question. Mob violence will not do: that has been tried, and it only makes the matter worse; for the more the Methodists are opposed in this way, the more they seem to increase. And, through the representations of parties in England, the home government disallow every bill passed by the local legislature to prevent "this preaching and psalm-singing, and teaching religion to slaves." "What can be done?" "How shall we silence or get rid of these troublesome Methodists, or keep our slaves away from them?"

There is great perplexity amongst the slave-holding clique. At length a bright and lucky thought suggests itself to the mind of one of the persecutors. "The common council can do it." True, the corporation cannot stop the preaching in the country parishes; for their authority is limited to the city, and the government in London are sure

to reject and neutralize any law of the island containing clauses to that effect. But the missionaries can be silenced in the city, which is the head quarters of the fraternity. With this new light upon the subject, there is soon to be observed great activity among the enemies of the truth; frequent meetings are held, and rumours begin to circulate that evil is impending over the Methodists. The common council possess authority from their charter to frame such ordinances as they may see fit for the maintenance of order and good government within the city; and that authority (whether legitimately or otherwise, it matters little) may be made to cover such measures as are necessary to put an end to "this nuisance of praying and preaching."

At the next meeting of the City Council there is a large gathering of the members. Lawyers have left their offices, and merchants have deserted their counting-houses, to be present; for the purpose to be accomplished is felt to be one of great interest and importance. The missionaries have heard something of the conspiracy formed to deprive them and their people of religious rights, and they also are alert to meet the crisis. But it is in vain they present themselves with a petition, and request to be heard against the passing of the contemplated ordinance. In vain they endeavour to secure such a modification of its worst provisions as will leave the people, who love the truth, some small remnant of liberty to worship God and hear His word. A few of the members of the board are somewhat dubious concerning their right to enact such a law; but only one gentleman has courage openly to resist the meditated oppression. He unhesitatingly expresses it as his opinion that "not only is it wrong thus to trample upon the consciences and restrict the religious liberties of the Methodist people, but the corporation possesses no legal authority for taking such a course." Intolerance and wickedness are, however, permitted for a season to triumph. Yet there is a boundless Wisdom at

work in these things, accomplishing its own purposes, and bringing much good out of the apparent evil.

The ordinance is passed by an overwhelming majority; and there is in it much of the subtlety of the old serpent. No religious service of any kind is permitted to be held in the city after sunset, or before six o'clock in the morning, under penalty of £100 for each offence, or three months' imprisonment in the common gaol; the occupier of the premises used for such service being also liable to the same penalty. And at other times no person is to "presume to teach or preach, or expound the Holy Scriptures, or offer up public prayer, or sing psalms, in any meeting or assembly of Negroes or persons of colour, not being duly authorized, qualified, or permitted;" the city magistrates, who passed the ordinance, reserving to themselves the sole right of judging concerning such qualification, and of giving or withholding the required authority or permission.

The effect of this ordinance, which comes into immediate operation, is at once to cut off nearly the whole of the unfortunate slaves from receiving any instruction whatever; for there can be no religious service held, except on the Sabbath, between sunrise and sunset; and the Sabbath is not theirs, nor a single hour of it, apart from the will of their owners. No law recognises their right, or gives them opportunity, to keep holy the Sabbath day. They are absolutely under the control of their owners, and have no right except to labour, suffer, and die. The free coloured and black people can assemble and join in the public worship of God, and hear words whereby they may be saved; for, as yet, the attempt may not be prudently and safely made to deprive them of the Methodist services altogether. There are some among the city magistrates who do not heartily approve of the persecuting ordinance, and one who is strongly opposed to it. It will not, therefore, be good policy to push matters to an extremity too suddenly, lest inconvenient opposition should be aroused in their own body. But the purpose of the persecutors is to put a stop to the Methodist preaching and praying entirely; and

assuredly it must be done. It is only a question of time : and the desired opportunity at length presents itself.

It is a day of gladness at the Coke Chapel Mission house. The hearts of the harassed missionaries, already in the field, have been cheered by the arrival of a fresh band of labourers from Europe, consisting of three missionaries and the wife of one of the number, after a long and tempestuous passage across the Atlantic. Such an event is always a gladsome one to the toil-worn ministers of the cross in a far-off land ; especially when, as here, they have to prosecute their labours in the midst of great difficulties, and in the face of reproach and persecution. It is the evening of the day on which the new comers have landed, glad to be released from a tedious and uncomfortable confinement in the ship. They and the brethren who have welcomed them to the slave-land form a pleasant party. But little does it enter into the anticipations of any one among them that, within the lapse of a week, having only preached one sermon to the people amongst whom he hopes to prosecute a long and useful course of hallowed toil, that young missionary whose countenance glows with the bloom of lusty health, and whose limbs are nerved with the vigour of youthful manhood, will, together with his young and lovely wife, be sleeping in the grave. Yet so it is to be. In the inscrutable arrangements of an unerring Providence, both of them, suddenly swept away from their labours, and from life, by yellow fever, before the week has elapsed, pass away in the same night, and enter with glorious triumph their Father's house above.

But no thought of this enters the mind of any of that happy group, which embraces all the missionaries in the island. And it is well that a thick and impenetrable veil does conceal the future from our view ; or how much more frequently would the enjoyments of life be marred !

The young missionary and his wife who are so soon to join the upper choir, are found to possess voices of more than ordinary sweetness and power ; and are well skilled in the beautiful melodies popular in the Methodist churches in England. It is with these delightful remembrances of

home that the party is occupied, voices and spirits blending in sweetest harmony, and attracting many outside to listen to the pleasing sound. The evening speeds on, and they

“ Forget
All time, and toil, and care.”

Not one of them observes that the dial indicates a quarter of an hour passed beyond those limits within which it is the will and pleasure of the common council that psalms and hymns may be sung, or prayer offered, in the district under their control. They are suddenly and disagreeably reminded of the fact by the unceremonious intrusion of a police officer, accompanied by one of the city magistrates, and a party of the town guard. By these rude and unwelcome visitors Messrs. Gilgrass and Knowlan, the resident missionaries, are taken into custody, and marched off at once to the cage. On the next day the younger of the two is released, but Mr. Gilgrass, as the occupier of the Mission house, being held guilty of violating the city ordinance, is sentenced to expiate the crime of singing Methodist hymns by a month's imprisonment in the city gaol. The excellent wife of the culprit is permitted, as an act of special grace on the part of the civic dignitaries, to share her husband's punishment.

At the end of the specified time the persecuted missionary comes forth from his prison cell to find that another and a heavier blow has been struck at the cause of truth by the heartless oppressors of the slave. Three years have elapsed since the last intolerant law enacted by the island legislative authorities ceased to operate, in consequence of its disallowance by the sovereign council: and now another attempt is made to prevent missionary instruction being given to the slaves. In hope of being able to elude the vigilance of the friends of Missions in England, the legislature, sanctioned in their oppressive policy by Sir Eyre Coote, the governor, (such men deserve all the immortality which the press can give to their evil works,) have embodied in an act entitled “The Consolidated Slave Law” several clauses intended to shut up the Negro in hopeless ignorance, by preventing the Christian missionary from approaching him with

the word of life. This wicked law subjects "every Methodist missionary, or other sectary or preacher," who shall presume to instruct the slaves, or receive them into their "houses, chapels, or conventicles, of any sort or description," to a fine of "twenty pounds for every slave found to have been there," or "perpetual imprisonment until such fines are paid."

Such a persecuting enactment is not more likely to receive the approval of the king in council than others of a similar character which have preceded it, and have been disallowed, if its true character and tendency become known. It is not likely to escape the observation of the watchful friends of the slave, that this act is intended to impart greater intensity to the oppression that crushes him down; and the designs of its originators will be baffled. But their evil purposes will be so far accomplished, that the act will come into operation for some time, pending the decision of the home government concerning it. Thus an opportunity and pretext will be given for working great annoyance and injury to the missionaries and their flocks, during many months that must elapse before the fate of the Bill can be officially made known. The result soon becomes apparent. It is not possible to keep the Negroes out of the chapels, when they are opened for public service: and to avoid the penalty of perpetual imprisonment,—since it is not practicable for them to pay the fines imposed by the new law,—the missionaries are compelled for the present to desist from their public labours. Excepting that in the city, all the chapels in the island are closed, and cease to echo the voice of prayer and praise, and the proclamation of mercy and salvation to the peeled and plundered slaves.

Coke chapel still resounds with the delightful exercises of Christian worship. This privilege, however, is secured to some of the free population only by the harsh precaution of placing persons at each door of the building, to prevent the entrance of any unfortunate slave. It is often touching and heart-rending in the extreme, to hear the pleadings and remonstrances of these deeply-wronged children of Africa, thus

driven from the footstool of God. They can scarcely be made to understand the cruel necessity that exists of excluding them from the holy place, without such explanations being entered into as would lay open the person giving them to the capital charge of constructive treason. It is a capital crime to render slaves dissatisfied with their condition or with the law. But thus it must be until the dawning of better times; or the sanctuary must be altogether closed. Nor is it long before this further great wrong is also perpetrated, and the voice of the preacher is hushed, and there is silence in the house of the Lord.

The enemies of religion in the city have merely waited for the opportunity of conveniently accomplishing their evil purposes, and now the time has arrived. A few weeks only have elapsed since the infamous "consolidated slave law" came into operation, shutting up all the chapels in the rural districts, when the missionaries in Kingston are summoned before their old adversaries of the common council, to show their qualification and authority for preaching in the city. Exhibiting certificates which show that they have taken the oaths and subscribed the declarations required by the toleration laws of England, they claim to be duly qualified; but are met with the inquiry, "What are the laws of England to us?" They are then informed that they will be allowed to preach no more, under the heavy penalties specified in the city ordinance, until they are duly licensed by the magistrates of the city.

A respectful application is then and there made to the bench for such a licence as the magistrates consider to be necessary; which calls forth the peremptory response, "Indeed, you will not get one." Thus, by a godless, slaveholding oligarchy, are ministers and people deprived of their religious rights as British subjects; and the public worship of the Almighty is held to be a crime, and treated as such.

At the court of quarter sessions, held during the following month, a similar application is made. But care has been taken that the bench shall be occupied only, or chiefly, by those who belong to the faction opposed to religion and

religious teaching. To the sorrow of hundreds, the missionaries are scornfully driven from the court, menaced with a most rigid enforcement of the penalties imposed by the persecuting ordinance, if they dare, in any way, to violate its provisions by preaching, praying, or singing amongst the people.

Thus, for a season, Satan has triumphed. Intolerance and oppression are rampant throughout the land; and the oppressors of the slave, and the enemies of the Gospel, are everywhere jubilant. There is sorrow in the habitations of the just; and a dense gloom has darkened the prospects of many a poor Negro, who has been permitted to catch a glimpse of the distant immortality beyond this vale of suffering and woe, only, as it now appears, that it may be lost to him for ever. From Manchioneal in the east, to Negril in the west, no Christian sanctuary now opens its portals where the poor slave can hear of Jesus and the cross, the pardon of sin, and the bright and better land where there is no curse, and the weary are at rest, and God Himself doth wipe away the tears from all eyes. True, there are men in the land called rectors of parishes; but troops of illegitimate Mulatto children deriving their pater-nity from them, and their own mangled and murdered slaves, proclaim, in too many instances, that these are no ministers of Christ's pure Gospel; and that for the injured, disconsolate Negro to go to them for instruction or comfort would be like expecting to find grapes on thorns, or figs on thistles.

There are buildings called parish churches that might possibly contain one in five hundred of the population of the parish. But it is no uncommon thing for these to remain closed, without minister or congregation, for months together. Slight, indeed, is the loss sustained when it is so; for, at best, the light in these sanctuaries is scarcely enough to make the darkness visible. Nor do these ministers ever consider that any beyond the thinly-scattered whites of the population form a portion of the charge with which they are concerned. All the hopes of the sons and daughters of Africa, whether bond or free, so far as religious instruc-

tion and the joys and blessings of religion are concerned, centre in the missionary. Now, alas! he is silenced; and it is a dubious question whether the existing generation will ever be permitted again to hear, in public, the voice of the Lord's servant, pointing the weary, sin-burdened soul to the atoning Lamb of God.

The months roll on, and repeated efforts have been made to remove the restrictions laid upon the worship of God in the city, and afford the people the opportunity, so ardently desired by them, of hearing again the preaching of God's saving truth. The governor has been appealed to. But the man who could put his signature to the "consolidated slave law," and so pervert the power unworthily vested in him as the representative of the crown, as to sanction and aid the wicked purposes of a persecuting slave-oppressing faction, could have no disposition, even if he possessed the power, to interpose between the injured missionaries with their flocks and the municipal authorities. From him no help can be obtained. It is a case in which he has no authority, the city magistrates not being subject to his control. They do not, like the general magistracy of the island, receive their commissions from the crown, but from popular election. At several successive quarter-sessions, the missionaries apply for licences, such as the common council may consider sufficient to warrant them in the exercise of their ministry in the city; but with no result, except a stern, indignant refusal.

A year and a half has passed away since the voice of any missionary has been heard in public within these shores. In the rural districts, the societies that had been gathered, with many prayers and tears, have been scattered. They consisted largely of slaves; and it has been impossible to hold among them religious services of any kind. The deserted sanctuaries in which they loved to hear of the things of God, and where they had often experienced the elevating, hallowing influences which threw athwart the dark gloom of their condition bright gleams of hope, and the only rays of comfort whereof their sad and wretched

state was susceptible, now stand in silence and solitude; serving but to remind them, when passing by, of their own utter desolation, and tempting them to believe that they are not only foully wronged by man, but abandoned of God. They no longer even look upon their teachers; for the silenced ministers, unable to gain any access to their people, have departed to other scenes of toil.

In the city it is somewhat different. The sanctuary is closed, the pulpit vacant, and the missionary's voice no longer heard in public devotion. But two of these servants of Christ remain at the post of duty assigned to them, until one is compelled, through sickness, to take his departure. They cannot preach or pray, or even sing a hymn, openly; but they can visit from house to house, amongst those who are not in bondage, and converse with them on the things of God. Now and then they can minister a word of comfort and encouragement to the down-cast slave, as he crosses their path; and occasionally, when no malignant eye is upon them, they can kneel in secret prayer with their sorrow-stricken charge. Best of all, the Lord is working with them; and they are not without many delightful proofs of His almighty power to save.

But the persecuting "consolidated slave bill!" What has become of that? Measures have been taken in England, by the friends of missions, to expose the hypocrisy of its pretensions, and make known its real character and tendency to the members of the privy council; and his majesty has been petitioned to disallow it, and give to the thousands of his slave-subjects in Jamaica the right to hear of and to worship God. But more than a year has elapsed, and no official intelligence has been communicated to the government of the enactment of such a law. When inquiry is made, it transpires that the time-serving governor of Jamaica, Sir Eyre Coote, expecting that the unrighteous enactment will certainly be disallowed, has so far pandered to the evil passions and purposes of the planters, as designedly to keep it back, and thus allow the longest possible time for the enemies of slave instruction to carry its oppressive

clauses into effect, and break up and scatter the missionary churches. This, however, can be done no longer. After being in operation more than a year and a half, it is at last duly presented to the privy council, from whom it receives its well merited fate. The gladsome news circulates through the land that his majesty in council has disallowed the vile law ; and it is no longer a crime, punishable with a heavy penalty, to preach the Gospel to slaves. Much injury has been done by the scattering of these poor sheep ; but many of them soon gladly assemble together, and the people go up again with joyful hearts to worship Jehovah in His temples.

Unhappily, the disallowance of the "consolidated slave law " brings no relief to the missionary and the society in the city. The intolerant city ordinance still remains in force ; for his majesty in council cannot disallow that. The chapel is still closed, and many hundreds of devout people are deprived of the bread of life, and denied the right of worshipping their Maker in the public ordinances of religion. Persecution is rife and triumphant ; and so closely are they watched by malignant foes, that the missionary and his people are often interrupted in their family worship by volleys of stones hurled against the jalousies and windows of their dwellings. The teachers are silent ; but still they remain, and go in and out among their flock, conveying to many hearts in private the gladdening truths they may not openly publish. Meanwhile, their brethren at the country stations, freed from the restrictions imposed by the rejected law for a season, are now joyfully and successfully prosecuting their labours amongst the slaves of the plantations. The persecutors are disappointed and angry ; but exulting in their liberty, and grateful to Him who has curbed the wrath of their enemies, the missionaries, having resumed their labour of love in the rural parishes with renewed energy, preach the hopes of eternal life to their swarthy, suffering charge ; and thousands of Negroes are gladdened with the prospect of final deliverance within the veil from the manifold evils of their present unhappy lot.

Many hearts in the city yearn for like blessings, as they think of the country chapels crowded with earnest worshippers, listening to the uplifted voice of the Lord's messengers, and drinking in words of heavenly instruction. Again and again the attempt is renewed to move the hearts of the city magistrates, and obtain the removal of those unjust and painful restrictions under which the people labour. But it is in vain: and there is no alternative but patient submission, until the Lord shall interpose in answer to prayer, and break the bonds of the oppressor.

"The famine of the word," as the people significantly describe it, is painfully felt; but they are not without delightful and encouraging manifestations of the Lord's presence with His people in their affliction, and of His power to save. There is no public ministration of the word of life, no warning of sinners from the pulpit to flee from the wrath to come. But the Spirit of the Lord can work, and accomplish great and saving results, apart from outward means. Persecution can silence the voice of the Lord's servant; but it cannot enchain the Divine Spirit, or place limits to His gracious operations. It is a remarkable and encouraging fact, which forces itself upon the observation even of the enemies of the truth, that the work of God advances more rapidly, and spreads more deeply and widely within the municipal boundaries, than it has ever done before. The efforts put forth to suppress and destroy Methodism have only imparted to it greater strength and influence.

The great adversary has, in this case, as often before, outwitted himself, and the persecutors have defeated their own purpose. This virulent persecution of the unoffending Methodists, the outrage upon conscience and religious liberty, involved in shutting up the house of God, and dragging the missionary to a loathsome gaol, has awakened a powerful sympathy in the breasts of hundreds, where utter indifference to religion and its professors prevailed before; and multitudes now look with kindly interest upon the people who are tyrannically denied the right to

sing and pray. Thus many are predisposed to receive gracious impressions ; and the consequence is, that numerous accessions are made to the society, both of men and women, bond and free. These gathered into the church in times of trial and persecution, are known through many after years as beautiful patterns of Christian holiness, and burning flames of light and love. Some of the finest examples of Christian devotedness and usefulness the writer has ever known, were amongst those who were gathered into the society during "the seven years' famine of the word." Prohibited from preaching, the missionary can visit the members of his flock ; and everywhere he is welcomed as an angel of the Lord. Very often the opportunity of offering a short prayer is earnestly improved ; and many a brief word of admonition or affectionate counsel, dropped by the man of God in these visits, becomes as bread cast upon the waters, to be found after many days.

The class-leaders also, men and women of deep and rich experience in the things of God, who have been chastened by years of persecution and rebuke, are neither idle nor unfruitful. Some of them can only discharge their duties by periodical visitation of their members at their own habitations ; but this is done with an earnest, untiring assiduity, that shows how truly their hearts are in the work. And they, through God's blessing, not only keep the members of their classes from yielding to discouragement, and falling away, but are frequently adding fresh names to their class lists, augmenting the candidates for eternal life. There is not a street, or lane, or alley in the city where the influence of this work of God is not felt.

But some of the leaders who have slave members in their classes, or others whom it is impracticable for divers reasons to visit at their own homes, have recourse to various means of evading the persecuting ordinance, and escaping also the vigilant eyes of their foes. There is one whose employment keeps him at home all day throughout the week ; but on Sunday he is free to go out, and his members meet him in the churchyard, varying the hour and the spot so as not to

attract attention ; and there he speaks to them concerning the things of God, and gives them Christian counsel. Another leader meets his members in the churchyard, just after nightfall, and before the nine o'clock bell admonishes all slaves to seek the shelter of their homes ; they being liable to punishment if found abroad after the bell has tolled. There, amongst the tombs, they hold Christian converse, assured that the superstitious fears of the people will secure them from interruption, as none will venture to enter the churchyard after it has become dark. But every week they choose a different evening, lest their assembling at one particular time should bring upon them the observation of the enemy. Another of the leaders, in a similar way, causes his members to meet, at a time appointed from week to week, under a tree standing in an open field beyond the city boundaries, during the interval betwixt sunset and the tolling of the nine o'clock bell.

But there is one female leader with whom none of these methods are available, and who cannot visit the members at their homes ; for most of them are domestic slaves. She is therefore under the necessity of finding out some other means of holding Christian intercourse with them ; and she finally decides upon a plan that serves the purpose well, year after year, until the dawning of better days. A particular morning is selected, but frequently changed, to escape observation. At the earliest dawn of day, the members repair to a certain street ; this also being changed from week to week. Passing along the street, the leader meets one or more of her people at short intervals, and holds a brief conversation with them on the affairs of the soul, until she has seen and spoken to them all. By these, and other equally novel methods, the class meetings, so important in Methodism, continue to be held ; the society is kept well together ; the people, animated and encouraged by their devoted leaders, continue steadfastly growing in grace, and the work of the Lord grows and prospers.

Four years have gone since the persecuting ordinance was passed, and all this time "the famine of the word"

has continued. On the scriptural precept of returning good for evil, the corporation of the city have been accommodated for some months with the use of the chapel for the free school, while the proper building has been undergoing renovation. This act of kindness on the part of the Methodists, it is hoped, will soften the stony hearts of the city magistrates, and dispose them to show less hostility towards the missionaries and their work. Acting on the assumption that the spirit of intolerance has so far abated as to admit of the recommencement of public worship without interruption, Mr. Wiggins, the resident missionary, ventures to open the chapel and occupy the pulpit, preaching one Sabbath both in the forenoon and afternoon. The next morning makes it manifest that the spirit of persecution has in no degree been modified; for the offending preacher is summoned to the police office, and sentenced to a month's confinement in the common gaol. He is also informed by the magistrates that a repetition of the crime will be visited with the full penalty of the law. Thus again the hopes of the people are blighted. But the sympathizing multitude, who crowd every avenue leading to the police court, and attend their beloved minister with tears to the gaol, make it evident to the intolerant magistrates, not only that their efforts to suppress this hated and much dreaded Methodism have utterly failed, but that it has become more formidable than ever.

Another year and a half have passed away; and still the house of God is shut up, while the failing health of the imprisoned missionary, broken by confinement in a loathsome cell, has compelled him to bid a reluctant farewell to his loving, suffering flock, and try what a change to another scene of labour will do to recruit his wasted energies. After a short interval, a successor arrives, and the people are gladdened once more to behold their teacher. Since the last imprisonment of the minister of the truth, God has been at work, and His power has been terribly displayed. The pestilence, walking in darkness, has borne

thousands to the grave; and a destructive hurricane has swept over the guilty country, producing wide-spread devastation both by sea and land. An earthquake, more dreadful and alarming than any experienced since the awful visitation that submerged Port Royal, the capital of the colony, beneath the waves, more than a hundred and twenty years before, has shaken the island to its centre, greatly changing the aspect of the country, and speaking with its voice of thunder to bid a thoughtless, guilty people stand in awe of God. These upliftings of the almighty arm have not been without effect. Greater intensity has been imparted to the religious feeling, now widely pervading the city. Even the persecuting faction have not been entirely insensible to the influence of these providential visitations; and it becomes manifest that a considerable change has taken place in their feelings and views, with regard to the missionaries, since, eighteen months ago, they gnashed their teeth with rage against a Christian minister, and sent him to breathe the fetid atmosphere of the city prison.

This change is so marked that it is considered advisable to make another effort to remove the existing disabilities, by requesting the city magistrates to grant to Mr. Davis, the newly-arrived minister, such a licence as these dignitaries may deem sufficient to warrant the re-opening of the chapel for public worship. With many misgivings the petition is prepared and presented; and to the surprise and joy of thousands, after a few merely technical objections to the form of the petition, its prayer is granted. Mr. Davis is licensed, and declared to be duly qualified. Several weeks elapse before the chapel is ready to receive the congregation; and again its hallowed walls re-echo the sounds of prayer and praise, and the proclamation of the ever-blessed Gospel.

But dark and mysterious are the ways of Providence! Scarcely has this great joy been realized by the anxious people, many of whom have waited for it for some years, when it is turned into sorrow, the voice of God's

honoured messenger, upon whose lips multitudes have hung with unmixed delight, being suddenly hushed in the silence of the grave. The deadly fever has seized him; and after a brief illness he passes away to the church above; and the sanctuary of the Lord is left again to solitude and silence.

While this youthful labourer, snatched away in his prime, is being laid in the dust, amid the loud lamentations of the afflicted multitude, who grieve for his removal from among them as a mother mourns the loss of her first-born, Jehovah, the faithful hearer of prayer, is bringing another to their help. He is already crossing the Atlantic, for whom is reserved the happy privilege of triumphing over, and finally removing, those legal hindrances which have so long obstructed the work of God. Just a month after Mr. Davis had been removed by death, Mr. Shipman, with his wife, arrives upon the scene. But when application is made on his behalf to the city magistrates for a licence, intolerance has gathered strength, and is found to be once more in the ascendant. A party in the municipal body, styling themselves anti-Wesleyans, have taken possession of the court, and the licence is peremptorily refused, although the application is supported by the earnest recommendation of several of the principal inhabitants of the city. Again and again it is repeated, but always with the same result. The more liberal party which has risen up in the city council is invariably outvoted by the bigots of slavery.

Discouraged by these repeated disappointments, spreading over some months, the baffled missionary thinks of retiring to some other sphere of labour, where he will be able to exercise his ministry without interruption. But it is often the darkest just before the dawn. When he is almost giving place to despondency, a friendly member of the common council comes forward to his aid, advising him to wait patiently for a while, and suggesting a plan likely to defeat the purposes of the persecutors. The

co-operation of several members of the municipal body, who are friendly to missionary efforts, and can be relied on, is quietly engaged; and they all agree to meet at a given hour, when the opposing party, in consequence of having heard nothing concerning the intention of the missionary to apply again for a licence, are likely to be off their guard. At the appointed time, arriving from different points, the friendly magistrates all assemble in the court. Mr. Shipman, who is waiting close at hand, is immediately summoned; and before the opposers can muster in sufficient force to prevent it, the missionary is duly licensed, by competent authority, to exercise his ministry within the municipal boundaries. All over the city there is great joy that the doors of the Lord's house are again to be opened, and its walls resound once more with the songs of Christian worshippers.

There is in the society a white lady—a Mrs. Smith—who was among the first seals of Dr. Coke's ministry in Jamaica, and a member of the first class formed in the island, consisting of eight members. At one of the services, soon after he arrived in the colony, the life of the good Doctor was threatened by a brutal mob of slaveholders. This lady, with noble, undaunted courage, confronted them; and having no more formidable weapon at command, she kept the savage, cowardly assailants at bay with a pair of scissors, until the Doctor was conducted to a place of safety. A mother in Israel, and greatly and deservedly beloved, her labours and prayers have been unceasing, during the long persecution and privation which the church has experienced. A pattern of holiness and zeal to all, she has encouraged the timid, strengthened the weak, and comforted the afflicted; and her noble example has confirmed many in the right way.

To her, by universal consent, is assigned the honour of opening the gates of the sanctuary to the crowd of anxious worshippers. The 3rd of September is the appointed day; more than seven years having then elapsed since the persecuting ordinance which shut up

the chapel began to take effect. When the hour for Divine service arrives, several thousands have gathered in the large square in front of the chapel. The missionary lifts from its place the heavy bar that keeps the gates closed. Then Mrs. Smith, lifting her voice in earnest prayer to God that persecution may never again be permitted to close them, so as to shut out faithful worshippers from the Lord's house, throws them wide open. The people enter, and crowd every aisle and seat; and the minister ascends the pulpit, preaching the word of life to the throng of eager, delighted listeners, from Psalm lxxxiv. 1-4: "How amiable are Thy tabernacles," &c. The long dearth of the bread of life, which multitudes have keenly felt, and deplored with many tears, exists no longer. God has turned the sadness of His people into joy. He has "made them glad according to the days wherein He afflicted them, and the years wherein they suffered evil."

How wonderful are the ways of the Lord! How easy is it for Him to baffle the enemies of His church, and to confound the devices of persecutors! They cursed the Lord's people, but He changed the curse into a blessing. As the Lord Himself hath said, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh. The Lord shall have them in derision." They thought to crush and destroy the infant church of Christ, but He has strengthened and enlarged it abundantly. When the hand of the oppressor closed the gates of the sanctuary, the church enrolled five hundred and sixty members only. When the over-ruling Providence of God caused them to be re-opened, after what some called "the seven years' night," never again to be closed by the hand of violence, the society was found to have increased to one thousand seven hundred and twenty-three.

Those added to the church during this time of trial were a choice and peculiar people. The writer has often been delighted and profited, when, in the lovefeasts, he listened to their profoundly interesting narrations of a rich Christian experience. Many hearts have been strength-

ened, and many sincere seekers after salvation encouraged, as they heard them tell of the presence and power of the Head of the Church among His people, when they, with many others, were brought to God, and saved from the guilt and power of sin, during "the seven years' famine of the word."

III.

THE MARTYR MISSIONARY.

A PATRIOT'S blood may earn, indeed,
And for a time insure to his loved land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws ;
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be Divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.

COWPER.

THE date of our tale carries us back, on the stream of time, some sixteen or seventeen years. Far up among the mountains, in the interior of Jamaica, a missionary, who has borne the toils and anxieties of fifteen years in that land of oppression, (during which time he had passed through many vicissitudes, and rejoiced greatly over the downfall of colonial slavery,) is standing by the side of a low, plain, brick tomb, undistinguished by any inscription to inform the beholder whose ashes are slumbering in the dust beneath. The tomb is discoloured by time, and moss-grown. Grass and weeds almost conceal it: for it is nearly twenty years since that grave was opened to receive the remains of a victim of bigotry and persecution, who rests there awaiting the morning of the resurrection, and "the glory that is to be revealed" in the saints at "the manifestation of the sons of God." To visit that tomb the missionary has taken a journey of some miles. He has himself confronted the banded brotherhood of persecutors, and suffered from the malice of the oppressors of the slave; and he is profoundly interested in the thrilling

memories of that earlier period, when the loathsome prison cell, in this part of the island, frequently echoed to the hymns and praises of incarcerated missionaries of the Cross, and when the martyr who sleeps here, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," was hunted by intolerance to the grave.

The evening is most lovely. Gentle, sweet, and balmy are the breezes sweeping by, just sufficient to temper the heat, and bear to the gratified sense the delicious fragrance gleaned from rich orange blossoms adorning a multitude of trees with which the surrounding pastures abound. The western sky is lighted up with splendour and beauty: for the sun is near his setting, and paints one of those gorgeous scenes which are never witnessed to such advantage as within the tropics. As the missionary turns his face to the magnificent west, he thinks of "glory," and "the saints in glory." There, within the narrow confines of that lowly and unadorned grave upon which his foot is resting, lies all that is mortal of a martyred servant of Jesus, long since literally crumbled to dust; for in this torrid zone the original curse, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," more rapidly receives its accomplishment, when the spirit has departed, than in a more temperate clime. But he calls to mind the moment when the soul of the young missionary, redeemed and purified by precious blood, ceased to belong to earth. He follows it in its upward flight, as holy angels "bear it to the throne of love," and "place it at the Saviour's feet;" and then he thinks of that spirit before the throne, realizing the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." And it requires but an effort of imagination to fancy that it is *there*—in the heavens before him, all radiant with gold, and purple, and many varied hues—that the departed one has found his final rest.

The scenery all around is very pleasant to the eye. The spot upon which the visitor stands, by the side of that long-closed grave, is in a lovely valley amidst the mountains of St. Ann's. No cane-fields or sugar-works meet the sight: for it is a part of the country altogether devoted to pasture.

There are gentle glades, and undulating hills, where waves the luxuriant Guinea grass, introduced into the country by a slave-ship from Africa in a way that may be called accidental, and proving a rich and invaluable boon to the planters. There are clumps of cedar and other valuable trees, giving a rich and park-like appearance to the landscape; interspersed with vast numbers of the orange, now white with its delicate snowy blossoms, so fragrant and so pure. Here and there towers an ancient specimen of the wild cotton, whose giant stem, branchless, shooting up eighty or ninety feet, at length throws wide its massive umbrageous limbs. Vast patches of woodland away in the distance diversify the scene, occasionally broken by openings of greater or less extent, marking spots where the emancipated Negro has partly cleared the virgin land from the heavy timber which covered his newly purchased freehold, and where he has fixed his humble cottage, now that he has become an owner of the soil to which he was attached first as a slave, and then as an apprenticed labourer. Encircling the whole, and bounding the landscape, may be traced, through a pellucid atmosphere, the outline of immense ranges of mountains stretching far away, covered with forests, the growth of many centuries;—trees under whose grateful shade the aboriginal Indians, through many generations, indulged their love of ease, or revelled in the dance which was their chief delight, long before the treacherous Spaniard invaded their peaceful land. These forests, in their vast abundance, show how little has been done to bring this fruitful Queen of the Antilles under general cultivation.

All around is enchanting; but the missionary's eye rests again upon the humble grave, and then, close at hand, upon the ruins of a mission chapel, and a dilapidated but still tenantable mission house, exhibiting a strange and sad contrast to the smiling beauty of the landscape, and telling, in their mournful desolation, with silent eloquence, of days when all bad passions were called into exercise to oppose the faithful preaching of the truth. On this spot there stood a

Christian sanctuary, built of the hard wood of the country, and capable of receiving from five to six hundred worshippers. Its walls once resounded with the proclamation of the glorious Gospel, and the unrivalled hymns of the Wesleys, sung by hundreds, still bearing the yoke of earthly masters, while, spiritually emancipated, they exulted in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free. And there, at one end of the house of God, was the unpretending but sufficient house for the residence of the missionary. A few uncovered rafters overhead, part of the framework of the floor, and several upright pieces of timber that once supported the roof,—these only remain of the attractive and commodious house of prayer that formerly adorned this place, inviting the sable sons and daughters of Africa to come and join in the worship of the Holy One, who “hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.” And the pleasant dwelling, though still partly inhabited, is but the wreck of what it was years ago, before this lovely station was made desolate by persecution, stirred up by a slave-oppressor, whose position as rector of the parish imparts a deeper turpitude to cruelties and atrocities suffered by his own and other people’s slaves at his hands, or through his instigation. As the visitor stands there, at the lonely tomb, until the sun disappears behind the distant hills, and the fast-receding splendours amid which the glorious orb has dipped beneath the distant western wave admonish him that the time has come for remounting his horse, he is busy with memories, both pleasing and painful, associated with the history of that desecrated sanctuary, and the martyr’s grave. The scenes of by-gone days rise in a vivid light to his mind, like a series of dissolving views, awakening mingled emotions of indignation and sympathy, but all merging in profound gratitude to Him, the Wise and Good, who hath’ made “the wrath of man to praise” Him, while “the remainder of wrath” He hath “restrained.” Let some of these changing scenes pass in review before us.

A meeting is held in the humble chapel at Spanish Town,

the capital of the colony, called by the Spaniards Santiago-de-la-Vega, where are situated the princely residence of the governor, and an extensive suite of government buildings and offices; in the midst of which stands Rodney's temple, an ornamental structure erected to the honour of our naval hero of that name, and intended to commemorate the victories he gained in these western seas. The temple is adorned with a costly marble statue of the admiral, and several massive guns taken from the captured or sunken ships of the enemy. The meeting which is going on in the humble place of worship is not one of the regular public services, but a meeting held by the choir for practising tunes to be sung in the public ordinances of the church. Attracted by the music, a gentleman enters the building, and quietly takes a distant seat, listening with evident interest. When the little assembly of harmonists breaks up, the stranger does not retire; but, after their departure, he advances, and, apologizing for the apparent intrusion, introduces himself to the missionary as Mr. Stephen Drew, a barrister, residing on his own estate in St. Ann's parish, called Belmont. In the conversation that follows, the minister discovers that his new acquaintance is not a stranger to religious influences and religious feelings; and it transpires, all the more interestingly and pleasingly because so unusual among the planters of Jamaica, that he has adopted the practice of reading prayers among his slaves every Sabbath morning, and that he usually accompanies this service with one of Wesley's sermons. This pleasant interview, destined to lead to many very important results, ends with the expression, on the part of the stranger, of a desire to have his slaves instructed in the great truths of the Gospel by Wesleyan ministers, and a polite and earnest request that the missionary will favour him with a speedy visit at his residence in the mountains. An early opportunity is taken by the Spanish Town minister to comply with the invitation; and, after a ride of about forty miles, through some of the most romantic and magnificent scenery in the world, he arrives at Belmont, and receives a warm welcome. During this first short visit, the

missionary opens his commission among the inhabitants of St. Ann's parish, by preaching every evening to the family of his host, and the slaves resident on the "pen," (it would be called a grazing farm in England or America,) the welcome tidings of salvation through the atonement of Jesus. It is the first time that wide-spread parish has seen a Christian minister preaching to a congregation of slaves; for all are slaves, except the master and his family, and two or three white officials who have the direction and oversight of the property. It is true there is a parish church; but this is small, and ten miles distant. Nor was it built with a view to the instruction of the Negro race, but for the white inhabitants; these only being regarded as under the pastoral care of the island clergy. As to the man who officiates there, his claim to the designation of a *Christian* minister is more than questionable: for all that ever was Christian about him is sunk and lost in the brutal and callous slaveholder,—of which class he exhibits the worst type; while the owner of Belmont is an example of the most indulgent and the best.

After a few days' visit, which has awakened a considerable interest in the neighbourhood, the missionary retraces his path to his home in the low, hot, dusty town of Santiago-de-la-Vega, with pleasant memories of the journey, and the new friendships and associations he has formed. Some weeks later, the impaired health of his wife induces him to accept a pressing invitation from his Belmont host and mistress to give the sufferer the benefit of a change to the cool and more salubrious climate of the St. Ann's mountain. Removed thither by a few stages, the sinking invalid in that pleasant spot finds her wasted energies; and soon the pallid, sunken cheeks exhibit again as much of the bloom of health as is usually to be found within the tropics. Her husband is diligently spreading the truth among the population around. He can gain no access to the mountain on a week-day, beyond the Sabbath a multitude of the surrounding

country, having heard of the minister who is preaching at Belmont; some influenced by curiosity, but many eager to hear about the Crucified, and the heaven of joy and love which they may gain through His merits, after the unrequited toils and wasting hardships of their present unenviable lot shall have passed away. The missionary's wife, too, devotes her rapidly increasing strength to the instruction of these dark children of Africa,—dark in mind, as in complexion,—with the full sanction of their God-fearing owner, who is anxious that his bondmen and bondwomen may share with himself the joyous hopes of life and immortality beyond the grave. The blessed seed of the kingdom, cast among the enslaved children of Ham, has generally found a genial and fruitful soil. And there is no exception here. Dark eyes glisten with mingled emotions; and dark faces stream with copious tears, as the man of God dwells on the story of the cross, and expatiates on God's wondrous love to the lowliest and guiltiest of the sinful race,—the slave as well as the free, the black man as well as the white, all equally interested in the atonement which love has provided. The melodies of the Methodist poet, sung by clear and tuneful voices, now begin to be heard in the cottages around; and earnest supplication, in simple, broken language, goes up from many a retreat amid these pleasant vales and mountains, where the voice of prayer was never heard before. The power of the word has been felt in not a few weary hearts; and with a ready faith the blessings of salvation have been appropriated. In a word, souls have passed from death unto life; so that, on New Year's day, thirty to forty, professing faith in the blood of Christ, and experiencing its cleansing power, are baptized in the name of the ever-blessed Trinity. Thus are laid the foundations of a church destined to pass through many trials and triumphs, the master and mistress of the property being enrolled among its earliest members; for they also have obtained, through believing, "the peace which passeth all understanding." Before the missionary returns to his own appointed sphere of labour in the capital, after a sojourn of three months in St. Ann's,

an arrangement is concluded for this new station to be visited on one Sabbath in six weeks, to the great joy of many, who hope to have a missionary ere long stationed in their own parish.

Three years pass away. Through the occasional visits of the missionaries, and the zealous labours of the Christian proprietor of Belmont, (now become an efficient local preacher,) many souls have been brought to God; societies, more or less promising, have been established; and preaching-houses have been opened at several other places in the parish, chiefly along the coast. And the time has arrived for taking measures in order to the more permanent establishment of the mission at Belmont, by the erection of suitable buildings for public worship, and for a missionary's residence; so that the growing work of God in this part of the island may be placed under immediate pastoral oversight. The estate is so held by its present occupant and owner, that the concurrence of his children, who are all minors, is necessary to convey an absolute right to any portion of it; which, therefore, cannot be legally done till they have attained their majority. In hope that either himself or his wife, if not both, may survive that period, or that, at all events, he may be able to effect such arrangements as will finally secure the property for the object contemplated, a suitable piece of land is conveyed to the society at Belmont, not of much value to the estate itself, though a most acceptable gift to them. This is accompanied by a donation of the timber necessary for the buildings; and, after considerable delay, the several erections are commenced. Pecuniary difficulties arise, so that years elapse before the undertaking is completed. But these difficulties are at length surmounted; and, to the unbounded joy of a multitude of the sable and oppressed denizens of the parish, a commodious sanctuary, and a pleasant house adjoining, are made ready to serve the purposes of their erection. And there the work of the Lord abundantly prospers. It is a centre of Gospel light and influence, with radiations sweeping over many miles around. Hundreds of souls are there born of God, and set free from the miserable thralldom

of sin. On the Sabbath morning the whole country is enlivened, as numbers of the enslaved peasantry in their best attire, and not a few of the free coloured inhabitants, wend their way in the direction of Belmont, reminding the beholder of the beautiful words of a Hebrew prophet: "And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths." (Isaiah ii. 3.)

For several years this work has gone on without interruption, though scanned by some with an evil and suspicious eye: the character of Mr. Drew, and his influence in the parish, being sufficient to restrain the spirit of persecution, until many of the new converts have become established in grace. But there is one hard-hearted man, whose talents, and position as rector, give him great power to work mischief. From the beginning this man has watched the progress of the Methodist mission with jealous and malignant feelings, which only wanted an opportunity for development; and his influence has been covertly exerted to arouse among his parishioners a spirit of like hostility. These efforts, entirely at variance with the spirit proper to his sacred office, combined with the example of other persecutors, who have caused the death of the Missionary Smith in Demerara, and demolished the Wesleyan chapel in Barbadoes, have not been without fruit; and there now exists an amount of bitterness and hatred, among the planters of St. Ann's parish, well calculated to produce similar results in Jamaica, when a favourable opportunity shall arise. The first indication of this bad feeling is seen in the refusal of the magistrates to license two missionaries appointed to labour in the parish; these functionaries assuming to themselves the power (which, according to a subsequent decision of the highest legal authorities of the island, they had no right to do) of requiring every missionary to take out a separate licence for the parish, and of refusing such licence at their pleasure. This being assumed in every other parish, the missionaries are subjected to most vexatious

restrictions. The effect in the present case is to deprive St. Ann's, for a while, of a resident missionary. During this time one of the brethren, (Mr. Ratcliffe,) who has already obtained a licence authorizing him to preach in the parish, devotes to it much of his labour, although residing at a distance of some forty miles ; until he is enabled so far to free himself from other engagements, as to take up his abode for a year or two in St. Ann's. Thus the plans of the persecutors are frustrated. But the spirit of intolerance has become increasingly rampant ; and, before leaving his fruitful field of toil, this peaceable minister of Jesus Christ, and his family, narrowly escape the violence of a gang of ruffians instigated to the outrage by the slave-holding rector !

Mr. Ratcliffe, whose name is precious wherever he has laboured, is succeeded by a younger minister holding no licence from the magistrates of St. Ann's. He does not, however, think himself called upon to desist from his sacred labour until the arrival of the quarter-sessions, but commences preaching at all the stations, intending to apply to the court at its next sitting. In the person of one of the parish functionaries, who combines in himself the offices of head-constable and master of the workhouse and gaol, (both places of punishment,) is exhibited one of the worst types of humanity ; a man rendered callous and brutal, to an extraordinary degree, by doing the will of the slave-holders in punishing their poor unfortunate slaves, until he actually feels a savage delight in witnessing and inflicting suffering. The payment of a small fee is all that is necessary to secure at his hands, and to any extent, the punishment of a slave sent for the purpose. In him the rector finds a willing and unscrupulous agent for gratifying his own malignity toward those who are seeking to meliorate the sad condition of the masses in the parish, by diffusing among them the blessed light of the Gospel. The constable-gaoler first attempts to silence the man of God by threats, but in vain. Then, when the missionary applies to the court of quarter-sessions, he opposes him there, and represents to the magistrates that this Methodist preacher has set the law at nought by

preaching without a licence ; although there is, in fact, no law rendering it necessary to obtain a licence in any other part of the island, when, in compliance with the British Toleration Act, the oaths have been taken in one parish,—which the missionary has done. But the designs of this evil-minded man and his employer are baffled by the influence of the custos, the Hon. Henry Cox, who has not come under the unholy influence diffused through the parish, and whose knowledge of Mr. Drew, and of the labours of the missionaries, enables him more correctly to estimate the benefits which they are conferring both upon the enslaved people and their owners. The custos succeeds in bringing over the other magistrates to his own views ; the missionary is allowed to take the oaths ; and, having paid somewhat exorbitant fees to the officers of the court, he takes his departure with a certificate which recognises his right to exercise his ministry throughout the parish of St. Ann.

Defeated in this attempt to break up the religious services of the Methodists at Belmont and elsewhere, the constable is frequently to be found hovering about the chapel doors, abusing and threatening the poor slaves as they enter or leave the house of prayer, and reporting their attendance there to the overseers of the several estates to which they belong ; thus causing them, in some instances, to be cruelly punished by their taskmasters. But the malign influence of the rector is at work in another direction. Many times the legislature of the island has enacted laws with a view to suppress the labours of the missionaries among the slaves ; but as often have these wicked attempts been neutralized by the vigilance of Christian friends in England, and by the liberal feeling of the home government. However cunningly constructed, the oppressive enactments have been uniformly disallowed by the sovereign in council. But again this engine of mischief is set to work, and all the art and address of the clever rector are brought to the task of so drawing up an act, which is to break up the missions, as to insure the approval of the government at home. A law

is framed, consisting of nearly a hundred clauses, professedly to improve the condition of the slaves, and to secure to them various advantages and indulgences. Among these is a provision to make slave evidence admissible in certain cases,—a concession hitherto sternly and indignantly refused by the local legislature. But all this is intended as the vehicle for passing into the authority of established law (as nurses disguise medicine for children in that which is agreeable to the palate) other provisions of a most intolerant character, which go to deprive the Negroes of all religious rights,—provisions which make punishable with heavy fine or imprisonment the assembling of slaves between sunset and sunrise for religious instruction by any persons, not of the Established Church, professing to be teachers of religion; excepting, in most distinct terms, Jews and Roman Catholics!—while Presbyterians and “licensed ministers” are allowed to hold services as late as eight o’clock in the evening. It is also made a crime for slaves to give any instruction to each other; a clause evidently designed to restrain slaves from acting as class-leaders. Moreover, it is proposed to punish missionaries who receive contributions from slaves for any pious or charitable purposes whatsoever. This “new consolidated slave law,” as it is called, is nothing more or less than a deep plot, the offspring of the fertile brain of the rector, to entrap his majesty’s government into concurrence with a system of persecution, and of great cruelty. For, what could be more cruel than to take from the sons and daughters of oppression their only solace under the iron yoke, and shut them up to all the consequences of ignorance?

But the persecutors have “reckoned without their host.” The gay duke, representing his majesty in this colony, shows himself quite ready to endorse and sanction their attempt to add bitterness to the lot of the oppressed, under the hypocritical pretence of conferring benefits upon them. But, to give it permanence, the act must have also the approval of the king in council; and his majesty’s ministers are not so easily deceived as the rector of St. Ann’s, and his brother

conspirators against the rights and liberties of their fellow-men, suppose. There is in the Colonial Office one who has occupied a seat there for many years, as a principal clerk under several administrations,—a man whose large heart warmly sympathizes with the slaves and their persecuted instructors, and who is thoroughly awake to all the finesse and hypocrisy of colonial legislation. The profession of the Jamaica legislature to be concerned about improving the condition of the slave goes with him for as much as it is worth. It is justly regarded as an index to evil at work. He knows them and their proclivities well. At once his eagle glance penetrates the real design of this elaborate enactment, and all its cruelty and treachery lie open to his view: for long experience in colonial affairs has taught him how easy it will be for the planters, when once their real object in preventing Negro instruction by the missionaries is secured by law, to reduce to a dead letter everything that is made to wear a kind and indulgent aspect towards the slaves. In addition, there is the masterly intellect of Richard Watson at the Mission House in London; and his powerful pen lays bare the deformity and wickedness of this piece of colonial legislation, in the protest of the Missionary Committee laid before his majesty's council. In a short time, (far shorter than is usually occupied in the disposal of a colonial bill,) a despatch arrives in Jamaica, bearing the honoured name of Huskisson, which disallows the "new consolidated slave law," and embodies such comments as prove that its real character, however well disguised, is understood and appreciated by the ministers of the crown. The covert invasion of that religious liberty to which all subjects of the British crown are entitled,—the attempt to prevent all mutual instruction among the slaves,—the prohibition of religious meetings between sunset and sunrise, amounting in many cases to a prohibition of religious worship altogether, especially in the case of domestic slaves,—the invidious distinction set up between Protestant Nonconformists and Jews and Roman Catholics,—and the attempt to forbid by law to the slave what is required of all by New Testament

precept, (namely, the contributing for pious and charitable uses,)—are pointed out, and commented on, in terms that are gall and wormwood to the baffled authors of this nefarious plot. And the despatch, so worthy the heart and head of a Christian statesman, concludes with an impressive mandate to the governor-general, intended to guide him and all his successors in that high station, and to prevent the coming into operation, even for a short season, of any such act:—
“I cannot too distinctly impress upon you that *it is the settled purpose of his majesty's government to sanction no colonial law which needlessly infringes on the religious liberty of any class of his majesty's subjects*; and you will understand that *you are not to assent to any bill imposing any restraint of that nature, unless a clause be inserted for suspending its operation until his majesty's pleasure shall be known.*”

But, while the wretched “law” has been slowly travelling to Europe and back, (there being no fleet of massive steamers as yet traversing the broad Atlantic,) and during the time it has been under discussion at the Colonial Office, it has come into temporary operation in Jamaica; and eager advantage is taken of it in many parts of the island, but especially in St. Ann's, to harass and persecute the religious instructors of the slaves. The new “law” began to take effect on the 10th of May; and, before the month expires, Mr. Grimsdall, the missionary resident at Belmont, being the second who has occupied the new house there, is summoned before the magistrates in special session, to answer complaints preferred by the constable. It is alleged that he has preached in an unlicensed house at Ocho Rios, and has also preached to a company of slaves at unlawful hours,—that is, after sunset. He obeys the summons. To the first charge the accused replies, that for about three years the house in question has been used as a place of religious worship; but that, to meet the requirements of the new law, he has done all that was practicable in the case, having sent in a certificate to the clerk of the peace, showing that the house is intended to be still used as formerly, and conveying an

application that it should be accordingly registered at the court of quarter-sessions. The three magistrates upon the bench require that he shall cease to use the house for religious purposes, until it has been duly licensed by this court. He is very well convinced that this is only a scheme to put an end to the services in that place altogether. (Herein, as it turns out, he is quite right: for, when the quarter-sessions arrive, the magistrates assume and exercise the illegal power of refusing to "record" the house.) However, as it will involve no more than the cessation of the services for a few weeks, he submits to this arbitrary stretch of authority, and consents to abstain from preaching at Ocho Rios until the court of quarter-sessions has been held. In dealing with the charge of preaching to slaves at unlawful hours, the accused refers to the very clause of the law under which the complaint has been made; and shows, what is very clear, that *his* case forms one of the exceptions there mentioned, inasmuch as he is a duly licensed minister,—licensed in the parish,—and therefore entitled, by the new law itself, to continue religious services until eight o'clock; beyond which hour, even the accuser testified, those exercises were not continued. But he has to do with men who do not scruple to make the law bend to their own bad purposes and prejudices. It was pre-determined that the Methodist preacher should go to gaol, or pay a fine of twenty pounds at least; and, refusing to gratify these gentlemen by paying down this amount of his own or the Society's money, to gaol he is accordingly sent, committed by S. W. Rose, B. W. Smith, and David Brydon,—occupants, if not ornaments, of the bench,—for "teaching and preaching to slaves at improper and unlawful hours, contrary to the true intent and meaning of the law now in force."

In the custody of the constable, the missionary is led to prison,—one of the most filthy and noisome of all the loathsome prisons of Jamaica. The upper story of the gaol is divided into four apartments, two of which are used as the parish hospital, the partition walls not rising to the ceiling; but only part of the way, and surmounted with open lattice

work; so that the unwholesome effluvia from the hospital float freely through all the apartments. One of the other two rooms is assigned to the missionary, while the second is crowded with prisoners. The four rooms occupy a space of thirty-five feet by twenty-five. Underneath, and separated only by a single-boarded floor, are cells occupied by three men under sentence of death, and by a crowd of prisoners, chiefly Negroes, who are awaiting their trial for various offences at the quarter-sessions. There is but one window to the missionary's cell, and that is so situated as to render the place almost intolerable. It is only by the free use of strong camphorated spirit, that he can overcome the nausea with which he is assailed all through the evening and the night. Ten long nights and days he endures this cruel confinement, after which he is set at liberty, with health broken, and physical energies much exhausted. As it is the blessed Sabbath, he bends his footsteps at once to the chapel, not far distant; where, enfeebled as he is, he conducts both the public services of the day,—rejoicing, with his afflicted, sympathizing flock, in the grace by which he has been sustained, while suffering for his Master's sake. On the Monday he reaches his residence at Belmont. Delightful is the change from that dreary prison to a sweet mountain home; and precious are the fresh and fragrant breezes which greet him there, where many sable hundreds testify by their tears the deepest condolence with their beloved minister, and with extravagant demonstrations welcome his return to his family and to them.

Having consented to abstain from preaching in the house at Ocho Rios until the quarter-sessions shall afford him the opportunity of having the place recorded for the purpose, he refrains from conducting any public service there, willing to conciliate prejudice by submitting for a season to an illegal restriction. At the proper time he presents himself before the magistrates; when the custos, who presides at the sessions, and another of the magistrates, express themselves in favour of registering the house at Ocho Rios, and granting a license. But the adverse influence of the rector has

been at work, and there is a large assemblage of magistrates who have been drawn to join the ranks of the persecutors, and have come together for the sake of putting down the Methodist preachers. The custos is outvoted, and the court decides upon refusing to grant any certificate. This amounts to a decision, that the services at Ocho Rios, which have continued for some years, shall be brought to a close, and the people in that neighbourhood deprived of sacred ordinances. The missionary is a man of meek and humble spirit, but also of courage. He is satisfied that these men have no legal authority for what they do; and, having shown his respect for what they choose to regard as law, and satisfied the Toleration Act, he concludes that he has done all that Christian duty and a good conscience require of him in the matter. And now, after much prayer, he resolves to obey God rather than men, and to refuse submission to a cruel intolerance that would leave dark multitudes around him to perish in their ignorance and sin. Accordingly he resumes the usual services all through the circuit, commending himself and his cause to God, and calmly awaiting the result; prepared to bring to a legal test, if need be, the authority assumed by the magistrates of St. Ann's. For some weeks he is suffered to go on unmolested, he and his brethren earnestly and confidently looking forward to the time when his majesty's disallowance of the persecuting law now in operation shall be signified to the governor. The rector and the magistrates also have some fearful anticipations of a similar kind, having probably received through the agent in London some intimation of the doom which is impending, at the Colonial Office, over this offspring of their intolerance; and, while the unrighteous law is still operative, they resolve to strike another blow. One day, during service at Ocho Rios, the missionary and congregation see the repulsive countenance of —— peering into the chapel and around it. This is justly regarded as an omen of evil; for the presence of that man, like some bird of prey, augurs nothing that is good. No one therefore is surprised that on the following day the missionary finds himself again in the

custody of this spy, to be carried before the magistrates on the old charge of preaching to slaves in an unlicensed house ; with the additional complaint of having married one slave to another without consent of the owner. The magistrates are, for the most part, as before, pliant and illiterate tools of the slave-holding rector. In vain the prisoner pleads that he has done all the law requires ; and that, the house being certified, it is the fault of the magistrates themselves that it is not recorded ; they having exercised an illegal power in refusing his application. In vain he pleads that he has violated no law by marrying the slave to the object of her choice, since none exists in the colony referring to marriage at all. (He might have added, that, until the missionaries introduced it, marriage was little known among any class of the people, and among the slaves and coloured people quite unknown.) As in the former case, the magistrates have come together to do only what they and their friend the rector had already resolved upon ; and the persecuted servant of Christ is again handed over to ruffianly keeping, and taken back to the same unwholesome cell with which he is already familiar.

The place is indescribably odious, and produces loathing, which he seeks to counteract, as before, by the use of camphorated spirit, and other similar means. This time he is committed for trial at the sessions, and not for a definite term of imprisonment. Bail is, therefore, sought and tendered for his appearance before the court ; but difficulties are thrown in the way, and it is not until after the lapse of several days that the bail is accepted, and the suffering prisoner set at liberty. It is, alas ! too late to save his life. He has never fully recovered from the effects of his former imprisonment. The deadly poison, inhaled during ten days' close confinement, is still lurking in his veins, corrupting the vital fluid, and weakening the citadel of life ; and now, every hour that he breathes that polluted atmosphere, the subtle venom diffused through his system is quickened into activity, his strength is rapidly diminishing, and he is being hurried to the grave. It is, doubtless, the report

of the prisoner's failing health, made by the gaoler, that induces the magistrates to accept the proffered bail. Had he remained within those prison walls a day or two longer, he would scarcely have survived to pass through the gates. As it is, more serious effects than those of many years of wasting toil have been produced by a few days' imprisonment. Faint and exhausted, and almost dying, he is borne back to his mountain home, to leave it no more, till he ascends to that better home above, "the palace of angels and God." The cool and balmy air of the uplands revives him a little, and for a short time he seems likely to rally; but the seeds of fatal disease are within him, and the king of terrors has been permitted to mark him as his prey. The poison which has undermined all the powers of life is developed in a lingering fever, such as no medical skill can check; and it soon becomes evident to his weeping young wife that she must shortly be a widow, and her infant fatherless. Friends surround the bed of death, and do all that love can dictate for the relief of the sufferer. At intervals, when delirium ceases, he speaks sweetly of the all-sufficiency of Divine grace, and the preciousness of the sprinkled blood; until, on the fifteenth day, waving his hand in triumph, and with a countenance all radiant, this witness for his Lord, while yet in the prime of youthful manhood, passes to the blessed spirit-land, to be numbered among those glorified ones who have resisted unto blood, and counted not their lives dear unto themselves, so that they might finish their course with joy. On the following day, amid the tears and lamentations of white and black, bond and free, the deserted clay is laid in that lowly grave, which afterwards, discoloured by time, met the eye of the traveller amid the ruins of the mission station at Belmont.

These things might not have been, had it pleased unerring Providence to spare the life of the Christian owner of these broad lands. But that good man has been sleeping in his family vault nearly a year; and his ransomed spirit is enjoying an endless rest. Methodism found him "floating upon

a sea of scepticism," believing nothing, fearing everything, and proving the bitter truth of those words of heavenly wisdom, though he knew them not, "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." The first sermon he heard from a missionary's lips, (on John iii. 3,) before he sought the interview related in the foregoing pages, made a deep impression on his heart. Through God's blessing upon it, that discourse let in a flood of light, altogether new, on his bewildered mind. It reached his conscience, and awakened it to an activity long unknown. It produced what he had never felt or imagined before,—

"The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart."

And soon his doubts were solved, and all the dark clouds of scepticism dispersed, when he came, a self-condemned sinner, to Jesus, and by simple faith obtained "redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." At once he took active part in the Lord's service. Defying reproach and opposition, he opened the way for the establishment of a mission station in the parish where he lived; rejoiced over the conversion of his wife and daughter, and the Christian instruction of his slaves; became himself a devoted class-leader and local preacher; gave land and timber for mission buildings on his own estate, and also at St. Ann's Bay; and boldly vindicated the truth which had been to him "the power of God unto salvation," both in the pulpit and with the pen,* as well as by the silent, powerful eloquence of a blameless, benevolent, and holy life. How inscrutable is the Providence which took away such a man at such a time! Had his life been prolonged, he would have stood by the per-

* Mr. Drew was the author of a well-written work, in two octavo volumes, entitled, "Principles of Self-Knowledge; or an Attempt to demonstrate the Truth of Christianity, and the Efficacy of Experimental Religion, against the Cavils of the Infidel, and the Objections of the Formalist." These volumes passed through the press under the supervision of the well-known Samuel Drew, A.M.; but their author did not live to see them in print.

secuted missionary ; and there is little doubt that his influence in the parish, as a magistrate greatly respected, added to his eminent legal ability, would have been more than a match for the cunning of the rector and all his associates. He had been failing in vigour for some time ; but the wicked outrage by which it was attempted to destroy the lives of Mr. Radcliffe and his family at St. Ann's Bay, by means of a gang of ruffians, had called forth all Mr. Drew's energies to trace and bring to punishment the lawless band, some of whom were well known. Having, in his capacity of magistrate, set matters in train for a thorough investigation, he returned home : but it was to die ; his exertions having probably exceeded what his sinking health could endure. Before the inquiry could be pushed to any important result, his little remaining strength finally gave way : and, to the grief of the missionaries, and the still deeper distress of his excellent wife and family, he passed away in blessed triumph to the church before the throne. Just before, he had put forth literally a dying effort in singing the beautiful words,—

“ I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me ;
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.”

Among other utterances on his death-bed, he said to one of the missionaries, who was expressing his regret that one so useful should be taken away at such a crisis, “ I am but a poor worm ; there is no room for boasting. I cannot look to anything that I have done. The whole science of divinity is compressed into a very narrow compass :—

“ ‘ I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me ! ’ ” .

Mr. Drew has left behind him a family of children, and a widow like-minded with himself, who enters fully into all the plans of large-hearted benevolence which he formed, and partly executed. A lady of energetic and well-cultivated mind, she carries on, with excellent results, the manage-

ment of the estate. But how dark and inexplicable are God's ways! Only one short year has elapsed since the martyred Grimsdall was laid in his "narrow cell,"—two years since her husband ascended to the skies,—when, after a brief illness, this excellent lady is summoned to rejoin her beloved companion in the better land, and an orphan family is left to deplore an irreparable loss. When this new affliction occurs, persecution is still raging, and the rector and magistrates, stung almost to madness by the disallowance of their malevolent "slave law," are imprisoning missionaries, and stretching their authority beyond all bounds, in defiance alike of justice and of law. The painful bereavement, meanwhile, brings a still darker cloud over the prospects of the mission, and gives the rector fresh opportunities of pursuing his designs. The estate and affairs of Belmont (the children being mostly young) fall into the hands of an executor or trustee who has no sympathy with the religious views of Mr. Drew. Had the excellent widow's life been prolonged until all her children attained their majority, (the thing too fondly anticipated,) there is little doubt that they would have become parties to the deed of conveyance required for finally securing the land on which the mission premises were erected, both at Belmont and St. Ann's Bay. But, unhappily, an opportunity is now presented for reclaiming the land, and driving the "sectarians" from the parish:—a chance which may not be allowed to pass away unimproved. The land is of little intrinsic value; and there would be no unwillingness to indemnify the estate held on trust for the children's benefit, by giving compensation to the largest amount at which it could be fairly appraised. But the trustee is fully under the influence of the rector, who will be satisfied with nothing less than wresting the property out of the hands of the Methodists. The premises have now become valuable: for many hundreds of pounds, contributed partly by the poor slaves, from what their small provision grounds have yielded, but chiefly by the Society in London, have been expended in erecting those neat and commodious buildings—chapel, dwelling, &c.—which adorn

the station. But what cares that man (minister of a just and holy religion though he professes to be) for the unrighteousness of laying violent hands on the property of others, to which the estate could have no moral claim? If the religious services there instituted for the good of the Negroes can be broken up, he will rejoice as one that findeth great spoil.

The demand to vacate and give up the mission property, chapels, residence and all, both at Belmont and St. Ann's Bay, is in due course made. Before this is complied with, the best legal advice to be had in the island is taken, and the conclusion is reached, that it is most advisable, on the whole, not to risk in costs of uncertain litigation money which may afford material help in providing other places of worship. To the very deep sorrow of hundreds, the beautiful station at Belmont, and the premises at St. Ann's Bay, are ultimately abandoned.

But the chief designs of the persecutors are not accomplished, nor is the work of the Lord entirely frustrated. The poor people, hundreds of whom were "born for glory" on that spot, having there heard the joyful sound of that truth, which makes men spiritually free, weep and mourn over the loss of their pleasant sanctuary, and of some of the means of grace: but the mission is not broken up, as its enemies confidently expected. The great Head of the Church raises up instruments suited to the accomplishment of His own purposes. So it is in this case. The martyred Grimsdall has been succeeded by a missionary not easily daunted or discouraged. With quiet yet earnest resolution, ready to endure or to do anything the occasion may require, he confronts the opposers, and addresses himself to the emergency of this case, cheering the hearts of the suffering people, not only to the point of patient endurance, but of joyful hope. After some difficulty he succeeds in obtaining for hire a house (or, rather, what looks very much like the half of a house which has been cut in two) called "Blackheath," within two or three miles of Belmont. It is sufficient for the accommodation of his

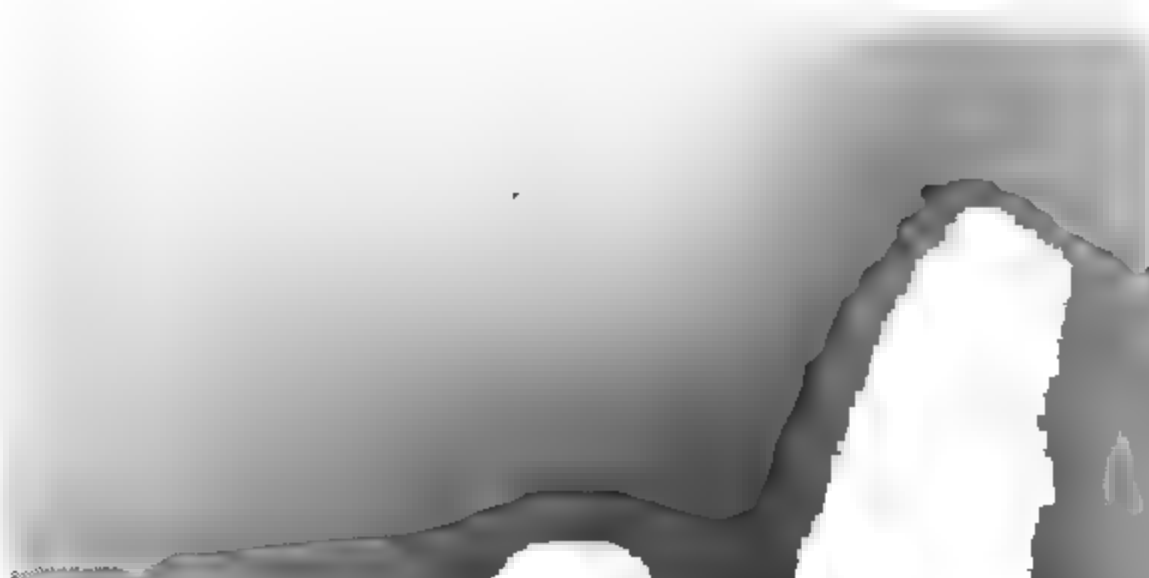
own family, but not to receive the large congregation wont to assemble in the chapel. In the adjacent pasture, however, there are majestic trees, whose wide-spreading branches afford a delightful protection from the scorching sun-rays. And here, Sabbath after Sabbath, the people assemble, bond and free; not discouraged, though a heavy shower, such as Europeans seldom witness, sometimes sends them dripping to their homes. The surrounding hills echo with their songs of praise; and, sitting all around the minister upon the grass, they listen with moist and eager eyes to the truth that saves. The novelty of this open field worship, and the sympathy felt with the congregation driven from its place of worship, bring additional numbers from all the country round to attend these pleasant services; and the power of Jehovah is there to slay and to save. Beneath the thick branches of those fine cedars, many hearts are pierced with conviction of sin, and not a few are brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. It is a re-animating scene; one of great rural beauty, and of more than earthly grandeur;—a scene on which seraphs might hover with ecstatic joy. There is a congregation largely made up of Negro slaves, in clean but humble apparel, bowing before God, and learning the way to heaven. Words cannot describe the eager attention with which they listen, as the missionary expatiates, with thrilling eloquence, on the words, “What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not.” (Jonah i. 6.) It is no fancy sketch. These eyes beheld it; and these ears listened there to a much-loved friend who discoursed on the text just cited, while “thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,” fell from lips now hushed in the silence of the grave.

In process of time, the ejected congregation obtain, through the liberality of English friends, the gift of a large tent, which is erected there in the pasture, affording shelter to as many as its dimensions will accommodate, when the clouds drop their fatness upon the earth. The persecutors

have the mortification of seeing that the work they hate goes on more prosperously than ever. It becomes necessary to divide the congregation, for they gather in crowds from places miles distant on either side. Divine Providence opens the way. Land is offered for sale in favourable localities. Two beautiful and convenient sites are procured, just in the midst of the people, some six or seven miles apart. It is no discouragement that for many months the divided congregation has to worship one part in the field, the other part in the forest, canopied by giant trees, until the arrangements for building are completed. At length, through the liberal contributions of the people on the spot, and of friends of missions in England, two neat, commodious, and substantial houses of prayer are reared, capable of containing at least three times as many as the desecrated sanctuary at Belmont. Thus God, in His boundless wisdom, evolves good out of the evil, and makes the wrath of man to praise Him. Near the larger of these two mountain sanctuaries stands the missionary's comfortable residence. The principal road through the island gracefully winds round the foot of the hill, passing between the mission house and chapel; while the rural station, and the numerous cottages of the emancipated peasantry thickly studding the neighbourhood all around, add new and lively features to a most beautiful landscape.

But Belmont has gone to ruin. After the change of management, it soon ceased to be the prosperous, productive estate it had been. Its rich herds of cattle no longer yielded any remunerative return; the pasture walls became dilapidated, and were suffered to remain without repair; and the fine stone buildings fell into decay. But God has taken care of the orphan children. Of the chapel, in the rearing of which so many hearts were gladdened, there are now only fragments. How different it was, when hallowed as the place where Jehovah Jesus was worshipped! How different it might have been still! Such are the thoughts of the missionary visitor, as, awaking from the

long reverie in which he has been indulging, he observes that the shades of evening are gathering darkly around him. Mounting his horse, and casting one more look upon the ruin, he turns away with saddened, chastened, grateful feeling, and bids a last farewell to **THE GRAVE OF THE MARTYRED MISSIONARY.**



IV.

SUFFERING FOR THE TRUTH.

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
We see but dimly through the mists and vapours ;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

LONGFELLOW.

THE martyred missionary sleeps in his early grave, cut off in the prime of youth and in the morning of his usefulness ; as truly murdered as if the deadly chalice had been actually presented to his lips, and he compelled to drink its contents. The only difference is, that the poison which drank up his young life was infused into his veins through the lungs, and not through the ordinary medium. And little do they reckon,—those unjust and cruel men who have perpetrated this deed of great wrong,—that the life of a man of God has been abruptly cut short by their proceedings ; that his young wife has been plunged in the bitter sorrows of early widowhood ; or that his infant child has been prematurely deprived of a father's watchful care. Urged on by the worldly, unfaithful minister with whom the parish is cursed as its rector, the persecuting magistrates, as ignorant of the laws they are sworn faithfully to administer, as they are indifferent to the requirements of justice and religion, show themselves ready for any evil work ; and are prepared to deal with others, whom in contempt and scorn they designate "sectarian missionaries," as they have dealt with him who now, removed beyond the reach of their malig-

nity, is quietly resting in his solitary tomb, in that green pleasant vale amongst the lofty mountains of St. Ann's.

The bereaved churches are not long left without pastoral oversight. There are not wanting those who, baptized for the dead, are ready to enter into the labours of the martyr passed within the veil; and to partake of his sufferings, if need be, "not counting their lives dear unto themselves, so that they may finish their course with joy, and the ministry which they have received of the Lord Jesus."

The missionary upon whom it devolves to take the place of the fallen standard-bearer of the cross, and to confront the embittered enemies who have hurried him to the grave, is a man of more robust physical constitution than his predecessor. He is not of large stature, of powerful muscular development; but possesses a small, compact, well-knit, and wiry frame, well adapted to resist the fierce attacks of tropical disease, and to endure a large amount of toil and hardship, under the wasting influences of the torrid zone. He is also otherwise well suited to fill the post of danger and honour for which he has been selected; inasmuch as he is one

"Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross."

Mentally and morally he possesses those qualities which, elevated and sustained by the grace of God, and the hallowing and ennobling influences of His truth, prepare a man to

"Defy the tyrant's steel, the bigot's rage,"

and enter the arena to win the martyr's crown. Fearless, self-possessed, clear-sighted, of indomitable firmness and resolution, and possessed of a strong sense of his rights as a British subject and a Christian minister, Isaac Whitehouse is just the man to confront boldly the ignorant persecutors who disgraced the St. Ann's magistracy, and their intolerant, but not ignorant, prompter and adviser, the rector. He is the right man to vindicate the cause of an oppressed and persecuted people against the efforts now being made to trample their religious liberties in the dust. He possesses ordination papers, showing that he is a duly accredited missionary of the Wesleyan body: and he is able to produce certificates

that he has taken the oaths and subscribed the declarations required by the toleration law in force in Great Britain. In addition to this, he holds a certificate of having subscribed the oaths and declarations in one of the neighbouring parishes since he commenced his labours in the colony ; and being well aware that no law exists either in England or in the island giving the magistrates any authority to interfere with him, or to prevent his labours among the neglected slaves and coloured free people, he is prepared to resist their assumption of unlawful power, and bring it, if need be, to a legal test.

There is, in fact, no colonial statute existing on the subject in Jamaica. For about thirty years the legislature has been making attempts to place a law upon the statute book that shall give to the slave-oppressing magistrates the right of controlling and hindering the labours of missionaries : but hitherto without success. Concealing their real purposes under specious disguises, they have endeavoured, with a zeal and perseverance that would have done them honour if exerted in a good cause, to give to intolerance the authority and force of statute law. But in vain. Their so called "consolidated slave laws," designed to cover some scheme of persecution, under pretence of ameliorating the condition of the enslaved, have been well understood, and their true purposes apprehended, at the Colonial Office in London, and they have been uniformly disallowed. The last of these abortive attempts to legalize oppression has, only a few weeks since, been signally defeated in the condemnation, by the king in council, of a new "consolidated slave law ;" and in the colonial minister's despatch, announcing this decision, it is declared that the ministers of the crown are determined to secure to all his majesty's subjects in Jamaica, the slave as well as the free man, the full enjoyment of their religious rights and liberties.

The foremost in vilifying the colonial minister and the home government for the disallowance of this persecuting enactment, and the plain-spoken despatch which announced its fate, is the slave-holding rector of St. Ann's. His

baffled malignity finds utterance for its ravings through the columns of a degraded press, in terms which leave no doubt as to the real paternity of the exploded plot, designed to rob the coloured population of the island, especially the poor slaves, of the hope of life and immortality, by cutting them off from all opportunity of hearing the Gospel whereby alone they can be saved.

The newly appointed missionary enters upon his duties, in expectation of being opposed by the persecuting faction dominant in that part of the country, notwithstanding that they have been disappointed of the help upon which they depended for destroying root and branch the wide-spreading influence of Methodism in the parish, through the action of the Colonial Office in reference to the new "consolidated slave law." Nor is the expectation unfounded.

Scarcely a month has elapsed since he took up his abode amongst the people of his charge, when the missionary is summoned to appear before a special court of magistrates, to answer for the alleged crime of having preached in the parish before obtaining a licence from the local authorities. The accused minister desires, with all due respect, to be informed what law he has violated; because he is not aware that there is any statute in existence which he has infringed. As there is no colonial enactment relating to the subject, excepting those which from time to time have been disallowed by the king in council, and are therefore defunct, he is told, in answer to his inquiry, that he has acted contrary to the law of England. British law, they allege, requires ministers of religion to take out a licence in every parish or county in which they may wish to preach, before they can legally conduct religious services: and this law likewise applies to Jamaica.

The missionary respectfully submits to their worships that they are mistaken as to the requirements of the toleration laws of England, and the practice observed there. Having once subscribed the oaths, and made the declarations provided for in those laws, Nonconformist ministers preach without let or hindrance in any county or parish in the land. On

hearing this, one of the magistrates on the bench breaks out into a paroxysm of uncontrollable rage, and says, "Gentlemen, you see what this Methodism is. I would rather lose my commission as a magistrate, than allow that man to preach without a licence, or let him receive one at all."

The custos, who is the presiding magistrate, here interposes; and, being a man of more good sense and right feeling than most of his associates, inquires of the accused missionary if he is willing to take the oaths prescribed by the Toleration Act. "Certainly, your honour," he replies. "I have no objection whatever to take the oaths, if the bench desires it." The clerk is then directed to administer the oaths in the usual form. This is done, and a certificate made out. But on looking it over, the missionary discovers that certain injurious restrictions, foreign to the scope and design of the Act, have been inserted; the obvious intention of which is to limit the performance of religious services to certain places in the parish, and exclude him from all others.

Resolved not to sacrifice his own religious liberties or the rights of the people entrusted to his charge, he declines to receive the certificate in such a form. He then respectfully informs the bench that, having done all that the law requires, and all that they have any authority to impose, in subscribing the oaths and declarations when called upon by the magistrates to do so, he shall disregard the illegal restrictions under which they have sought to place him, and exercise his right to preach the Gospel wherever he may feel it to be his duty to go. Without further communication with the bench he then retires from the court.

A few months elapse, and the missionary is quietly prosecuting his labours, when he is apprehended on the authority of a bench warrant, issued by the court of quarter-sessions, on the charge of preaching and teaching in the parish without a licence. Brought before three of the parochial magistrates, he is required to give security for his appearance at the next court of quarter-

sessions ; then and there to answer to the charge. Having given the bail required, he inquires, "Is it understood that I am at liberty to pursue my ministerial duties without interruption in the mean while ?" "No ; you cannot be allowed to preach," is the reply ; "for the court made an order yesterday prohibiting your preaching for three months." "But with all due respect," the missionary observes, "the court has no authority whatever for making any such order. Nor am I bound to submit to it. It is a gross violation of the law, and a most arbitrary infringement of my rights as a duly qualified minister of the Gospel and a subject of the British crown." One of the magistrates, in a haughty and scornful tone, and looking with anything but complacency upon the persecuted minister, who stands up so nobly for right and law, observes, "*The decision of the court is law ; and if you act contrary thereto, you must abide the consequences.*"

Knowing that the duty of magistrates, as such, is not to make laws, but to administer those enacted by competent authority, the missionary is not at all convinced by this magisterial *dictum* that he is under any obligation to desist from his labours. He intimates to the magistrates that he intends to follow what appears to him to be the path of duty ; and then takes his departure.

About a month after this appearance before the parochial authorities the missionary, accompanied by his wife, is proceeding, one Saturday afternoon, from Belmont to St. Ann's Bay, to attend to his ministerial duties on the coast upon the following day. He has gone but a short distance when he is met by Drake, the head constable of the parish, one of the most envenomed of the persecutors, and a ready tool of cruelty and wickedness. In the coarse, ruffianly style natural to him, he addresses the missionary, after having stopped the horse and vehicle, thus :— "I have a warrant for your apprehension on a charge of preaching without a licence." Neither surprised nor intimidated, Mr. Whitehouse quietly replies, "I am now on my

way to St. Ann's Bay, and shall not attempt to conceal myself there."

After a few more words have passed, the constable turns his horse round, and rides on in front of his prisoner's gig. Proceeding in this way two or three miles, they arrive at a place called "The Thickets," the residence of Mr. Rose, one of the magistrates who took a very prominent part in persecuting the missionary Grimsdall to an untimely death. Stopping opposite the gate, and addressing his prisoner, Drake says, "I am directed to take you before the nearest magistrate; and there is one waiting for you here." The missionary makes no objection, but descends from his seat, and follows his conductor into the house, leaving his wife in the vehicle, by the side of the road. Here they have to wait a considerable time, as the master of the house is not at home. At length the great man makes his appearance on horseback, and, dismounting, enters the house, without the slightest show of courtesy to the missionary, or to his wife, whom he passed outside the gate, sitting with the reins in her hand.

It is evident the prisoner was expected by this gentleman. He addresses himself at once to the business in hand, making no inquiry, and offering no remark, except, "I must do my duty." This duty is to make out a commitment, authorizing the prisoner to be conveyed to the gaol of St. Ann's Bay, and is very speedily accomplished. The missionary, at this juncture, steps forward, and, addressing himself to the magistrate, says, "Sir, I should regard it as a favour to be bound in chains in the St. Ann's market-place, rather than be consigned to the filthy cell in which my predecessor was confined. It is well known that Mr. Grimsdall's death was caused by his confinement there." The only reply this remark elicits from the pompous Creole is, "The magistrates of St. Ann's are determined to do their duty. They do not care what the public may say about them. Whoever may come here, with their preaching and teaching, shall be treated in the same manner." The lordly gentleman then

turns upon his heel, and walks away ; and Mr. Whitehouse, in the custody of Drake, is conducted to the gaol of St. Ann's Bay, and immediately locked up in the same loathsome cell in which his predecessor, but a few weeks ago, found his death.

The cell chosen for the occupation of this servant of Christ is found to be tenanted by an insane black woman, whom the gaoler directs to be removed to some other apartment. This being done, the missionary is immediately put in possession. It is now about eight o'clock at night. The place is indescribably filthy, and the stench unendurable. There is no bed in the room ; no sleeping accommodation of any kind ; and if rest be taken at all, it must be upon the floor. "The time has come for locking up:" so the prisoner is informed. But before this is done he entreats the gaoler that the floor of the cell may at least be swept ; and if no bed or other accommodation of the kind is to be provided, that a few benches may be allowed to be brought from the chapel, situated at no great distance, so that he may be able to take some repose, without being compelled to lie down upon that filth-covered floor. After some demur this is assented to.

The news of the missionary's arrest and imprisonment has spread among the people ; and there is no lack of sympathizing friends about the prison, or inside it, so far as they are permitted to enter the undesirable abode. A few of these address themselves to the task of scraping the thick layer of filth from the floor, and sweeping out the cell. Others hasten to the chapel, and bring from thence several of the benches ; and some bring a mattress to spread upon them. Several have procured vinegar and camphorated spirit, and employ themselves busily in sprinkling these liquids plentifully upon the walls and the floor. Thus the loving people have made the horrible place as agreeable as is practicable, before they leave their persecuted minister to get what repose he can.

It is but little that he *can* get. The sea breeze has sub-

sided, so that there is little or no movement in the atmosphere; and the thick, stagnant air of the prison, laden heavily with foul odours, is sickening, and almost suffocating. The gaol is crowded. There are sick people in the hospital, which is separated from the missionary's cell only by a wooden partition, surmounted by open lattice work. The groans of the sick, and especially of one sick prisoner under sentence of death, the clanking of the irons with which some refractory prisoners are laden, and the intense stifling heat, put sleep altogether out of the question. Like his predecessor the imprisoned missionary has, all through the night, to keep a handkerchief saturated with camphorated spirit continually applied to his nostrils, to relieve the overpowering nausea he feels. No wonder that close confinement, for ten days and nights, in this loathsome den, so broke down the health and strength of the martyred Grimsdall, that a few days' additional confinement sent him to the grave! And it is not surprising that cases often occur in which slaves, who, in addition to the other adjuncts of this fearful place, are subjected to the brutal floggings which the man Drake has supreme pleasure in inflicting, pass outside the walls only in coarse deal coffins, or go home, mangled and mutilated, to die.

The Sabbath dawns, and the deputy marshal, who is disposed to show such kindness to his prisoner as he is permitted, waits upon him to request him not to preach, or hold any religious service with the prisoners, or with the friends allowed to visit him, because the magistrates have given very particular directions on the subject, and he would not like to be compelled to close the prison gates against those friends who might wish to obtain access to their minister's cell. The missionary replies that, having received such a request from *him*, he will not involve him in trouble with the magistrates, by attempting to preach within the gaol; but he cannot allow any authority to prevent him offering up prayer to God.

The hour for Divine service has arrived, and an immense number of people, both slaves and free, from all the neigh-

bourhood around, moved by the news of this fresh attempt at persecution, crowd into the little town, and assemble in and around the chapel. Drake, always forward in every evil work, presents himself, and orders the congregation to disperse. He is confronted by a Mr. Watkis, a respectable, well-educated man of colour, a class-leader and local preacher. Mr. Watkis points out to Drake that he is taking upon himself an authority he has no right to exercise, and tells him, "The people in the exercise of their rights as British subjects have assembled here to worship God. When they have sung a hymn together, and offered prayer to the Almighty, they will separate, and not before." The persecutor retires without having accomplished his purpose of breaking up the assembly. When the short service is ended in the chapel, hundreds of the people flock to the gaol; and would gladly get inside to express their sympathy with their suffering minister. But, during the morning, the magistrates have sent to prohibit their admission; and it is with some difficulty that the missionary's own servant can obtain entrance to bring food to his master. No provision whatever for supplying him with food is made within the gaol.

Intelligence of this new instance of persecution spreads rapidly, and the loving sympathies of thousands, all over the island, are stirred up in favour of the incarcerated missionary. Many earnest prayers go up to heaven on his behalf. The strong feeling, awakened and called forth by the conduct of these St. Ann's magistrates, in persecuting Mr. Grimsdall to his death, has not yet had time fully to subside. And now that another of the Lord's servants has been thrust into the same unwholesome cell, to be dealt with in a similar way, for no other offence than preaching the truth to perishing men, a powerful sensation is created, which extends far beyond the pale of the Methodist churches.

But none feel a more lively sympathy with the prisoner for righteousness' sake, than his own missionary brethren, stationed in different parts of the island. One of these, *from a distant station*, the Rev. Joseph Orton, of Montego

Bay, immediately hastens to comfort the imprisoned pastor and his afflicted charge, by his presence among them. On the usual evening for public service in the chapel, the visitor undertakes to deliver an address to the people, who assemble together as they are wont to do; he having repeatedly preached in the same place without any interruption.

But the object of the persecuting faction in St. Ann's is to put an end to all religious services, by which the slaves are likely to receive instruction. This does not apply to the parish church: for there is little danger of any of the Negroes being too much enlightened there. Consequently, soon after daybreak on the following morning, the evil-omened visage of Drake, the head constable, shows itself at the lodgings occupied by the stranger missionary; whom he informs, that he has a warrant to apprehend him for unlawful preaching, granted by the magistrates on his, Drake's, information; he having been present at the chapel the preceding evening. Mr. Orton is then taken into custody by this ready tool of wickedness, and at eleven o'clock the same day is placed before two of the magistrates, S. W. Rose and R. H. L. Hemming, charged with the crime of teaching and preaching without a licence.

The persecuted missionary is not left to himself, in the presence of these enemies of the truth. God is with him, keeping him in perfect peace, because his mind is stayed upon Him. Moreover, since he has been in the custody of the constable Drake, two other missionaries have arrived from Kingston, to render such sympathy and aid as may be in their power to the prisoner already lying in a loathsome cell. Providentially they make their appearance on the scene, just in time to give counsel and support to the new victim of magisterial oppression; whose heart is greatly cheered and strengthened by their presence. Joseph Orton is a man of different temperament from his fellow sufferer. Possessing the high moral courage of the established Christian, and raised above the fear of man, he has neither the physical energy nor the stern dogged resolution of him

who, shut up in yonder filthy dungeon, would go forth to the stake or the scaffold, rather than yield the Christian right for which he has taken a firm stand.

Mr. Orton is willing to go forth to prison, or to die, for the sake of the truth, if the Master should require it of him; but it is to him, notwithstanding, a source of unspeakable satisfaction, that he has two such friends to be with him in the trying hour. They are no common men whom the Lord has brought to his side at this juncture. There is the shrewd, intelligent countenance, and the clear piercing eye, of Peter Duncan; the noble intellectual brow, surmounted by a mass of sable locks, in which as yet age has strewn no silvery hairs. As the magistrates look upon his short thick-set figure, and mark the light that beams in his eye, and the somewhat quizzical half smile curling his lip, they cannot help feeling that their proceedings are closely watched by one upon whom it will not be an easy matter to impose what is at variance with justice, or contrary to the law.

There is also the fine, handsome form of John Barry, every line of whose open, manly countenance is expressive of the lofty intelligence which flows from his lips in strains of thrilling eloquence, attracting admiring multitudes to crowd the sanctuary when he occupies the pulpit. Possessing a far better knowledge of the law than nine-tenths of the magistracy of the island, with graceful, easy manner, and indomitable self-possession, he takes his place by the side of his persecuted friend, prepared to resist the encroachments of an intolerant faction.

Such are the men upon whom the magistrates gaze with a sort of undefined foreboding,—something like what Haman must have felt in the presence of Mordecai,—that these are adversaries before whom they are destined to fall, and be put to shame. But they are committed already to a certain course, and are too proud to fall back.

When the charge has been formally made, the accused denies having violated any law, and calls upon the magistrates to produce, if they are able, any British or colonial

statute whose provisions he has infringed. He produces his letters of ordination, with certificates, showing that he has subscribed the oaths and declarations required by the Toleration Law both in Great Britain and in one of the neighbouring parishes, maintaining that he has done all the law requires to qualify him for exercising his ministry in any part of Jamaica. He professes himself ready to take the oaths again, if the magistrates require him to do so; but considers himself as fully qualified by law to preach in St. Ann's parish, or elsewhere in Jamaica, as they are to exercise their magisterial functions where they are now sitting.

The court is unable to produce any law violated by the prisoner, though repeatedly challenged to do so by Mr. Orton and his friends. To all their demands the reply of these dignitaries is, "We have instituted a regulation to prohibit any person preaching in the parish without having been licensed by the quarter-sessions, and taken out a certificate of such licence." The missionaries respectfully remind them that it is not their province to make new laws restricting the rights of the subjects of the crown, but simply to administer the law as it already exists; and that they are assuming an unwarrantable authority, in instituting a regulation destructive of the lawful rights and liberties of their fellow subjects. The utmost the law empowers them to do is to require the prisoner to take the prescribed oaths over again; and to that he is perfectly ready to submit; prepared in all things to respect the authority of the magistrates, while they confine themselves to the legitimate exercise of their functions.

These worthy gentlemen are very indignant, that Methodist preachers should presume to instruct them in their duties; although it is quite manifest from their proceedings that they are profoundly ignorant both of the law itself, and also of what comes properly within the range of their magisterial power. They scornfully and peremptorily refuse to administer the oaths; and avow their determination not to suffer any missionary to preach in the parish,

without the licence which they are resolved not to give. This amounts to a resolution that the thousands of slaves and free coloured people in the parish shall be cut off from all religious instruction. If they do not obtain it from the missionaries, they cannot receive it from any other source; the rector of the parish being well known as one of the very worst specimens of the slave-holding fraternity.

Neither ruffled nor discomposed, the prisoner is resolved to hold on to his rights, and to yield to no demands on the part of the oppressors not warranted by law, whatever may be the consequences. In this he is sustained by the missionary brethren at his side; for they know very well that submission in one instance to unlawful authority will, with such men as the St. Ann's magistrates, only lead to further encroachments on their part. When, therefore, the magistrates require that the accused shall give bail to appear and take his trial at the quarter-sessions, and also *that he will not on any account preach in the parish*, he refuses to give any such undertaking. They have no lawful authority to impose silence on the duly ordained and licensed minister of the Gospel; and he will not be a party to any act that will for a moment recognise and admit such an illegal assumption of power.

The other missionaries frequently offer themselves as securities for the appearance of both the prisoners, and demand their release on bail; but distinctly refuse to pledge themselves that they shall desist from the performance of ministerial duties. Finding that Mr. Orton is altogether intractable, and that his friends are equally firm in resisting the arbitrary restrictions the magistrates seek to impose upon him, the clerk is directed to make out his commitment to the gaol. This is done in a way that tacitly admits the unlawfulness of the procedure; for no reference is made in the warrant to any law that has been violated. The prisoner is then led off to be locked up in the same cell with the imprisoned missionary he came to visit. "Of the horrid state of the place," Mr. Orton says, "an idea can scarcely be formed from any representation I can give; for common decency

forbids a true description of its filthy condition, and the many unseemly practices constantly presented to our notice."

To make the condition of these suffering servants of Christ as unpleasant as possible, the magistrates give strict orders that none shall be admitted to see them, except their wives and servants; and that the prisoners shall not be suffered on any account to hold prayers. Thus they exceed in harshness and tyranny the heathen magistrates at Philippi, who satisfied themselves with giving the gaoler charge to keep Paul and Silas safely, but left them at liberty to sing and pray as much as they pleased. To the last of these tyrannical mandates they refuse submission, choosing rather to obey the Divine command, "that men ought always to pray, and not to faint." The other they are compelled to submit to; a prohibition designed to exclude from intercourse with the prisoners the two missionary friends who have come to their aid, and of whom the oppressors have begun to stand in fear. The accurate knowledge of the law exhibited by these two unwelcome visitors; their perfect self-possession and ready speech; and, above all, their manifest determination to vindicate the rights of their injured brethren, have made an impression upon the magistrates of a very uneasy character, and awakened in the oppressors a fear that they have committed themselves to a course likely to involve them in trouble and perplexity.

Before leaving the court the troublesome strangers have distinctly intimated that it is their purpose to hasten to Kingston, and apply to the chief justice for a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, on the ground of illegal imprisonment. And the occupants of the bench are by no means so well certified of the rectitude of their proceedings as to listen to this announcement unmoved; calling up as it does undefined visions of actions for false imprisonment, with costs and damages, and writs of supersedeas, divesting them of the magisterial powers they have so wantonly abused.

The strangers, not yet aware of the stern directions issued by the magistrates, with several other friends, accompany their persecuted brother to his cell; no hindrance being interposed by the deputy marshal. Nor does he interfere, notwithstanding the injunction that no prayers are to be offered in the gaol, when they all lift up their voices together, and make those prison walls, that have so often re-echoed the shriek of agony and the groans of dying sufferers, resound with the beautiful inspiring strains of Charles Wesley:—

“ Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down :
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.”

“ *The prisoners hear them,*” for they sing with all the lusty energy the occasion inspires; and as many of the inmates of the prison as can do so, attracted by the unwonted sounds, gather about the doors of the cell, and reverently kneel down, while first one and then the other of the visitor missionaries commend their two suffering brethren in earnest prayer to the grace of God, and the protection of His ever-watchful providence. This done, the prison gates are closed upon the victims of intolerance, and their friends depart, not without painful apprehensions that probably they will never see those prisoners again in life. Within a few hours, on their journey to St. Ann’s Bay, they have stood by the yet fresh grave of the martyred Grimsdall, mournfully pondering the mysterious providence that permitted him to fall, in early life, a victim of pro-slavery persecution. And they have not failed to observe how the horrible condition of the gaol has been aggravated by heavy rains, saturating the masses of filth heaped in all directions on and around the premises; causing, under the fierce rays of a tropical sun, the exhalation of sickening odours, and impregnating the atmosphere about the prison

with deadly malaria, corrupting to the blood, and exhaustive of all vital energy.

Remaining in the town no longer than is necessary to rest the horses which brought them over the mountains, and to obtain some refreshment themselves, before sunset they are away on their route to Kingston, with the view of initiating measures to obtain the release of the prisoners. They have a journey of sixty miles before them, through a beautiful country, but over a toilsome road; and as the same wearied horses that brought them must also take them back, no public conveyance being available, they cannot travel with anything approaching the railroad speed of modern times.

The persecutors are not yet satisfied with what they have done. Mr. Watkis, the local preacher, resides at St. Ann's Bay. On the Sabbath following the committal of the second prisoner, he and several members of the church assemble at an early hour in the chapel to offer prayer to God on behalf of His persecuted servants. Drake again makes his appearance amongst them, and, producing a warrant, claims Mr. Watkis as his prisoner, charged with unlawful preaching and teaching on the previous Sabbath. On that occasion the people had sung a hymn, and engaged in prayer. But Jamaica magistrates cannot be made to understand that there is any difference between praying and preaching. To their confused conceptions the two things are identical. The local preacher is at once taken before a magistrate: that it is the Sabbath, makes no difference; the charge is immediately entered into. The accused endeavours to make the learned administrators of the law understand that he is falsely charged with preaching and teaching, as he did neither the one nor the other. On the occasion specified, he and the people who were assembled sung a hymn, and then he offered prayer to God, and dismissed the assembly. But preaching is praying, and praying is preaching. It must be so, for the court rules it; and the offender shall go to gaol. For what right has any sectarian to pray in the parish without the

permission of the magistrates, and the licence of the quarter-sessions ?

Mr. Watkis offers bail to appear and answer to the charge at the quarter-sessions. But this is refused ; the offence is of too serious a character to be bailable. And so, like one in the olden time, for the crime of offering prayer to the God of heaven, he is sent to join his beloved ministers in the den of lions,—those devouring monsters, respectively named ague, fever, consumption, &c.,—there to be destroyed, unless the Lord shall, in answer to the earnest prayers going up from hundreds of heart-crushed slaves, and other sympathizing friends, send His angels to shut the lions' mouths. For three days Mr. Watkis is honoured in sharing the imprisonment of his missionary friends, and joining in their prayers and hymns of praise, which these servants of the Lord persist in offering, notwithstanding the interdict of the magistrates. At the end of this period, the parochial magnates, having reconsidered their determination, consent to accept the proffered bail ; and he is suffered to leave the prison, and return to his family.

Meanwhile measures are taken to rescue the other sufferers out of the hands of their persecutors. But there is some unavoidable delay. It is found necessary to obtain affidavits from the prisoners themselves, before the application for a writ of *Habeas Corpus* can be made in due form. For this purpose a special messenger has to be sent across the mountains to St. Ann's Bay, which occupies several days. The chief justice, Sir William Scarlett, a brother of Sir James Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger, is himself a native of Jamaica ; a gentleman of eminent legal talent and acquirements, little, if at all, inferior to those which procured his brother's elevation to the distinguished position he occupied among the legal dignitaries of Great Britain. Moreover, he is a man of large, liberal, and philanthropic views, and of simple, unobtrusive piety. Appreciating aright the value and importance of missionary labour amongst the slaves in the colony, and aware of the true character of the opposition offered to the missionaries by the planters ; and being himself

personally acquainted with several of the missionaries, and accustomed occasionally to attend their ministry; no difficulty is to be apprehended from unreasonable prejudices and prepossessions on his part.

When the necessary arrangements have been perfected, and the application is made to the judge in chambers, the writ of *Habeas Corpus* is at once granted, on the ground of illegal imprisonment. With all speed an express messenger is dispatched with the important paper. It is addressed to the deputy marshal of St. Ann's, directing that official to remove his prisoners to Kingston without delay, and bring them before the chief justice on a day specified in the document.

The deadly atmosphere they are compelled to breathe is doing its work upon the health of the prisoners. One of them has now been two weeks in that stifling cell. Although much more robust than his companion in tribulation, he is beginning to sink under the poisonous influences which are circulating through his veins. The other, of more delicate organization, has been ten days shut up within those prison walls; and in his case the effects of the poison he has been inhaling with every breath during that period, are more rapidly developed. His health visibly declines; and serious apprehensions prevail that he will soon follow the departed Grimsdall to a martyr's grave. Under the burning grasp of the fever, his energies are paralysed, and he is reduced to a state of almost infantile weakness. His wife, who has been sent for, has arrived from Montego Bay, and attends upon him with loving, anxious care. But he sinks rapidly; and it is evident that a few days more in that sickly den will suffice to bring his earthly course to an end; and the prisoner, released from confinement without any legal process, will leave the rector and magistrates of St. Ann's with the guilt of another murder lying at their door.

Hour after hour the strength of the restless sufferer diminishes. The anxious wife, and the scarcely less anxious fellow prisoner, are looking for the arrival of the expected messenger from the city, with the authority for their

removal, until "hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and the most painful apprehensions prevail that when he does come with the document that is to release the prisoners from that pestilential dungeon, it will be too late to save the life of one of them, and that he will go forth only to suffer, sink, and die.

At length the messenger arrives with the missive of the chief justice. The deputy marshal, who has charge of the prisoners, has no sympathy with the persecutors; and being himself satisfied that further detention in the gaol will be fatal to the life of one of them, he resolves at once to set them both at liberty on parole; only stipulating that they will not compromise him with the magistrates by holding any public religious service while he is responsible for their safe custody. To this reasonable request they readily accede; for in the case of one it would scarcely be practicable, and in that of the other quite impossible, because of the debilitating effect produced upon them by the noxious influences of the prison. With no small difficulty the sick prisoner rises from his mattress; and it is only after repeated attempts, and the use of stimulants to keep him from fainting, that he succeeds, with the help of kind friends, in getting on his clothes to leave the cell. Too weak to walk alone, he is kindly supported through the filthy gaol yard, and lifted into the vehicle that awaits him at the gate. Right glad are these afflicted servants of Christ to enjoy the quiet and rest of the Sabbath that follows the day of their liberation on parole. Their repose is interrupted only by the welcome, tearful expressions of sympathy shown by large numbers of the loving, grateful people, who know that it is for Christ's sake, and on their own behalf, that these sufferings have been endured by their ministers.

The kindness and consideration of the deputy marshal, in setting his prisoners at liberty on parole, is very offensive to some of the persecutors, who would have rejoiced to see the victims of their malice sink to death within the confines of the prison. Drake, ever active in doing the wickedness which the brain of the cunning rector plots, on hearing that

the missionaries are out of gaol, immediately rides off to report the fact to one of the persecuting magistrates. When the deputy-marshal is called upon to account for the prisoners being at large without the sanction of these parish dignitaries, he produces the mandate of the chief justice, to show that now they are in his custody under a higher authority than that of the magistrates of St. Ann's. He informs them that he is now only responsible for producing them in Kingston before Sir William Scarlett, on the day specified in the writ. This he has no doubt he shall be able to do, although, to save them from sinking into an untimely grave, he has suffered them for the present to be at liberty on parole. They grumble and threaten and gnash their teeth in disappointed malice; but they can do no more. And they now become subject to no little disquietude. For this procedure of the chief justice is somewhat ominous. He at least does not approve of what they have done; and his interposition is likely to be the forerunner of trouble and expensive law proceedings; and possibly loss of the office and authority they have wantonly abused for evil purposes.

Sufficient time has been allowed for removing the prisoners across the island to Kingston. After the rest of the Sabbath, so grateful and refreshing in their circumstances, they are sufficiently recruited to be able to set out and travel by gentle stages across the mountains. Their health has improved rapidly, after being freed from the poisonous atmosphere of the gaol, and all the other depressing influences by which they were surrounded there: and each day of the journey is marked by visible improvement.

On their arrival in the city, being prisoners, the marshal conducts them to the city gaol, according to the terms of the writ. While in the act of descending from the vehicles in which they have performed the journey, as if to remind them of Paul and Silas at Philippi, not only the foundations of the prison, but the whole island is powerfully shaken and rocked to and fro by a violent earthquake, causing every heart within the prison walls, and many without also, to quail with terror. All is consternation and

alarm with the officers within; for who can tell but that another shock of the terrible and invisible agent may lay the massive prison in ruins, burying all it contains beneath the crumbling walls? Their terror is by no means lessened when, on answering the loud summons at the gate, they behold two well-known Christian ministers, brought there in custody like felons, to be shut up, for no other crime, real or pretended, than that of having preached the Gospel of God to perishing men. Whether it is that they have really no vacant room within the walls that they consider fit for the accommodation of these persecuted men; or that they are afraid, even officially, to have anything to do with the unrighteous proceedings of which they know them to be the victims,—especially with the terrific roar of the earthquake yet rumbling in their ears, and every nerve yet vibrating with the fearful shock,—certain it is that the officers refuse to receive the prisoners.

“Those gentlemen cannot be brought in here. We have no place prepared for them,” is the reply of the chief official to the demands of the St. Ann’s deputy-marshal for a place in which to lodge his prisoners. “Where, then, are they to go?” “We cannot tell,” is the reply; “we only know that they cannot come in here. There is no place in this gaol to receive them.” “Why, these gentlemen are prisoners, and must at least remain for the night.” “We know they are prisoners, but there is no place for them here. We cannot have them in the gaol at all.”

The meanest cell in that prison is a comfortable apartment compared with the uncleanly den to which the tender mercies of the St. Ann’s magistrates had consigned them; but the officials here will not put their hands in any form to the wickedness which has been practised against these servants of Christ. Neither is the deputy-marshal, who has them in charge, at all disposed to add bitterness to their bonds. He rejoices that the opportunity is thus created by others of again setting his prisoners at liberty on parole. Turning round to them, after this decided refusal to admit them into the prison, he politely requests them to

find such accommodation for themselves as they can, and to meet him at the appointed time and place named in the writ. His proposal is very gladly assented to. There is no difficulty; for many hospitable doors are promptly opened to receive them. Hundreds are ready to wash their feet, and do honour to the men who are thus counted worthy to suffer bonds and imprisonment for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ.

What a noble character is the upright British judge, who, rising above all local influences, and setting at nought the prejudices and prepossessions of sect or party, holds the scales of justice with an even and impartial hand! Such is Sir William Scarlett, one of Jamaica's noblest sons, and by far the greatest man, and the brightest ornament of the bench, that ever presided over the administration of justice in her courts. During the interval that has elapsed since the writ of *Habeas Corpus* was granted on behalf of the missionary prisoners, this upright and sagacious judge has made himself acquainted with all the details of the case. On the morning after their arrival in the city, the prisoners are placed before him, and he immediately orders them to be released, as the victims of unprincipled persecution and illegal imprisonment. The proceedings of the St. Ann's magistrates, in both cases, are pronounced by him to be at variance with the law. This decision of the highest legal authority in the colony is profoundly mortifying to the magisterial gentlemen concerned; but abundantly more so to the rector, the counsellor and prompter of all their evil doings.

A deeper mortification is to follow. The licentious duke, with whom Jamaica has been afflicted as its governor, has been recalled; and his place worthily filled by Sir John Keane, (afterwards Lord Keane, and the hero of Scinde,) as lieutenant-governor. With the blunt honesty and high sense of honour suited to the character of a British general, he is not like his predecessor, to be easily duped into acting as the tool of a clever, time-serving, and ungodly clergyman. The illegal and oppressive proceedings of the

St. Ann's magistrates have arrested his attention ; or they have been reported to him by the chief justice. It has aroused his generous indignation that the laws, intended for the protection of the king's subjects, should thus be perverted into an engine of oppression and cruelty : and, without loss of time, he directs the magisterial commissions of Messrs. Rose and Hemming to be cancelled, and their dismissal from office gazetted. Shorn of their honours, and deprived of the authority which they have exercised for vile and wicked purposes, they retire into private life, and can meditate at their leisure upon those utterances of heavenly wisdom : "The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands." "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein ; and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him."

Aware that the whole body of magistrates in the parish are more or less implicated in the injustice which two or three have been forward to perpetrate, the lieutenant-governor accompanies this act of well-deserved severity with a letter, addressed to the whole of the justices of the parish, admonishing them as to their future proceedings ; and assuring them, in language more pointed than elegant, that "the Wesleyan missionaries are not to be hunted down like a parcel of dogs."

Such decisive action on the part of the lieutenant-governor is not more grateful to the baffled persecutors than the snatching away of its half-devoured prey would be to the hungry tiger. To be confronted, braved, and out-manceuvred by Methodist preachers, whom they have looked upon and trodden down as the dust beneath their feet, is sufficiently mortifying. But to be shown up before the world as ignorant, arbitrary, and oppressive ; and through them to have their magisterial decisions reversed and censured, and to be covered with shame and ignominy, and disgracefully expelled from the magistracy on their account,—this is indeed humiliation hard to be endured. Nor will they endure it without at least an effort to obtain revenge.

Men capable of conduct like that of these St. Ann's

gentry, are not likely to be scrupulous about means, when passion is aroused, and the thirst for vengeance is raging. Hemming is a young man, and not, like his associate in evil, indurated past feeling by long familiarity with cruelty and vice. He therefore sits down quietly under the disgrace and mortification he has brought upon himself by yielding to the counsels of evil-minded men, and allowing himself to be used as a tool to work out their bad purposes; and he resolves to profit by the painful lesson he has received, and be a wiser man in future.

It is different with the other expelled magistrate and his abettors and counsellors. They have felt no qualms of conscience in violating the oaths by which they had bound themselves to be faithful administrators of the law; and why should they be deterred from going a little further in the same direction? It will cost only a little more false swearing, and their desire for revenge may be gratified. A conspiracy is therefore at once entered into, to charge the lately imprisoned missionaries with wilful and corrupt perjury, in having made affidavit that bail was offered on behalf of the prisoners, and refused by the magistrates. Rose, the dismissed magistrate, Drake, the constable, and another person, are found ready to bear false witness in this case; and accordingly an indictment is prepared against Mr. Orton, one of the released prisoners. The same offence is charged against Messrs. Duncan and Barry; but their affidavits having been sworn to in another county, the prosecution must be carried on there.

Mr. Orton's case is brought on for trial at the grand court for Middlesex. The grand jury there is formed chiefly of planters, and altogether of white men. Not a few of them are from St. Ann's parish, and quite ready to return a true bill on very slight evidence, or no evidence at all, if it be against a missionary; or to ignore bills in the face of evidence the most abundant and conclusive, if it be intended to redress any grievance or wrong that missionaries have suffered. It does not therefore excite any surprise when a true bill is proclaimed in the case of Mr. Orton.

Unfortunately Sir William Scarlett has, since the missionaries were liberated from the hands of their persecutors, been compelled by failing health to leave the island; and it devolves upon one of the assistant judges, who generally have had no legal education, and do not often possess a large share of ability, to preside in the supreme court. On this occasion, Mr. Richard Barrett, the speaker of the House of Assembly, is the presiding judge. He is a man of more ability than many of his compeers; but he lacks the learning and high sense of honour of which Sir William Scarlett is possessed in an eminent degree. He is, moreover, a thorough-going pro-slavery man, largely interested in the system which makes merchandise of man, and full of planter prejudices concerning missionaries and their work. That he should manifest a strong bias in favour of the prosecutors, and act as if he were one of the counsel for the prosecution, rather than as the upright and impartial judge, is only a matter of course. He acts up to his character, as a man whose nobler faculties have been blighted by close contact with slavery throughout the entire proceedings.

The attorney-general, upon whom it should devolve to conduct the prosecution, is a Mr. Hugo James. He is a man whose established character for honour and integrity forbid the supposition that he will pander to the prejudices of the planters, or wrest justice to gratify their malignity. Consequently, Mr. Batty, a barrister of different stamp, one of the slave-holding fraternity, and known to be not so scrupulous, is retained, in hope that his red-hot intolerance will make up for the flagging zeal of the attorney-general. They have no hope of being able to mould Mr. James to their wishes; for, not long ago, he gave very decisive proof of his impartiality in prosecuting three of the magnates of a neighbouring county for murder; these worthies having, in the plenitude of their magisterial authority, directed the execution of a black man without trial. But Mr. Batty may be relied upon for doing all that they desire of him.

All that can be accomplished by Mr. Batty's unscrupulous sophistry and zeal, by the hard and reckless swearing of the

witnesses, and the partisan influence exerted by the bench, is done to secure a conviction. But the discrepancies and contradictions in the testimony of Rose and Drake, the two principal witnesses, are so palpable ; and the direct testimony to the fact that bail was repeatedly offered on behalf of the two prisoners, but refused by the magistrates, so abundant and overwhelming, that even a white Jamaica jury are compelled, against their own inclinations, to do an act of justice, by delivering a verdict of "Not guilty." The slaveholding judge, who has done his best to pervert justice in this case, is disappointed. The blustering, bullying, pro-slavery advocate, whose excessive zeal did more harm than good to the parties he represented, is profoundly mortified. And Rose and Drake, branded with the crime they have sought to fix upon the innocent man they have well-nigh persecuted to the grave, retire from the court to receive such consolation from their baffled fellow-persecutors as they may be able to afford, and to bear the scorn and contempt of all around them who are not demoralized and embruted by contact with slavery.

The failure of this wicked prosecution necessarily involves the abandonment of further proceedings in the case of Messrs. Duncan and Barry. For if a jury largely composed of St. Ann's planters cannot find a verdict favourable to the persecutors, there is no hope that their evil purposes can be accomplished in either of the other counties, where the same evidence must be adduced, and where none of the jurors are under the immediate influence of the slave-oppressing rector of St. Ann's. Thus, in the wise, overruling providence of God, a fiendish conspiracy is brought to nought, and the net intended to ensnare His servants is broken.

The indictment instituted against Mr. Whitehouse, the first of the two incarcerated missionaries, by the St. Ann's court of quarter-sessions, remains to be disposed of. It has been deemed advisable, as there is no hope or probability of justice being done by the magistrates and jurymen in St. Ann's, to remove the case by *writ of certiorari* into the supreme court. This has been done ; and on the next day

after the accusation of perjury has been disposed of, this indictment is brought forward by the attorney-general; but only to be abandoned by himself and quashed by the court, as an outrage against both justice and law.

In the course of an elaborate argument, the attorney-general quotes a judgment of Lord Mansfield, and shows that nonconformity is not an offence at common law; that there is no colonial statute whatever in force bearing upon the question; and that by none of the existing toleration laws of England can the indictment be sustained, or the proceedings of the St. Ann's magistrates be justified. He shows, what the missionaries constantly insisted on, that the magistrates were only empowered to call upon them to take the prescribed oaths, and, in the event of their *refusal* to do so, to levy a fine upon them; and that, having taken the oaths in one parish of the island, the missionaries were clearly entitled to preach, and exercise all other ministerial functions, in every other parish. Therefore the conduct of the magistrates, in subjecting Messrs. Whitehouse and Orton to imprisonment in the loathsome gaol of St. Ann's has been altogether at variance with the law.

The indictment is ordered by the court to be quashed; by which decision the religious rights and liberties of the missionaries and the people of their charge are established on a firmer basis than before; and the oppressive power of the slave-holding magistrates is so circumscribed as to place them in the condition of a serpent which, while retaining all its natural ferocity, is rendered harmless by the loss of its fangs. God has made the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He has restrained.

After these wrongful proceedings have been thus brought to a conclusion, giving a signal triumph to the cause of religious liberty and Negro instruction, many persons advise that a prosecution should be instituted against the magistrates of St. Ann, who, by violent persecution, and the unlawful exercise of the authority entrusted to them, have hunted and hurried one of God's servants out of life, and so broken down the health and constitution of another, that he will

never be a strong man again, and will probably sink into a premature grave.* They have laid themselves open to an action for false imprisonment; and after the opinion so clearly expressed by the attorney-general, and the decision of the court reversing their proceedings, the result would not be doubtful. But those who have been injured remember that it is written, "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," and choose rather to follow His example, who prayed on behalf of His persecutors, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Moreover, both the offending magistrates, though culpable, are not so to an equal extent. The younger one, Hemming, has stood aloof from the wicked attempt to fix upon the missionaries the charge of perjury, refusing to be a party to it. And throughout he has manifested far less of the bitterness and malignity which characterized all the proceedings of his associate, Rose. They are already punished in some measure by a disgraceful expulsion from office; and they may well be left to Him who judgeth righteously, while, in the true spirit of the religion they teach, the imprisoned missionaries show that they can forgive their persecutors.

* The constitution of Mr. Orton was so far undermined by his imprisonment that he never fully recovered. He remained in the colony for a year, suffering much from debility, and vainly striving to discharge his missionary duties. He was then compelled to return to England, a shattered, enfeebled, and prematurely old man. Here he rallied sufficiently to enable him to undertake a mission to Australia. But the poison inhaled in a Jamaica prison was never thoroughly eradicated from his system; and, while yet a comparatively young man, he died on his passage to England from Australia in 1842, and sleeps beneath the waves, until the morning dawns when, at the loud blast of the archangel's trump, the sea shall give up its dead. This persecuted minister was the first to introduce into Victoria, in Australia, the ordinances of public worship. "The occasion was striking, and worthy of commemoration. On the 26th of April, 1836, the Rev. Joseph Orton preached on Batanis hill to a mixed congregation of Europeans and natives. The place was then a green mound in the primeval forest; and Melbourne consisted of three huts and three houses, hardly distinguishable from the unbroken wilderness that stretched around."

V.

JUDGMENT HILL.

ORT o'er the Eden islands of the West,
In floral pomp and verdant beauty drest,
Rolls the dark cloud of God's awakened ire ;
Thunder and earthquake, whirlwind, flood, and fire,
'Midst reeling mountains and disparting plains,
Tell the pale world, " The God of vengeance reigns."

MONTGOMERY.

IN the interior of Jamaica, at no great distance from Kingston, the mercantile capital of the island, a spot is pointed out which bears this remarkable designation, from having been, a little more than half a century ago, the scene of a startling catastrophe, which impressed many persons, who were but little accustomed to any thing like serious reflection, with the conviction that it is a fearful thing to brave the anger, and "fall into the hands, of the living God."

In the more easterly of the parishes into which Jamaica is divided, there are several wide river-courses, which collect and bear to the ocean the drainings of the majestic chain of mountains that lift their summits some seven or eight thousand feet above the level of the Caribbean Sea, which they overlook, and from which they are often clearly visible to mariners at a distance of seventy or eighty miles. One of these rivers, receiving the waterfall on the southern slope of the Port Royal and St. David's mountains, flows in a south-easterly direction for more than thirty miles. Ordinarily, in dry weather, the narrow stream of limpid water, formed by the contributions of many rivulets gurgling down the hollows and ravines between the hills,

rushes with rapid current over the stony bottom of the deep channel, sufficiently shallow to be fordable at numerous points, and leaving a large portion of the river bed perfectly dry. But the immense boulders, and masses of smooth rock, scattered in vast numbers over the wide, gravelly bed of the river, being brought down by the force of the stream, and the torn and rugged banks on either side, bear silent witness to the irresistible power with which, in the wet season, the mighty mass of turbid water, swollen by a thousand rushing torrents, rolls on to its destination.

Among the hills through which this river winds, and stretching along its banks, there is a plantation beautifully situated in a curve formed by the sinuosities of its course. The rich, well-tilled fields of the plantation, waving with the luxuriant sugar-cane, occupy the plain between the deep river-course and the foot of the hills. At a little distance from the stream, the buildings pertaining to the estate have been erected. Prominent amongst these is the great house occupied by the proprietor and his family; and scattered around are the miserable huts of the slaves, upon whom devolves the weary, unrequited task of cultivating for their owner several hundred acres of land which the estate comprises; themselves shut up in densest ignorance, and knowing no enjoyment of life but that which they have in common with the mules and cattle, that share with them the wasting toil of the plantation.

Immediately behind these several buildings there towers a lofty mountain, rising precipitately from the gentle slope whereon the buildings stand, lifting its verdure-crowned head nearly a thousand feet to the clouds, and overshadowing the plantation buildings and the river. All kinds of rich tropical fruits, sheltered here from every unkindly blast, flourish in abundance,—the mango, the orange, the shaddock, the star-apple, and the lime. Every hut is embowered in a grove of plantains and bananas, whose large velvet-like leaves afford a grateful shelter from the sun; while the lofty plume of the cocoa-nut waves in graceful beauty above, and imparts to the whole scene a character of tropical luxuriance

with which we may well associate the idea of an earthly paradise.

Satan and sin obtained admission into Eden ; and they have found an entrance here. Ungodliness and vice, in some of their foulest developments, pervade the colony ; darkness prevails everywhere, except where the few missionaries that are labouring in the midst of much hatred and opposition, have diffused, in some measure, the light of the ever-blessed Gospel. All classes, masters and slaves, whites and blacks, are sunk in deep moral debasement together. And the clerical order, making merchandise of the bodies and souls of men, and mixed up with the worst abominations of slavery, are, in most instances, as far removed from all that is virtuous and godly, as the most abandoned of the slave oppressors. But in this secluded plantation, surrounded as it is with scenes of surpassing natural loveliness, there is a den of vice and pollution, to which no parallel can be found in all this wicked land. A monster of wickedness, who has given himself up to work all uncleanness with greediness, the owner of that lovely spot, has converted it into such a sink of loathsome, nameless depravity, that all the neighbours for miles around stand aloof from him and all that pertain to him, and hold no avoidable communication with the place. It is shunned by all classes of the people, as if a deadly pestilence were known to be raging there.

In no country under heaven is there to be found less of everything like prudery than here in Jamaica. The moral standard is deplorably low ; and vicious, licentious habits, disregard of moral obligations, and forgetfulness of God, are prevalent throughout the land. But here is a household so utterly abandoned and vile in their associations and habits, that even the low degraded society of Jamaica scorns them as its outcasts, and turns away from them with loathing. No planter from the surrounding estates calls to take a friendly glass with the overseer, who is also the owner of the plantation. No neighbour goes to render friendly offices in time of sickness ; and even the medical man, who periodically visits the hot-house (the hospital) of the estate,

and prescribes medicine for the slaves disabled by sickness from taking their usual place in the field, lingers not, as he does on all the other plantations he attends, to dine or hold a carouse with the magnate of the estate.

Year after year passes away, but still the man and his estate are shunned; for the lapse of time only serves to develop more and more the God-defying wickedness which is not only practised but boasted of there; awakening more and more fully the indignation and disgust of all around towards the depraved denizens of that secluded habitation, amongst whom all decency and propriety are set at nought, and the natural relations and distinctions known in families are utterly confounded and lost. There are some who look on the place with fear and trembling, as well as loathing; half expecting that this den of wickedness, with its associations of depravity, will be dealt with in some such way as the Just and Holy One dealt with the guilty inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah.

The owner of the plantation has become hoary in his evil career; and wealth has been increasing in his hands, serving only to promote strife and discord amongst the incestuous brood of which he is the head; when the hand of Jehovah is lifted up, and that event occurs, the memorial of which is handed down in the designation that stands at the head of this paper.

Jamaica has often been fearfully desolated by the hurricane and the earthquake, causing a lamentable destruction of property and life, and sometimes throughout vast districts changing the whole aspect of the country. It was on the 18th and 19th of October, one of the months usually included in what is known as the hurricane season, when a destructive storm swept over the eastern parishes of the island, accompanied, as effects would seem to indicate, by severe shocks of earthquake. A preternatural discharge of water from the heavens destroyed many sugar and coffee plantations, sweeping off all vegetation, or burying it, to the depth of many feet, beneath the earth and stones and sand which the descending torrents wash down from the

neighbouring mountains. The swollen rivers overflowed their banks, the rushing waters bearing all before them, and producing a scene of devastation, extending from shore to shore over a length of fifty miles, that defies all description. Many vessels were stranded on the coast; and upon the land the victims of this struggle of the elements, who had the good fortune to escape with life, lost all their property. The descent of huge masses of earth and rock from the sides of the hills could be compared only to the avalanches in the valleys of the Alps; and the features of the country were so materially altered by the dynamic sweep of the floods, rivers, and water-courses, and all well-known landmarks so entirely obliterated, that survivors found great difficulty in ascertaining, with anything like certainty, the true localities which they were entitled to call their own. This difficulty was modified by the great destruction of life occasioned by the hurricane; whole families being swept away, leaving no survivor to raise a question concerning the titles and boundaries of their property.

This is the case with the fine plantation occupying so pleasant a site near the margin of the river, and converted into such a scene of impurity and wickedness by the abandoned family claiming it as their home. The morning of the day on which this appalling calamity passes over the land, finds them, as many mornings have found them, all careless and secure, without a thought of God, and without any idea of danger hovering near. Extensive fields are waving with the ripening canes. Trees laden with luscious fruit are all around. Large bunches of cocoa-nuts in every stage of growth hang from the ever fruitful trees, which, by their continual productiveness, may well symbolize the Tree of Life in the vision of the apocalyptic writer, that yielded her fruit every month. The white buildings of the estate peep out through the openings of the trees, as with gentle, graceful motion they yield to the pressure of the slightest movement of the air; the whole landscape, with its alternations of hill and dale, exhibiting a scene of bright smiling beauty, to be seen nowhere but in the regions

situated within or near to the tropical lines. The next morning breaks upon a scene of desolation, exhibiting no traces of the earthly paradise on which the sun shed his fervent rays only a few hours before.

It has been swept with the besom of destruction; and the plantation, with its buildings, its cultivated fields and fruitful groves, its slaves and cattle, whose toil extracted richness and wealth from the soil, together with the great house and all its miserable inhabitants, have been blotted from the face of the creation. The overthrow is as complete as that which overwhelmed the polluted cities of the plain. No living creature belonging to the place remains to tell the tale of woe; and scarcely a vestige of the once lovely estate is to be found.

The centre of the hurricane has passed over this vicinity, and its utmost violence has fallen upon the spot where the justice and purity of the Almighty has long been daringly outraged. The fair, cloudless, but oppressively sultry morning has been followed by the gathering of thick black banks of cloud upon the eastern sky, and the ominous moaning of the wind, betokening the coming tempest,—signs too well understood by the inhabitants of tropical regions. As the sun slowly descends to the westward, these precursors of coming evil become more decided and unmistakable; and at length the tornado bursts upon the land in all its desolating fury,—a violence which can only be justly appreciated by those who have witnessed a West India hurricane. The danger is aggravated by the dense darkness of the night. Many are crushed beneath their falling dwellings, while numbers of lives are sacrificed in the attempt to gain through rushing torrents some desired place of refuge.

But a peculiar catastrophe seals the fate of this plantation and its inhabitants. That to which they probably looked for safety becomes their destruction. Snugly sheltered beneath the shadows of the lofty mountain, they might well fancy themselves far less exposed to peril than many of their neighbours, whose habitations were open to the utmost fury of the elements. But uplifted by some

invisible force,—probably the stupendous power of the earthquake,—during the midnight darkness, the mountain is moved from its foundations, and thrown prostrate in wild confusion on the plain and into the river; burying beneath its enormous masses every building of the plantation, and every soul existing upon it. They, and all belonging to them, have disappeared from human ken, as if they had never been; as when God, in His anger, caused the earth to open her mouth, and swallow up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram; and their houses, and all that appertained unto them, went down into the pit, and the earth closed upon them, and they perished miserably. So were this planter, and his family, and all his goods, buried in a moment out of sight of men; their immortal spirits passing suddenly to an unchanging doom, with all their sins and pollutions fresh upon them.

To make the destruction more complete, the fallen mountain dammed up the river, already swollen to overflowing; until the mass of accumulated waters, forcing their own way, and making fresh channels for themselves, bear away in their desolating progress whatever the hurricane has failed to destroy. When morning dawns through the still raging tempest, not a living creature remains; every trace of cultivation has disappeared, and the very outlines of the plantation have been so completely obliterated that it is difficult to tell exactly where it lay. All belonging to the estate that is not buried beneath the upturned mountain, has been borne far away by the flood to the Caribbean Sea, except some carcasses of human beings or beasts, lodged in crevices or bushes by the rushing waters on their course, and left there to become the prey of the ravenous vulture.

“I will make thy grave; for thou art vile,” Jehovah said, when Nineveh was rapidly filling up the measure of her iniquities; and beneath the crumbling earth of her own massive walls and palaces He buried the city which had been the scene of so much that was abominable in His sight. And there, hidden in the dust from all human search, she remained during the lapse of many centuries; thus fulfilling His own faithful word, “The wicked shall be cut off from

the earth, and the transgressors shall be rooted out of it." So in this instance, after many years of longsuffering and forbearance, His hand is lifted up against the evil-doers, and overwhelms them with such manifest tokens of a Divine visitation, that even in Jamaica, where there is little recognition of God, His justice in the event is acknowledged, and the scene of the catastrophe is distinguished by the designation of *Judgment Hill*.

VI.

THE ASSASSIN.

BLOOD hath strange organs to discourse withal ;
It is a clam'rous orator, and then
E'en nature will exceed herself to tell
A crime so thwarting nature.

GOMERSALL.

DURING seventeen years that I spent in Jamaica, extending over one of the most eventful periods of its history, it fell to my lot to reside for several years in the St. Ann's Mountains. St. Ann's is one of the north-side parishes ; and, because of its surpassing loveliness, is frequently spoken of as "The Garden of Jamaica." The designation is not, however, very well chosen, as its beautiful and varied scenery more resembles that of a wide-spread park than a garden ; for it is the wild, impressive grandeur of nature that greets the eye, rather than the elegance and beauty which speak of the taste and handiwork of man. The far-stretching forests, clothed with the perennial verdure of never-ending spring ; the bold ranges of mountains, burying their lofty summits in the clouds ; the green slopes and deep ravines ; the vast pasture-fields, waving with luxuriant Guinea grass and studded with thousands of majestic cedars, varied by the rich orange or graceful pimento tree, exhibit scenes of enchanting interest to the traveller throughout most of this extensive parish,—the garden-like scenery of which it can boast being confined to the narrow strip of land skirting the shore. Devoted to the culture of the sugar-cane, and marked here and there with the huge piles of building included in the works of the plantations, here are displayed more evident traces of human

skill and toil than in that larger portion of the parish which is chiefly occupied by breeders of stock, and divided into cattle farms or pens, as such properties are usually called, and which are largely overspread with the fragrant pimento, yielding in rich abundance the "all-spice" known to commerce.

One of the peculiarities of this part of the island is the existence of numerous "sink-holes," large openings in the earth, communicating with subterraneous passages, by means of which the drainage of the towering hills—that in other parts of the island creates innumerable beautiful rivulets, forming in their aggregate considerable rivers—is borne off invisibly toward the coast; where, bursting out from their mountain caverns, large streams, gathered in the bowels of the mountains, rush to the sea, exhibiting in several instances cascades of great majesty and beauty. These "sink-holes" are generally to be found deep down in some valley, the character of the ground around them plainly indicating their existence; but occasionally such openings are to be met with on more level ground, where nothing whatever gives a sign of danger, grass and brush growing over the edges of the aperture, and concealing it from observation, until the unwary victim, apprehensive of no peril, steps over the brink of the treacherous chasm, and disappears, to be seen no more. One or two instances occurred during my residence in the neighbourhood of sportsmen, eager in the pursuit of game, being lost in this way,—dropping in a moment, from the very midst of life and enjoyment, into a deep, unfathomable grave.

In the south-western part of the parish there is such an opening to the subterranean passages in the mountains possessing a kind of historical interest, and visited by the curious as one of the lions of Jamaica. It is known as "Hutchinson's Hole," because of its association with one of those shocking tragedies which, being attended by circumstances of unusual horror, stand out prominently and permanently in the annals of crime. Near to it is the ruin of what was formerly the residence of the individual who figured as the principal actor in the catalogue of atrocities which gave him

an unenviable celebrity, and caused his name to be handed down to posterity as the designation of one of the most sanguinary monsters that ever delighted in the shedding of innocent blood. The ruin is still known as "Hutchinson's Tower."

Accompanied by a friend, I devoted a day to visiting this somewhat celebrated spot. We mounted our horses after an early breakfast, and, riding some two miles through very charming scenery, arrived at a centre where several roads met, known as the "Finger-Post," from the fact that an article of that description was erected there by the parish, to afford travellers useful information, long before the existence of the village now risen in the locality, bearing the same name. Directing our course according to the indications of this silent monitor, we set our faces in the direction of "The Pedroes." For two or three miles our road lay through uncleared forest, here and there broken in upon by the rude cottage of the Negro settler, who, having after emancipation saved money sufficient to purchase a small freehold, had here set himself down with his family, in indignant independence of the planters, whose stupid folly, equalled only by their reckless malignity, sought, by systematic fraud and oppression, whenever opportunity offered, to avenge upon the people the crime of having received their freedom. But after a little while we rode through the open, pleasant pastures of cattle farms, overspreading a beautiful vale, and hemmed in by mountains of considerable altitude, covered with rows of coffee trees and crowned with massive buildings, consisting of the coffee works and barbecues of the plantations, and the stately mansions of the proprietors. After a ride of several miles, we arrived at Edinburgh Castle,—the name given to the grazing farm to which our visit was directed.

Situated in the gorge of the mountains, which rise abruptly to a considerable height on either hand, there is a hill whose precipitous sides seem to forbid the further advance of the traveller, until he finds that the narrow road winds around its base. At the summit, looking right down

upon the road, is a ruined tower, partly concealed by the large trees which have grown up around and covered it with their branches. Further up the mountain gorge the hill gradually slopes off to a level with the road, affording easy access to the tower in that direction. Continuing our ride, and leaving the tower it may be a quarter of a mile behind us, we turned out of the road, and, passing through the adjoining field, descended into a deep hollow, around which the mountains slope upward in all directions, forming a vast natural basin, rugged with numerous channels, through which in the rainy seasons the rushing waters descend to find an outlet. Deep down at the bottom of this basin, surrounded by a wall to keep the cattle out of danger, and overshadowed by the dense foliage of a large clump of cedars, we came upon a yawning abyss, several yards in diameter, down which the waters find their course through unseen channels to the sea. Clambering over the wall, we looked down into "Hutchinson's Hole," not without a feeling akin to awe and terror, which was increased when, casting down several large stones, a considerable time elapsed before a splash or rumbling sound came back, to testify the immense depth they had descended before meeting with any obstruction to their fall.

About the middle of the last century the tower dignified with the name of "Edinburgh Castle" was occupied by a Scotchman named Lewis Hutchinson, who was the owner of the farm or pen on which it stood. Right across the farm stretched the narrow defile through which wound the only road that in those days afforded ordinary means of communication between the north and south sides of the country. Hutchinson had not only acquired the farm, but had also, by some means, become the owner of a sufficient number of slaves to perform all the labour the estate required; and he had stocked the farm with cattle strayed or stolen from his neighbours. He lived in the tower alone, or surrounded only by slaves brought from Africa, and purchased from the slave ships, which then openly carried on the horrible traffic in stolen human

beings, unchecked by public opinion, and under the full protection of the British flag. He held very little intercourse with his neighbours; for, though none suspected that he was the monster of crime he turned out to be, yet, exhibiting a morose and gloomy character, he was generally shunned, and few cared to hold any intercourse with him beyond that which the ordinary business of life rendered unavoidable. But the occupant of that lonely tower was an assassin who made a trade of murder, and luxuriated in the deliberate slaughter of his fellow men. There was then but little communication between the two sides of the island; and that was chiefly carried on by small coasting vessels, running round the eastern or western extremities of the land. Very few persons ventured to climb the rugged sides of the mountain, which the Spaniards named "Diavola," and then wind their dreary way through the lonely wooded defiles affording the only means of passage by land from one coast to the other.

The terror of the journey was increased by the fact that it had been attempted by many persons who had never reached their destination or been heard of again. By what means they had perished none could guess. Whether cut off by freebooters, or carried off by Maroons to their inaccessible fastnesses in the forest-covered mountains, never could be ascertained. They disappeared, leaving no trace behind; and the mystery was explained only when the atrocities of Hutchinson were brought to light. Then it transpired that they had fallen by his hand, and that the numerous travellers who, in attempting to cross over the island, had dropped out of life as suddenly as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up, and residents of the neighbourhood who had also mysteriously disappeared, and were supposed to have been engulfed by the treacherous sink-holes in the vicinity, had been the victims of as revolting a system of treachery and cruelty as ever cast a dark shadow upon the history of any country.

It was not necessity that drove him to the perpetration of crimes worthy of the Thugs of Hindostan, for he was *wealthy*; nor, although unscrupulous as to the means he

employed to increase his substance, was it altogether the love of gain. Of a savage, misanthropical disposition, intensified by some real or imaginary injury inflicted upon him in his early life, he cherished a fierce, unnatural detestation of the human race, and a morbid taste for blood, until the contemplation of human agony became his chief delight, and his morose and hardened soul found its highest gratification in destroying human life. Murder became his study and occupation; and it was said of him, as gathered from the testimony of his most trusted slave, who survived his master many years, that if his destined victim were infirm or sick, he carefully attended to him, and revived his strength; or if he could behold him first in fancied security, in the convivial assembly, or perhaps in the bosom of his family, it gave him greater satisfaction to inflict the blow which cut him off, and increased his appetite to relish the expiring struggle. To enjoy the gory spectacle, he always dis severed the head from the palpitating body. His most pleasing occupation was to whet his gleaming knife. His gloomy soul was sated only by a copious flow of blood. Simply to destroy life was not sufficient; and he experienced a savage delight in gloating over the writhing agony from which most men instinctively turn away their eyes. He would retain the ghastly head where it would be constantly before him; and when, through the influences of the climate, it rapidly changed, and he could no longer feast his gaze upon the decaying countenance, it was his habit to place it high in the air in the hollow trunk of a cotton tree, where the vultures could speedily strip it of the putrefying flesh. After this the whitened skull was cast down the yawning chasm into which the mangled carcase had already been thrown.

Hutchinson's slaves were made participators of his sanguinary deeds. These were Africans, procured fresh from the slave ships, and speaking only their own language. Familiarized with cruelty and blood in their own land, and sunk in heathen ignorance, they perceived nothing criminal or unusual in these atrocious acts; and, with the submission

with which slaves bow to the will of their owner, they did whatever he commanded, and scrupled not to take the part assigned to them by their master in helping to destroy the living or dispose of the dead. The risk from them was slight; for, as they were never suffered to be away from the farm, and knew no language but that brought from their native wilds across the sea, they were not able, even if they felt an inclination to do so, to make any revelation concerning the character and doings of their guilty owner. But, apart from this, fear would suffice to seal their lips, as their own lives lay at his mercy; and, if it were his pleasure to cut them in fragments with the terrible cart-whip, in that secluded vale, he could do so with perfect impunity. Thus it was that for many years he carried on the practice of assassination without being discovered, or exciting any suspicion. Occasionally travellers in company would traverse the gloomy valley and call at the tower; and these, after being hospitably entertained, passed on in safety,—their plurality being their protection. But no solitary traveller who attempted to thread his way through the lonely mountain-gorge, however poor or wretched he might be, was suffered to escape alive from the confines of Hutchinson's farm. The tower was so situated as completely to command the narrow road; and the murderer, or one of his slaves, kept constant watch for any passer-by who, alone and not suspecting danger, might become their prey. The needy wanderer would sometimes call at the lonely turret—the first sign of a human habitation which for many miles had greeted his eye, and solicit food and temporary shelter. And he would obtain it without grudging; but it would be the last he would ever partake of. The more wealthy traveller would halt and seek hospitality at the tower; which would be cheerfully afforded, without any idea of remuneration, and he would leave, grateful for the rough but apparently kind attentions he had received,—only, however, to meet the cruel fate to which he had been silently doomed by the treacherous master of that habitation, while sitting at his board in seeming friendly intercourse. From

a loophole of the tower in one direction, or through a thick-set hedge of logwood prepared for the purpose on the other, —and both of which perfectly commanded the narrow path, —the hapless victim would be shot down with unerring aim by the assassin or his slave assistants. Sometimes, at the cattle-fold hard by the road, the master would detain in conversation a wayfarer who might be passing on without stopping at the tower, while his slave from behind the fence could leisurely take aim at the unsuspecting victim, and stretch him low in death. Thus it was that, for some years, lonely travellers across the mountain range of Jamaica continued mysteriously to disappear. Not only days, but weeks, generally elapsed before they were missed by their friends. And then all inquiry was vain; all traces of them had vanished from the face of the earth.

But the most successful and protracted career of crime meets with a check at last. Some oversight, some seeming accident, occurs to mar the well planned scheme, and furnish a clue to the cleverly concealed villany; and the evil-doer finds in the end how true are the words of inspired wisdom, “Be sure your sin will find you out.” So it was with the assassin Hutchinson. He was suffered to run a long course of evil unchecked; but, in the operations of that Providence which is all-pervading and all-controlling, the mystery of iniquity was at length unravelled, and the blood-stained wretch stood revealed in all his terrible enormity of crime. A failure in his usual caution, an oversight committed in his eagerness to accomplish a long-meditated act of villany, unmasked the murderer, and brought his guilty career to an end.

In the same vale, but at a considerable distance, was a cattle farm similar to his own, the manager of which—a person named Callendar—had for a considerable time been marked out for assassination by Hutchinson whenever the favourable opportunity should occur. By some offence, perhaps altogether unintentional, he had awakened against himself the inextinguishable hatred of his dangerous neighbour; who, however, concealed both his feelings and intentions deep

within his own breast. A few of Hutchinson's cattle had strayed, and found their way to the property under Callendar's care, where they had committed some depredations. With neighbourly kindness, the manager drove them back to their own plantation, and delivered them over to the care of their owner, requesting that they might not be suffered so to trespass again. Such an occasion was not favourable to the purposes of the murderer, accompanied, as Callendar was, by slave-drovers or cattle-men belonging to the estate under his care. The visitor was hospitably entertained, and dismissed with assurances which satisfied him, gratified with the apparent cordiality that had marked the conduct of his host. The visit was returned, and the assassin spent a day in intercourse with his intended victim, which seemed to partake of the utmost friendliness. Thus a freedom of acquaintance was promoted, that promised to give the desired opportunity for the indulgence of the treacherous cruelty lying hidden beneath all this show of friendship. After two or three visits had been interchanged, one day, as the unsuspecting Callendar was going to or returning from the tower, a rifle bullet from behind the fatal hedge, fired by the hand of Hutchinson, stretched him upon the earth; and the tragedy was completed in the usual way, except that, in this case, as it might be hazardous to retain in his possession such a dangerous clue to the unfolding of the mystery certain to attach to Callendar's sudden disappearance, the bleeding body, with the head still attached, was committed to the unfathomable charnel-house that had engulfed so many, and which the murderer vainly imagined would never give up its dead.

There happened to be in the tower, confined to bed by sickness, an unsuspecting traveller, who had stopped there on his journey, and who, wearied and worn out by the illness that had overtaken him on the road, had solicited the shelter and hospitality of the lone house, until he should be recovered sufficiently to pursue his journey. This had been freely accorded, and the patient was tended with such rude care as the slave denizens of the farm, under the direction

of their master, were able to afford; with the intention, on the part of the treacherous host, that in due time, when the unsuspecting guest should take his departure in all confidence and security, and warmed with gratitude for the generous treatment he had received, he might gloat over the luxury of laying him low with his fatal rifle, and send him to join the numerous victims already consigned to the deep, yawning abyss close at hand. Having in some degree recovered from the fever which for many days had prostrated all his energies, and gladly risen from his couch, through the small opening that admitted light and air into a room he had accidentally entered he became, to his inexpressible horror, an unseen witness of the assassination of the unfortunate Callendar. He had heard of the dark mystery which enshrouded the fate of numerous travellers who had ventured to cross the island by that lonely road; and here light was suddenly thrown upon it. He could now understand the reason of their inexplicable disappearance. Shocked beyond measure with what he had seen, he placed a powerful restraint upon his feelings, and let no word or sign escape him concerning the tragedy wrought before his eyes, but quietly waited his opportunity. As soon as his recovered strength permitted, when the owner of the tower was absent, possessing himself of a horse, and eluding all observation, he effected his escape from the fate which he felt sure awaited him, especially if his possession of the terrible secret should for a moment be suspected.

Unseen and untraced, he made his way to the nearest habitation he could find, and the alarm was given. He made known the murder of Callendar as he had witnessed it from the turret, and the bearing away of the mangled body in the direction of the deep sink-hole which received the drainings of the surrounding hills. Soon the whole country was up in wild excitement; for suspicion of the truth was now awakened, and the mysterious disappearances which for years had kept up a painful interest on both sides of the island were accounted for. The murderer, on returning home in the evening, discovered the escape of his guest,

whose destruction he had been brooding over for many days with savage satisfaction ; and, fearing that the assassination of Callendar was known, he fled. Making his way with all possible speed across the mountains and through the tangled forests, avoiding human habitations and frequented roads, he arrived at the south coast. On reaching Old Harbour, one of the south-side ports, he took unceremonious possession of an open boat, and put to sea, and he succeeded in getting on board a ship which was passing the island under sail, congratulating himself on having, as he supposed, thrown off and baffled all his pursuers. But the whole country was up and in pursuit ; for intelligence of the discovery which had been made spread with unexampled rapidity, aggravated rather than lessened by the voice of rumour ; and all were anxious that the assassin should be secured, and brought to justice.

Some hours after the alarm had been given concerning the murder of Callendar, a strong party repaired to Edinburgh Castle to seize the criminal. Then it was discovered that he had taken alarm, and fled ; but his course was traced, and it was soon ascertained that he had boarded a passing vessel. Admiral Sir George Rodney, the hero of that Western Archipelago, happened to be lying at Port Royal with the fleet under his command ; and as soon as the intelligence was conveyed to him of what had occurred in St. Ann's, and the escape of the assassin, the admiral put to sea in his own ship, and speedily overhauled the merchant vessel in which the fugitive, in fancied security, was flying to some distant shore. Intercepted in his flight, Hutchinson threw himself into the waves, seeking there the death which he now saw to be inevitable. From this, however, he was rescued by the admiral's boats, and reserved for a more ignominious fate.

After the flight and apprehension of the murderer, search was made, and then his enormous villany was brought to light. No less than forty-two watches were found in his chests, all of which had been plundered from the mangled bodies of the yet larger number of those whom he had *slaughtered* ; and the fact stood clearly revealed that the

multitude of persons who, through successive years, had disappeared from life in passing across the country had all found a tragical end in that mountain gorge, and had been swallowed up in the depth of abyss ever yawning for fresh victims near the murderer's turret. Information was obtained from the slaves, by means of an interpreter, as to the method by which the murdered remains were disposed of; and an attempt was made to search the dark, fearful-looking pit, by letting down a bundle of lighted straw. Far down, at the depth of many feet, suspended on the point of a projecting rock, was discovered the mangled putrefying body of the murdered Callendar; but the depths below had more effectually received and disposed of all the other victims.

In due time Hutchinson was brought to trial for the murder of Callendar at St. Jago-de-la-Vega. After a display of hardihood and bravado seldom witnessed in a court of justice, the ruffian was convicted, and speedily suffered the last penalty of the law upon the gallows. "The enormity of his crimes," says the historian of the time, "might be exceeded by his hardened insolence before his judges; but his reckless gaze upon the instrument which was to convey him before the tribunal of his Maker finds no parallel in the history of crime or punishment; nor can the annals of human depravity equal the fact that at the foot of the scaffold he left a hundred pounds in gold to erect a monument, and to inscribe the marble with a record of his death." The document is probably still in existence at Spanish Town, written by the hand, and bearing the signature of the notorious criminal, in which he expressed this extraordinary wish, only a few moments before his wretched, blood-stained soul passed into the presence of its Creator and Judge. The record he required to be placed on the tablet in these words: "Lewis Hutchinson, hanged in Spanish Town, Jamaica, on the sixteenth morning of March, in the year of his Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-three. Aged forty years.

' Their sentence, pride, and malice I defy,
Despise their power, and like a Roman die.' "

VII.

THE HELL-FIRE CLUB.

THESE are they
That strove to pull Jehovah from His throne ;
And in the place of heaven's eternal King
Set up the phantom Chance.

GLYNN.

THE foregoing tale of Hutchinson the assassin is properly followed by another, which serves yet more impressively to illustrate the retributive providence of God in the affairs of men. About a week after my visit to Hutchinson's Hole I had called at the house of a friend, when a gentleman residing in the neighbourhood came in. He was a planter, having the management of several large properties, and possessing a higher degree of mental culture than had fallen to the lot of many in the class he belonged to. He had become a frequent attendant upon the services at the mission sanctuary, about a mile from the plantation where his residence was beautifully situated in one of the finest localities of the island ; and the truth had so far wrought upon his mind and heart as to induce him to dis sever himself from one of the vicious habits fostered into general prevalence under the corrupting influences with which such a system as slavery always pervades the country wherein it is unhappily established. After the ordinary salutations had passed, and we had resumed our seats, he drew a newspaper from his pocket, and directed my attention to a brief obituary notice contained in it. On looking over it, I found that it was the announcement of the death of one who was unknown to me. He was described as a planter of middle

age, who had finished his earthly course in a distant part of the island.

“Your discourse on Sunday morning interested me very much,” said my visitor, when I had read the notice to which he had directed my attention, “and I was greatly impressed by your remarks concerning a retributive providence and the illustrations you gave. I was well acquainted with many of the men to whom you referred, who are now no more; and with some of them I was intimate for years.”

“My mind was prepossessed very much with the subject,” I replied, “from having, with a friend, last week, visited Edinburgh Castle, celebrated as the scene of the Hutchinson tragedies many years ago; and I was so impressed with the facts involved in that case, especially with the manner in which the wickedness of the man was brought to light, that I was induced to take the warning of Moses to the two tribes as my subject for the pulpit on Sabbath morning. God has wrought very marvellously during the few years past in breaking up and scattering that unlawful association, the Colonial Church Union; and the manner in which His hand has been laid upon its founders and leaders,—the rector and his friend, Mr. H.,—is to my mind most impressive and admonitory. I think it fitting and proper that we should, in these things, as in others, consider the works of the Lord, and regard the operations of His hand.” It was God’s complaint concerning His ancient people, “When My hand is lifted up, they will not see it. But they shall see.”

“I think with you,” he said, “that we ought to recognise Divine Providence in those events which have occurred. Indeed, it is scarcely possible for any thoughtful person to do otherwise; they have been so remarkable. Even Mr. H. B., who took a leading part himself in the proceedings of the Union, acknowledged, before the accident occurred which caused his own death, when he saw first one and then another of his friends so suddenly cut off from life, ‘The hand of God is in these things.’ And that is a very remarkable confession in the rector’s printed address to his parishioners, that ‘his life had been spent in a vain effort to push

God out of the world He had made.' I observed that you did not mention any names : but I understood nearly all the cases to which you referred, and knew the parties well. I have never known the doctrine of retribution so fearfully illustrated anywhere as it has been in this colony during the last few years ; and I was glad you took up the subject as you did, and discussed it in a manner that could not be otherwise than instructive and admonitory to your hearers. My thoughts have dwelt largely on the subject ever since ; and I was startled when I received this newspaper by the post to-day, and read the notice to which I have called your attention."

"I am not aware," I remarked, "that I had any acquaintance with the person. The name is strange to me. Is there anything remarkable associated with his history ?"

"Only this," he said, "that he was the sole survivor of a party or club which existed some years ago, and whose history was very forcibly recalled to my mind as you were speaking about providential retribution. I knew some of the persons concerned in it personally, and have often thought that the Lord dealt with them in a very remarkable way. They were all members of what was called the ' Hell-Fire Club,' of which you have probably heard, though it is now extinct, and has been so for some years."

"I have heard it spoken of," I replied ; "but I never met with any one who could give me particular information concerning the origin and design of an association bearing such a significant designation. Perhaps you may be able to do so."

"I am not prepared," said he, "to gratify your curiosity to any considerable extent, though I lived for several years in the neighbourhood where it existed. It was a club established for profane and infidel purposes by some parties at Morant Bay; and I believe, though I cannot state positively, that it originated about the beginning of this century, or soon after, when opposition to the missionaries was fiercely raging. Who were the founders of the club I never heard. I suppose they had rules by which the association

was to be governed ; but, if so, they kept them very much to themselves. From all I ever learnt about it, I believe it was got up to oppose the spread of religion by the missionaries, and to propagate and encourage blasphemy and infidelity."

"How long did it continue to exist?" I inquired.

"Between twenty and thirty years," he replied: "and then it came to an end. The last I heard of it was an occurrence associated with the name of the person whose death is reported in the newspaper I have shown to you as having taken place a few days ago at Morant Bay. It was there the club was first established; and the incidents with which he was identified were of such a character as to make a profound impression upon all who became acquainted with them. The facts were partly related to me by himself many years ago; and they were brought very vividly to my recollection while I listened to you on Sunday last. I thought it a strange coincidence that to-day, on receiving my newspaper from the post-office, the first thing my eye lighted on was the announcement of that man's death who had been for several days so much in my thoughts, and concerning whom I felt some anxiety to ascertain whether he was yet living, or had followed his former associates to the grave."

"I should feel obliged," I remarked to my visitor, "if you have no objection, if you will relate to me the incidents to which you allude. I have long desired to possess myself of such particulars as can now be ascertained relative to that club, whose very name seems to express something very much like a daring defiance of God."

"I shall be happy," he responded, "to give you the information as I received it, which I believe to be substantially correct, coming as it did to me chiefly from a person so deeply interested. The members of the club were in the habit of meeting at different places, both in town and country, as agreed upon among themselves. At one of the last meetings—I believe the very last—there were present ten members, mostly planters in charge of the surrounding plantations; and it took place on the estate of

which the person whose death is mentioned in this newspaper was the overseer. I am not prepared to say whether it was one of the regular meetings of the club, or an accidental gathering of some who were connected with it for one of those seasons of debauch and drunkenness to which the planters of those days regularly gave themselves up on Sundays in most parts of the country. From the number assembled I should think it was the former. After some hours spent in deep potations and obscene and riotous orgies, more befitting fiends than intelligent and accountable human beings, until all unhallowed passions became rampant, the person who had been chosen to preside over the drunken revel called upon his companions to fill up their glasses and drink a toast which he would propose for them. This done, he proposed the toast—so profane, so blasphemous, and expressing such outrageous defiance of God that I shrink from putting it down. To give point to the words of blasphemy and express defiance of the Almighty more emphatic than could be enunciated in mere language, it was suggested that each of them should hold a loaded pistol in his hand and fire it off at the moment of drinking the toast. Mad and reckless as they were with excess, several of the debauchees were startled and stood aghast at the daring wickedness of the proposal. But it was only for a few brief moments. Then all were agreed except one, and he the overseer of the plantation on which they were assembled. Not quite so hardened in wickedness as most of his associates, he refused to be a party to the daring profanity; and for a time held out against all the persuasion and upbraidings with which he was assailed. It was only when the reckless men around him threatened violence, and he stood in fear of his life, that he yielded a trembling consent and drank the toast. Soon after they separated. And that was the last meeting of the Hell-fire Club; for within a few weeks most of the company of blasphemers were swept away by some violent death. And before the end of three months every one was gone to the grave, except the person whose death is now recorded in the newspapers, and who was the

one that refused for a while to join in the blasphemers' toast. The last of the nine was the man who acted as president on the occasion, and the author and proposer of the profane toast. He died under peculiar circumstances, and in great agony, which occasioned much remark at the time."

I here interrupted the narrator to inquire if he had been personally acquainted with any of the individuals he had referred to.

"I knew the person," he said, "whose death has just taken place, and with two or three of the others I was slightly acquainted; but I was only a young man when these circumstances transpired, and I heard them much talked of at the time they took place. What occurred at the drinking party, together with the toast and the firing of the pistols, were all related to me by the individual whose death is mentioned here. In consequence of three of the party meeting with sudden death during the very next week after they had so daringly defied the Almighty, a deep impression was made upon his mind, and he was induced to speak of what had occurred; otherwise the whole might have passed off as other drunken revels had done, and no more been said or thought about it. He became a different man after that, and went to no more Sunday drinking parties."

I expressed a desire to be informed if the three persons alluded to all met their death at the same time.

"No," he said. "One of them was an overseer on a neighbouring plantation, and was crushed by a piece of timber falling upon him. This took place the day following the guilty revel. He was giving directions to some workmen who were raising the roof of a new building on the estate, when a beam or rafter fell and struck him, inflicting such injuries that he survived only a few minutes. The person who has recently died happened to be present when the accident occurred. And it is not surprising that such an event following immediately upon the drunken carouse of the preceding day, which was characterized by such desperate wickedness, should make a serious impression

upon his mind; especially when, a day or two later, two more of the party were also cut off. They were returning home on horseback from a visit to one of the plantations, having drunk freely with the overseer. But during the time they were occupied in the convivialities that generally attended such visits, heavy rains in the mountains had brought down a flood in the river which they had to cross on their return home; and, as it was dark, they were not in a condition to observe how much the waters were swollen. They attempted to ford the stream, but were washed from their horses, and borne away to the sea by the fierce torrent. Their bodies, much bruised and mangled by being dashed against the massive boulders in the river-course, were found cast ashore on the following day, in a condition scarcely to be identified."

"Do you know," I inquired, "what became of the others? for I think you said they all came to the grave within a short time after the meeting at which the blasphemous toast was proposed."

"It is some years now," he said, "since I conversed with any one upon the subject, and the particulars are not so distinct in my mind as they were. In the lapse of years, names, dates, and places are apt to get confounded, when the memory alone is relied upon; but the main facts were of such a character as not easily to be forgotten, though I cannot undertake to relate them in the exact order in which they occurred. Very shortly after the two were drowned in fording the river—I think it was the following week—a Mr. M'P., who was one of the drinking party, also in the planting line, was riding a young horse not very well broken to the bit and saddle, when the animal took fright at something that caught his attention, and started off at full speed. The road being rough and rocky, the horse fell, throwing his rider with great violence, and smashing his head against some stones on the side of the way. He was killed on the spot. A Mr. G. was, about the same time, killed by Negroes, in revenge for injuries he had inflicted upon them. At least, it was supposed that some of the slaves on

the estate of which he was overseer were the murderers, though the real culprits could never be discovered. He was very severe and cruel in his management of the property entrusted to his care, inflicting frequent and heavy punishments; and he wrought the people very hard, so that generally more Negroes died off where he was overseer than on any of the plantations around. He was one of the old school planters, who lived in the time of the slave trade, and thought it more profitable to get all the work he could out of the Africans, and supply the waste by purchasing others from the slave-ships, than to treat them more kindly, and allow the slave population on the estate to increase in the natural way. After the slave trade was abolished he continued the same cruel system of management; and the consequence was that, although he made large crops, yet the estates suffered so much in his hands by the loss of slaves, who could not now be replaced as before, that he had very often to change his situation. He had a fierce set of Negroes to deal with on the estate he was then managing, many of them being of the Coromantee race; and few persons were surprised, though many were shocked, when it became known that he had been waylaid by a party of Negroes, on his return home late at night, and chopped to pieces. His Negro boy was with him, riding a little distance behind, when the assassins, all entirely naked, set upon the unfortunate man in the dark. The boy fled upon his mule, no attempt being made to intercept him, and left his master to his fate. And a dreadful fate it was; for he was found by those who went in search of him hewed in fragments with cutlasses, and those who did it kept their own counsel so well that they were never discovered. Another of those who joined in the toast was supposed to have been murdered. He was poisoned, and died in great agony. He was a Mr. S., in mercantile life, carrying on business as a general storekeeper. He had cast aside a Quadroon woman who had been his housekeeper for some years, and was the mother of several of his children, and had put another woman in her place. A proceeding of this kind has cost many a man his life in this

country. Many of the old Africans possessed a knowledge of poisonous plants growing within the tropics, with which scientific men were not acquainted; a knowledge often turned to dangerous account in Obeah practices, and sometimes resorted to for purposes of revenge. It is very probable that the cast-off mistress found some means of reaching her quondam protector with one of these powerful vegetable poisons, but so skilfully and secretly administered that no traces could be discovered of the agency through which the deed was accomplished. Another of the party, a Mr. L., shot himself. Such, at least, was the conclusion arrived at concerning his case; for he was found shot through the head, the ball having passed upward through his mouth, scattering the brains all around. He also was in business as a general dealer, and his affairs were found to be much involved and mixed up with many fraudulent transactions. He had lived a wild, profligate life, far beyond his means; and, having got hopelessly involved in debt with all who would trust him, he settled with all his creditors at once by means of a pistol-ball. The same day that L. shot himself, a Mr. T., an intimate friend of his, was killed by the bursting of a gun. Both belonged to the infidel club, and both were present when the toast was proposed, entering very readily into the proposal, while some were disposed to hang back. T. had gone out with some friends to shoot wild pigeons; and, the first time he attempted to fire, the weapon he carried burst into fragments, one of which was driven through the face into his head, inflicting a wound which proved mortal in a few hours. Then there was a Mr. B., overseer of an estate, who met his death in going home from the town. He was a hard drinker, and frequently went home intoxicated when he visited the town. On this occasion he had indulged more freely than usual, and, driving home in his gig, he ran the wheel of his vehicle upon a bank, by which it was overturned: and, falling upon his head, his neck was dislocated, and he died upon the spot where he fell. The whole of these casualties occurred within a very few weeks—not more, I believe, than four or five,

and only two of that profane party were left alive—the man at whose house the party had assembled, and who was compelled by his drunken companions, under threats of violence and death, to go with them in their daring act of profanity, and the person who occupied the chair on the occasion, and suggested the drinking of the toast. What effect was produced upon the mind of the latter by the sad fate which overtook his companions in such rapid succession, I cannot tell. Many persons who had become acquainted with the facts relating to that last meeting of the Hell-Fire Club, and the blasphemous orgies that attended it, looked on with awe; for they regarded these casualties which came upon the company of blasphemers as the judgments of Almighty God. And this feeling was terribly strengthened when, a few weeks later, they saw the leader in the act by which God was so daringly and wickedly defied, also swept away from the midst of the living by a very horrible death.”

My informant then proceeded to relate the particulars connected with the death of this individual, which were of such a character as not to admit of their being minutely stated here. While on a journey, he received injury from the incautious use of a poisonous plant, that produced inflammation, gangrene, mortification, and death. The death scene of this man was very fearful. To the excruciating physical torture he had to endure were added the terror and anguish of despair. When his energies were prostrated by the agonizing pain which had seized upon him, and death stared him in the face, when the world for which alone he had lived was fading away, and the dread realities of the eternal world were all around him,—then how eagerly would he have turned to the Blessed One whom he had in wanton wickedness blasphemed and defied! But he could not pray. He dared not hope that God would hear him now; and he howled, and raved, and blasphemed God in his delirium, until nature was exhausted, and life failed, and the wretched soul of the blasphemer passed beyond the veil to appear before its Maker.

“I never heard,” my informant said, in reply to a question

of mine upon the subject, "that any other meeting of the infidel club was held afterwards. I believe some who once belonged to it still survive ; but these judgments of the Almighty broke up the unholy association, and it became extinct. Those who had formed part of the sceptic league were too much horrified to have anything more to do with a fraternity against which the hand of the Lord had been so manifestly lifted up. Not a few who had made a boast of infidelity were silenced, if not cured of their scepticism. This was the case with the individual who is so recently deceased. He was greatly alarmed by the fate of his associates in wickedness, and I believe he repented. If ever a man prayed earnestly for pardon, I believe he did ; and he became a changed man."

"I think," I replied, "that the fact of his life having been lengthened out for so many years after his associates were taken away may be justly regarded as an indication that he did not pray in vain. When David, through Nathan's rebuke, was turned to God again, and made the acknowledgment, 'I have sinned,' the prophet was commissioned to say, 'The Lord also hath put away thy sin.' His conscience appears to have been less hardened than theirs, as he was only induced to join them in their excess of wickedness under prersure ; and it was in consequence of his being wrought upon by the sudden death of some of his associates that the facts were brought to light. Otherwise, we should never have known the full extent of the depravity and blasphemy which characterized that club of infidel opposers of the truth, or the judgments that swept them from the earth. If he had not made known what took place at that last meeting, when God was so profanely set at nought, the destruction that came so rapidly upon the offenders would have been looked upon merely as the ordinary casualties of colonial life. My mind has been deeply impressed with the occurrences of the last few years in the breaking up of the Colonial Church Union, which was a conspiracy against God and His truth, and the judgments that fell upon so many of the chapel destroyers, most of whom have come to

a violent and untimely end. I had heard of this 'Hell-Fire Club,' and sometimes have seen a reference made to it by newspaper correspondents; but I never could succeed in gaining any knowledge of its history until now. Nor was I aware that it originated in the persecutions to which missionaries were subjected at Morant Bay, many years ago. When I was at Morant Bay, a little while since, I visited the dungeon in which the missionaries were imprisoned. The whole history is very instructive, and exhibits an impressive comment upon the words of the Psalmist concerning those who league themselves together in opposition to the cause of Christ: 'Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron. Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel. Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way when His wrath is kindled but a little.' The first part of the quotation receives illustration from the fate which befell the clique of blasphemers; the latter from the sparing mercy exercised toward him who repented and humbled himself before God."

VIII.

THE BLACKSMITH'S WEDDING.

THERE is a Power
Unseen, that rules the illimitable world,
That guides its motions, from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould ;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence.

THOMSON.

IMPORTANT issues sometimes proceed from very insignificant circumstances, and grand results from unpromising beginnings. It was in those days when slavery spread its gloomy shadow over the land, that a missionary, residing near the western extremity of Jamaica, was crossing the island from a southern town to the capital of the country situated on the northern shore. He was on horseback, and not very superbly mounted for the long and fatiguing ride which he had undertaken. The early part of his journey lay for some miles across a wide-stretching savannah, where the roads are constructed with logs of *lignum-vitæ* and logwood, laid across, and covered over with mud thrown up from either side. This, when hardened and baked in the burning rays of the tropical sun, makes, in the dry weather, a tolerably good pathway for horses and vehicles. But in the long rainy seasons it becomes an extended quagmire impassable to vehicles of any description, and through which the traveller on horseback has to pick his way with the utmost care, to avoid the danger of breaking the legs of his horse through his stepping into some of the deep holes with which the road abounds ; and which are all the more perilous as, being filled with water by the daily rains, their depth cannot be very readily discerned.

Threading his way slowly and carefully for more than two hours along this difficult road, and often sinking nearly to the girths in the treacherous ground, from which the poor animal could extricate itself only by a desperate plunge, the traveller arrived at the foot of the mountains, bespattered to the shoulders with the mud through which for seven weary miles he had been urging his toilsome way. Here the road, though still rough, became more solid and pleasant to travel, tending upward along the rocky mountain side ; its windings opening up to view beautiful valleys overspread with villages, and abounding with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics. Numerous cottage gardens lay spread over the vale, or occupied the slopes of the hills ; all of them filled with fruit trees of different kinds ; the cocoa-nut, the plantain and banana, the star-apple, and all the varieties of the orange, grape fruit, lime and shaddock, exhibiting their rich and tempting burdens, and discovering the inexhaustible richness of a land which, but for the vices and cruelties of man, might be an earthly paradise. Slowly he pursues his way ; for he compassionates the poor beast whose powers, by no means exuberant, have been largely exhausted in bearing him through the heavy roads that cost him so much time and toil to traverse. And he does not forget that the path before him, for some miles, is a steep ascent, leading over the range of hills and mountains which form the great back-bone of the island. The sun, now high in the firmament, pours down a full tide of heat ; and it is with a feeling of grateful relief that, after climbing the rugged path for several miles, he enters an avenue formed by the plume-like branches of the bamboo. These, springing up from either side of the road in luxuriant growth, and meeting above at a height of twelve or fifteen yards, form an umbrageous arch almost impervious to the rays of the sun, deliciously cool and grateful, conveying to the mind of the wearied, sun-scorched traveller a pleasant sense of the meaning of the Scripture metaphor,—“the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”

From this delightful shade, which extends over several

miles, he emerges high up among the hills, to feel again the full force of the brilliant tropical heat, through which he winds his way until he has accomplished the most fatiguing half of his journey. Four hours' toil has pretty well exhausted both man and beast; and he feels desirous of turning into one of the habitations near the road to obtain a little rest and shelter. His path now lies through a country divided into large cattle farms, called pens, with their retinue of overseers, book-keepers, drivers, and slaves. At any of these, he is well aware, he could call and obtain refreshment both for himself and his horse; for the hospitality of the Jamaica planters is proverbial. And although the planters almost universally look with an unfriendly eye upon missionaries, yet even from them would not be withheld, at any of the plantations, the hospitality which it is the custom freely to accord to all travellers who may request it. But he prefers to seek the rest he needs at some more lowly habitation. He has an indistinct recollection of an old house situated near the road-side, from whence he heard the music of the anvil when he passed that way before; and in due time the gateway with its shattered pillars in front of the blacksmith's shop gladdens his sight, and holds out the promise of at least an hour or two's repose.

Riding up to the foot of the rickety wooden steps which lead up, in front of the smithy, to the blacksmith's house above, he addresses himself to a good-looking coloured woman, whose age may approach thirty years, and whose complexion indicates more of European than African blood flowing in her veins. He soon ascertains that he will be quite welcome to alight and rest himself there, and that there will be no difficulty in obtaining a bundle of Guinea grass for his horse and refreshment for himself. Dismounting, he commits the weary steed to the care of a lad some nine or ten years of age, the son of his coloured hostess, who undertakes to rub him down and supply him with grass and water; and then the traveller, after exchanging a word or two of greeting with the blacksmith himself, of whose sooty visage he has caught a glimpse in approaching the dwelling,

ascends the stairs. Through a small piazza, or gallery, he enters the house, receiving a polite welcome from the woman, and a broad earnest stare from two or three little urchins, who cling to their mother, each clad in a long loose single garment, calculated rather to afford cool comfort in a tropical climate, than to meet the requirements of more refined society.

The lower part of the building, which is the blacksmith's workshop, is a strong stone erection ; but the upper story is of wood, upon which time is doing its work, and reducing it rapidly to a state of considerable dilapidation. Having deposited himself upon a broad wooden settle, which does duty as a sofa, his valise serving the purpose of a pillow, the wearied traveller reclines there very comfortably ; while his good-humoured hostess, with bustling, cheerful activity, addresses herself to the task of getting breakfast for the stranger. A fowl, caught by one of the youngsters, and hastily decapitated, plucked, and dismembered, is, in a short time, hissing and sputtering in the frying-pan. And, in due time, with a good supply of fresh eggs and coffee, and flowery yams and cocoas, (the tanniers of some of the West India colonies,) a breakfast is served up sufficient to satisfy the keen hunger of the unexpected guest ; the nice, clean tablecloth, and the well polished, though very common, plates, serving to give zest to the welcome meal.

While occupied in discussing and enjoying the palatable viands, his smiling hostess, who has recognised in him one of the missionary preachers she has two or three times, with others from the surrounding neighbourhood, travelled half a dozen leagues to hear, stands by to render whatever service her guest may require ; and he enters into conversation with her. From her he learns that amongst the slaves belonging to the pens and plantations all around there are many who are in the habit of going to the Bay, some eighteen miles distant, whenever they can get an opportunity of doing so, to attend the missionary services and hear the word of life. It is but seldom they can undertake the journey, owing to the distance and the little time that is allowed them to labour for

themselves,—only one Sabbath in a fortnight. But, above all, they are hindered by the persecuting violence of the planters, who are sternly opposed to the missionary teaching of the slaves, and freely use the cat and the cart-whip to curb and keep down the religious tendencies of the poor Negro people under their care.

His heart burns within him as the woman, with strong feelings of sympathy, tells of the cruel floggings many of the slaves have been subjected to after going to the Bay chapel on the Sunday, and the revolting punishments that followed the breaking in of the planters upon the meetings for prayer which some of them have ventured to hold in their own houses when the toils of the day were over. With the tears moistening her cheeks she speaks especially of one poor fellow on the adjoining estate, the buildings of which are distinctly visible from the room in which they are sitting, as having been fearfully cut up by a truculent, brutal overseer, who swears that he will flog the religion out of him if he cuts him to pieces in doing so. But the heartless tyrant is baffled by the firm, steady endurance of the poor slave, who tells him, as the blood streams from his lacerated back and shoulders, "Busha may kill me, but me cannot gib up praying." Many a time has he been made fast in the bilboes, during the whole of Saturday night and Sunday, to keep him from going to the Bay. But the very next opportunity he has, away he trudges through the night on his eighteen miles' journey, with as many as he can prevail upon to accompany him, that he may be at the early morning service, held at that hour (six o'clock) for the special benefit of the slaves dwelling far away. Remaining to the second service, in the forenoon, he then returns home, looking for the flogging with the horrible cart-whip which he is sure to receive on the following morning. From the conversation of his hostess the traveller can gather that all this persecution, on the part of the planters, has had the effect of awakening a widespread feeling of sympathy amongst the slaves for miles around, and created a powerful interest with many in the missionaries and their teachings; so that the

people, whenever they can do so, flock in crowds to the early Sabbath morning services. It is not difficult to discover from the woman's tones and manner that a lively interest in the sufferings of the religious slaves, and in the teaching of the missionaries, has been awakened in her own breast.

Turning the conversation upon her own religious condition and prospects, he learns that she has never lived within sound of a religious teacher's voice; never heard of Christ until she went to hear the missionaries within the last two or three years; and that, ever since, she has thought and felt much about God and her soul. No one ever taught her to pray; but she has sometimes tried to call upon God, just as she has heard some of the praying slaves when, on two or three occasions, she attended their nocturnal meetings. Her mother lived with the owner of the estate close at hand, who made her free, that her children might also be free; and he built for the mother the house whose roof now covered them. When her mother died, she, the only child, inherited a life interest in the dwelling and the enclosed piece of land which surrounded it. The present possessor of the estate had endeavoured to deprive her of her little possession; but in vain, as her life-interest in the property was clearly secured. At her death it would revert to the estate.

In the course of this conversation, which continued long after the breakfast was over, the missionary discovered that no religious or legal ceremony had sanctioned her union with the blacksmith; and that it was only since she had heard of the marriages performed by the missionaries amongst the slaves on the plantations around that she had felt any misgivings about her own union with the father of her children and the propriety of her present mode of life. Further discourse on this subject threw light upon the woman's mind, and showed her that something was wanting to render the union valid and complete; and she at once expressed her wish to be married, if it could be done, as she desired above all things to lead a holy life and go to heaven. Assured that there was nothing to prevent the marriage taking place, she

then inquired how and when it could be done. The missionary, who was aware that no law relating to marriage had ever been placed on the statute book of the colony, where unbounded licentiousness was the rule, and marriage a very occasional occurrence, and that therefore no legal restrictions stood in the way, told her that she and the blacksmith might be married whenever they chose, and there was no reason why the matrimonial bond should not be entered into before he took his departure, if both the parties were agreed.

No time better than the present, the woman thought, and she promptly disappeared to consult the gentleman in the smithy. The ringing sound of the anvil suddenly ceases, and up through the single boards, which form at once the floor above and the ceiling beneath, is heard the female voice setting forth, in eloquent strains, the evils of a course of life which God hath not blessed, and urging the propriety of doing away the reproach by an immediate marriage, which "the parson" upstairs is ready to perform. The blacksmith, a quiet, taciturn, industrious artisan, is of a similar complexion to that of the lady; and, like her, free from the trammels of slavery. He sees no objection that can be urged to the proposal of an immediate marriage; and quickly yields himself up to do whatever may be required of him in the matter, under the direction of his more active and able partner.

He is instructed to leave his work, and submit himself to a cleansing process, which is by no means superfluous, and get into a clean suit of clothes, while she attends to such other arrangements as may be requisite.

After a short consultation with the missionary the woman departs to obtain two friends to be present on the auspicious occasion, and also to secure the loan of a prayer-book,—the Morning Service, abridged from the Book of Common Prayer, which is in use by the missionaries. James M. the slave so often flogged and punished, she knows has both hymn-book and prayer-book, as well as a Bible, for he has shown them to her; and as he is now laid up from a "terrible beating" received only a day or two ago, she can go and

borrow the book from him. In the course of an hour or so she returns with the book, and intimates that the friends she went for will soon be on the spot. By the time she has donned the clean, humble suit, in which she appears a good-looking buxom Quadroon, the invited guests make their appearance in holiday trim. Meanwhile the blacksmith has got rid of all traces of his smoky trade from his hands and face, and presents himself in a coarse linen suit of snowy whiteness, the getting up of which does credit to the woman's skill as a laundress; all ready to play the part of bridegroom in the ceremony so unexpectedly improvised. In a short time the mutual vow has been exchanged, the hymeneal benediction pronounced, and the parties declared to be man and wife. The marriage certificate is made out, duly attested by the witnesses as well as the officiating minister, who gives the married pair to understand that on his return home the marriage will be duly recorded in the marriage register, kept at the mission chapel at the Bay.

The incidents we have related are linked with important results, affecting the unchanging destinies of many souls all around that neighbourhood. The missionary declines the urgent invitation of the bride to stay, and get some dinner, before he continues his journey. With smiling satisfaction at the unanticipated events of the day, she offers to get dinner ready with all possible expedition, that he may not be unduly detained. This, however, he is under the necessity of declining, as the day is now far advanced, and half his journey—the least laborious half, as it is chiefly down hill—yet remains to be accomplished. Neither host nor hostess will listen to any offer of remuneration for the substantial breakfast provided for him; and both warmly invite the missionary, when he returns, and whenever he passe that way, to make the house his resting-place.

As the missionary looks abroad from the house, the scene spread before his eye all around is one of enchanting loveliness. For miles in all directions stretch the "pens," or large cattle farms, forming an important part of the properties or estates of Jamaica, where are bred the fine

horned cattle, horses, and mules, required for carrying on the cultivation and manufacture of the sugar plantations. Large fields of luxuriant Guinea grass growing ten or twelve feet high; wide-spreading pasture fields of common grass all enclosed by stone walls, and thickly studded with clumps of cedar or broad leaf, and orange trees, to afford shelter to the cattle from the tropical sun, present themselves to his admiring gaze. The white buildings of these numerous properties, with the clustered huts of the slaves, surrounded by innumerable cocoa-nut and other fruit trees, give variety and beauty to the landscape. Here and there the eye rests upon some giant ceiba or silk-cotton tree, whose immense but symmetrical trunk shoots up branchless to a height of seventy or eighty feet from the midst of ten or a dozen stupendous buttresses, and then throws abroad its wide spreading arms clothed with dense foliage, covering with its ample shade almost half an acre of ground. The landscape is enchanting in its park-like scenery and perennial verdure. But the soul of the missionary is stirred within him, as he thinks upon the fact, that amongst the many thousands who live within the range of his vision the Maker of all this beauty and grandeur is scarcely known, and that the twofold curse of slavery and persecution rests upon the few who care for their own souls, and dare to call upon His name.

Suddenly the thought occurs to him, Whence comes the suggestion? May not the strange marriage which has just taken place prepare the way for bringing the Gospel of Christ to this dark neighbourhood? The land all around, for miles, is included in the large properties whose managers, as one man, are combined to oppose the Christian instruction of the slaves. But would it not be practicable, if the newly married pair will consent to brave the reproach and opposition that are sure to follow, to have religious services on the land placed, for the term of the woman's life, beyond the control of the proprietor and authorities of the estate of which it has been, and is again at her death to be, a part? Turning to the woman, he inquires, if she would not

like to have missionary services brought to the neighbourhood; for there are none within eighteen miles. Her face becomes radiant with joy at the thought; and when the missionary suggests that their own premises may serve for the purpose, both husband and wife yield a cheerful and joyous assent. The traveller then joyfully resumes his journey, cheered by the persuasion that the Lord has directed his footsteps in a way that will lead to the enlargement of the work he has at heart, and the salvation of many souls.

The tidings are soon spread abroad that the missionary is coming to preach at the blacksmith's shop at Ramble. Hundreds all around are gladdened by the intelligence; most of all the slaves, who have found it so difficult to get to the Bay, in order that they might hear about Jesus Christ and the way to heaven. Upon some others the effect is different. The planters all around are resolved if possible to prevent the invasion of their locality by missionaries; and, one after another goes to the blacksmith, some persuading, others threatening him with the loss of custom, and even holding out threats of a darker kind. Were it not for his wife it is possible he might give way to the urgent remonstrances addressed to him; for he as yet has felt but little concern about religion and his soul. But she remains immovable: since that missionary's visit which led to her marriage, she has felt concerning God and her soul's destiny as she never did before. She has been conversing with some of the praying, converted slaves, and her mind is made up to seek religion and flee from the wrath to come. She comes to the rescue, standing by her husband's side and vindicating their right to do as they please with the property, and to devote it to such uses as they see fit during her life-time.

The appointed Sabbath arrives, and the missionary is there, having gone thither on the preceding evening, to be ready for an early morning service. A small room, just large enough to contain a bedstead, table, and chair, has been set apart as a prophet's chamber. The bed linen is coarse, but clean and comfortable; and there the minister is to find accommodation whenever he comes to visit the

neighbourhood. Late at night numerous visitors arrive to see "the parson," all of whom are slaves from the surrounding properties; and most extravagant are their demonstrations of joy that the Gospel is to be brought into the midst of their own homes. It is in the smithy that the services are to be held, and many sturdy hands set to work to prepare the place for the occasion. It is a labour of love. Cartwheels, and old iron, and the implements of the blacksmith's trade, are all carried outside the buildings. The ashes are cleared away from the forge, and the rough floor swept clean; and it is but little short of midnight when the preparations are completed. When the cheerful workers take their departure, they leave behind them an ample supply of fowls, eggs, vegetables, and fruit, which they have brought to contribute to the missionary's entertainment.

Daylight has scarcely dawned when the missionary is aroused by voices underneath, and discovers that the people are beginning to assemble for the early service. Looking through the jalousie window which admits both light and air to his room, he can see through the grey dawn numerous parties crossing the pastures from various directions. All are clothed in the coarse blue cloth garments which they receive yearly from their owners, and which the keen mountain air at such an early hour of the day, and the heavy dew resting upon every thing without, render necessary to these denizens of a sunny clime. Men, women, and children are flocking to the place, most of them bearing coarse wooden chairs or small benches for their own accommodation at the place of prayer. By the time the sun is showing himself in a full blaze of glory in the east, the missionary has descended from his chamber to commence the worship of God. Every corner of the blacksmith's shop is crowded; bellows, sloping chimney, and forge, all occupied by children, whose sooty complexion seems to harmonize well with the position they occupy, and who gaze with silent amazement upon the strange scene, never having before looked upon an assembly gathered to hear the preaching of God's truth. All around the building

there is a crowd; for the shop contains not more than a fourth of the congregation; and there are five or six hundred persons assembled. A short service of about an hour's duration closes with the hearty Amens of the congregation, many of whom have now heard a sermon for the first time; and the crowd disperses, hastening homeward to prepare themselves for the two other services, which are to follow in the course of the day. Again, in the forenoon and afternoon there is a listening multitude, yet larger than that which was present at the earlier worship. Nor is the word preached in vain. Angels bear the glad tidings to heaven of men and women pricked in their hearts; and there is joy in the courts above over repenting sinners. Tears of sorrow for sin moisten many sable checks, and tears of joy and gladness run down others, because "the joyful sound" is brought to their own doors. It is a lovely and a lively scene that presents itself during the interval of the morning and afternoon worship. Groups of men and women gathered under the shade of the orange trees, which thickly stud the adjacent pastures, are talking of the things of God, or engaged in prayer. Valentine Ward looked upon this scene several years later, after having preached his last sermon, and finished an eminent career of usefulness, in that blacksmith's shop. When he beheld the classes with their leaders grouped beneath the trees, he wept as he glorified God for what He had wrought amongst those children of Africa, pronouncing it to be the most interesting scene that had ever greeted his eyes, and the Sabbath spent there the happiest of his life. It was the last of his earthly Sabbaths, for four days after he was laid in the grave. When he was sinking, smitten by yellow fever, in the delirium of death his imagination was still occupied with the Sabbath scene that had so enchanted him; and he continued to gaze upon it, and to talk of it, until the more glorious realities of eternity burst upon his vision, and he passed away to be for ever with the Lord.

For several years the blacksmith's shop continued to be used as a place of worship. A long shed was erected by the

religious slaves of the neighbourhood, along one side of the building, and at one end, thatched with cocoa-nut leaves, to shelter the worshippers from sun and rain. Lowly as it was, it became a centre of light to the neighbourhood. No imposing ritual was practised there, and no surpliced priests and choirs intoned the prayers and lessons; but beneath that humble roof many souls were born to glory,—made wise unto salvation by the faithful preaching of the Gospel. Many persecuted slaves, who had endured the lash and the gyves for the sake of a good conscience, there found comfort in their trials, and obtained strength to endure the grinding oppression to which they were subjected by hireling overseers. These men hated the blacksmith's shop and the religion taught there, with all who possessed it, because of the unexpected checks they now met with in the indulgence of an unbridled sensuality. But their opposition and their cruelty were in vain. The work of the Lord went on, and prospered. Whites, free coloured people, slaves, alike felt the power of the truth, and submitted themselves to the Gospel yoke, becoming, in doing so, the freemen of the Lord. And there, in due time, infantile voices were heard in the songs and routine of the Sabbath school, learning to worship and serve Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Gradually the opposition ceased. The planters found that religion made their servants trustworthy, intelligent, and faithful. The proprietor of the estate with which the blacksmith's shop was connected began to look with favourable eye upon the services that, at first, he had so bitterly opposed. To the surprise of many, he himself sought and found the peace of conscience for which, through many years, he had yearned with an intensity of longing that only a deep consciousness of guilt can produce. For his hands were stained with blood. A dark cloud had been cast over his life by the fatal result of a duel with a former friend, arising out of a drunken carouse. His friend had fallen by his hand, and was gone, with all his sins upon his head, to face his Maker and his Judge. From the moment he saw

his ill-fated companion fall dead before his fatal weapon, he had known no peace. Gloom settled upon his soul, and he scarcely mingled at all with his fellow men. But the peace of God, which came to many hearts in that blacksmith's shop, came also to him, and dispersed the gloom that had darkened his life and prospects. He was enabled by faith to cast his blood-guiltiness upon the Saviour, and lifted his head in hope. The gift of a suitable site for a Mission station, near the blacksmith's premises, was one of the fruits of the gracious change he experienced. A chapel and parsonage, with a good and commodious schoolroom, were, in due time, erected there. It became the head of a Circuit, bearing the name of the venerable man who there performed the last act of his Christian ministry. And the Mount Ward station, most delightfully situated, stands a centre of light and blessing to the neighbourhood, and is destined, we trust, to be the birthplace of many souls in the generations of the future.

IX.

IN SLAVERY A HUNDRED AND FORTY YEARS.

Why should old age escape unnoticed here
That sacred era to reflection dear?
 peaceful shore where passion dies away,
Like the last wave that ripples o'er the bay?
O, if old age were cancelled from our lot,
Full soon would man deplore the unhallowed blot!
Life's busy day would want its tranquil even,
And earth would lose her stepping-stone to heaven.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

HAVING just finished the Sabbath morning service, and attended to some other pastoral duties in the oldest chapel in the island of Jamaica, a chapel which bears the name of the good and zealous Doctor Coke, the founder of the Wesleyan missions, the young missionary who has officiated, and who has been only two or three years in the work, is about to retire from the sanctuary. Before reaching the door he is accosted by a decently-dressed black female, long past the prime of womanhood, with the request that he will go and visit a person who is sick.

"Me come for ax minister if him will find time in de afternoon to go and visit a very old woman, who has been long time in de society, and is 'bout 'pon dying."

"You say the person is very old?"

"Yes, minister. Him de oldest person in de town, and bin in de society from de time of Mr. Campbell; and him bin quite old, minister, where him first jine the church."

"Is she a free person, or a slave?"

"Old Moggy bin slave, minister. Him bin come to dis country in slave ship 'bout de time of de great witquake"

"The great earthquake! You surely do not mean the earthquake that destroyed Port Royal?"

"Yes, minister, me believe so; for some hear dem say. Him quite old woman, minister, when for me mammy bin one little pickaninny so high, minister,"—holding her hand about two feet and a half from the ground, to indicate that her mother, at the time alluded to, was a very little girl.

Having certified himself concerning the locality to which the desired visit is to be directed, he dismisses the woman with the promise that he will go and see the sick person before the evening service.

When the afternoon is sufficiently advanced to modify, in some measure, the fierce heat of a tropical sun, and enable him to thread his way through the streets within the shadow of the houses, the young missionary directs his footsteps to that part of the city where old Moggy, if the account he has received be correct, is passing through the closing scenes of a strangely protracted life. After some inquiry, he finds the yard which has been described to him. On raising the latch, and pushing open the somewhat dilapidated door, he perceives in company with several others, adorned, like herself, in broad-brimmed straw hat and muslin gown and handkerchief, light, neat, and exquisitely clean, the same woman he had conversed with in the earlier part of the day. She advances, with a broad smile upon her face, to welcome him with the usual salutation, "Glad for see minister." The yard is a square open space, pertaining to a large respectable-looking house in front, the out offices of which occupy one side of the square: the opposite side and the end being filled with a range of Negro rooms, appearing to have been built and fitted with some regard to the comfort of those for whose use they were intended. Around the door of one of these apartments are sitting upon wooden chairs of a very humble description the women referred to, who all rise, and curtsy very respectfully to the visitor, and greet him with, "How d'ye, me minister?" or, "Glad for see minister:" their white glistening teeth contrasting pleasantly with the dusky hue of their smiling countenances. Preceded by one of these women, who has advanced to receive him, he enters the room, which is smal

but clean and comfortable, and there, on a low bed, supported by several pillows, lies the object of his visit.

She is a Negro woman, greatly shrunken and shrivelled by age; and, but for the eyes, which retain a considerable degree of brightness and intelligence, would more resemble an unrolled Egyptian mummy than any thing else he can think of. She lifts her eyes towards the minister, as he advances to the bed-side, with a look of inquiry; but when the woman, stooping near to her, and speaking in a tone somewhat raised, says, "Moggy, here is minister come to see you," a gleam of gladness passes over the wrinkled features, and she lifts her withered hand to welcome him. Seating himself on a chair, which has been politely handed to him, the young missionary proceeds to inquire concerning her bodily ailments. "Old and weak, minister," is the reply; and he finds, on extending his inquiries to those who seem to have charge of her, that she exhibits no indications of disease, but a general sinking of the vital powers. The weary wheels of life, which have been going actively for so many years, are now beginning to stand still. He then seeks to lead her thoughts to other things, and inquires if she knows and feels the love of Christ. "O, yes! Massa," she replies, as a brighter light kindles in her eyes, and seems to suffuse the entire countenance, "Jesus bery precious."

Although the sounds proceeding from her toothless mouth are weak, and not very intelligible to his unaccustomed ear, yet, with the help of those around, who can better understand what she endeavours to express, he can gather that she was converted to God under the ministry of Mr. Fish, one of the earliest missionaries to the colonies; that she knew Dr. Coke, and heard him preach; and that she was "a very old woman when Massa Jesus pardoned her sins,—too old for work." Having, to her manifest comfort and joy, spoken cheering words about that glorious heaven so soon to be her home, and near the very portals of which she is lingering, until the Master makes the sign for her to enter, he bows in prayer at the bedside of the aged disciple, and takes his departure. But he is resolved, if life is spared, to inquire further about

a case which is to him profoundly interesting beyond any that has come within the range of his brief experience or observation.

The forenoon of the following day finds the missionary again at the bedside of old Moggy, who seems to be little changed from the preceding day. The remembrance of his former visit has not passed away from her; for the same expression of pleasure passes over her countenance that brightened it then, when the same attendant informs her that "minister is come to pray with you again." A few words about Jesus and His dying love, and a short, earnest prayer, lead the thoughts of the old Christian up to God. Her faculties seem to brighten up as the remembrance of her Saviour's gracious dealings with her, and the glorious future that lies before her, passes through her mind; and she gives repeated utterance to the expression, "Bless the Lord!"

Leading her memory back upon the past, he questions her concerning the principal facts of her history, to ascertain, if possible, whether she is really of such advanced age as the facts before referred to would seem to indicate. That she is extremely old her appearance testifies; and persons well advanced in age can only remember Moggy as a very old woman when they were very young. Her own account of herself has always been that she was brought from Africa in a slave ship, and that she was stolen and carried off from her parents "when me pickaninny so, minister,"—placing her hand so as to indicate the height of a child some eight or ten years old. When she arrived in Jamaica, it was four days after the earthquake that destroyed Port Royal, and the people who had escaped from that fearful visitation were living in sheds made of cocoa-nut leaves and branches of trees on the spot where the city of Kingston was afterwards erected. He questions her minutely upon all these points, and she affirms that it is all true, and that she remembers it well. Carried off by violence from her father and mother, she was taken to the ship, and with many others, young and old, brought over the sea to Jamaica. They were a long time at sea; and when the ship came to

land, she saw the ruins of the city which had been partially swallowed up, and she was put ashore where the people were all living in sheds and tents. The town was built after that upon the same spot, and she had lived there ever since. She had belonged to several owners, had never been badly treated, but had never been made free. When the missionaries came, she went to hear the preaching, and "found out that she was one great sinner; and she prayed to Massa Jesus, and He made her soul happy, and religion had made her happy all the time, and she was now going home to Jesus, to be happy for ever."

Moggy has no idea about the number of years which have transpired in connexion with any part of her history. A few leading facts are firmly rooted in her memory, and these are held with tenacious grasp; but of the lapse of time, measured by months and years, she has no conception. Her mind on that subject is a blank. "A long time ago" is all she knows about it. She cannot tell how long she has been in the church; but she knew Dr. Coke, and it was through Mr. Fish's preaching she was brought to God, and made happy, "a long time ago." She does not know how many years it is since she was brought to the country as a slave; "it was long time ago," and it was "four days after de witquake kill all de people at Port Royal." She is quite sure of that. She is unable to tell how old she was when bad men stole her from her country. "It was long time ago; me pickaninny so;"—endeavouring to describe the height of a child some three feet from the ground. These form the great landmarks of her life's history. And while thousands of incidents, which, for the time, were fraught with interest, have been blotted by the hand of time from her recollection, these remain, fixed and ineradicable, until the light of eternal day shall fully restore all the forgotten memories of the past, and stamp them sources of inexhaustible joy or woe to all eternity.

It must be so! Strange and incredible as it may seem, there is no just reason to doubt it. There, in that frail, shrunken specimen of humanity is one whose memory

goes back to a period more than one hundred and forty years distant,—one who has seen the changes and vicissitudes of at least one hundred and forty-eight years of experience in this world of evil. The great earthquake she refers to occurred in 1692. It is now A.D. 1834; and, allowing that she was six years of age when she was brought a slave to these shores,—which she must have been to be able to remember these events so distinctly,—she has now arrived at the extraordinary age of one hundred and forty-eight. Here is one who has passed through the unparalleled term of more than one hundred and forty years of slave life. True, she has always been in kind hands, and has always been a domestic servant, well fed and clothed; never, like many others, having her flesh lacerated with the cruel whip. But she has been in bondage while nearly five generations of men have passed across the stage of life; and now the decree has gone forth that, in a few months, the wrongful system which makes human beings slaves under the British flag is to cease for ever.

But old Moggy will not live to see it. After one hundred and forty years and more of slavery she is to go down to the grave—still a bondwoman. This matters little, however. There is no slavery, no oppression, or wrong, in that better land she is passing to; for there is no more curse. No sighing shall be there. It is the region of unbroken rest and peace, where the loving Hand, once pierced for sin, shall wipe away the tears from every eye, and all the signs and sources of sorrow shall be for ever dried up. There is one of whom it may well be said, Is not this a wonderful instance of God's longsuffering goodness? For when more than a hundred years of her mortal pilgrimage had passed away, words of Divine mercy fell upon her ear; light from heaven shone into the dark mind, where scarce a ray of intelligence had ever beamed before. The fountain of penitence was opened in her breast; and, going with a troubled heart to that precious Saviour, of whom now, for the first time in ten decades of life, she had heard, she cast her soul upon Him in simple, childlike trust, and the guilt accumulating through

a whole century of darkness and sin was, in great mercy, rolled away. Filled with peace and joy in believing, a heaven of love rising up in her soul, she felt herself

“ A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire ! ”

With what strange emotions the missionary gazes upon the shrivelled, wasted form of old Moggy, retaining but little of the semblance of humanity, nought of the grace and beauty of the gentler sex ! He adores the riches of that grace which stooped to her in extreme old age, and in the degradation of slave life, to bring her to the cross, dispel the gloom that had long settled upon her spirit, and, waking up the moral faculties which had lain dormant for a century, make her a happy child of God, and an heir of eternal life ! Once and again he repairs to that bedside, to pour out his heart in prayer with this wonderful monument of saving grace and mercy. But every time he appears there it becomes more and more evident that life is ebbing out at last, and the close of this lengthened earthly pilgrimage is close at hand. It is pleasing to observe the loving care with which those about her,—bound to her by no ties of kindred and blood, but only sisters in the church,—minister to her age and helplessness, and surround her with cleanliness and comfort ; smoothing the pillow of the dying saint with tender Christian sympathy to the end. The end soon comes. More and more the vital energies flag, until “ Jesus ” is the only word that is heard to dwell upon her withered lips. Even that, at length, is heard no more. She is motionless and just slightly breathing when the missionary kneels for the last time beside her, commending the departing spirit to its Saviour. Before another sun gilds with its morning splendours the blue mountain tops of the land of springs, before the Sabbath has come round, old Moggy, probably the oldest human being on the earth, has ceased to be numbered among the living—has

“ Found the rest we toil to find,
Landed in the arms of God.”

Peaceful and gentle was the end of the poor aged slave woman. Without a motion or a sound she slowly ceased to breathe and live; and it was only when the withered limbs began to stiffen in the icy grasp of death that those about her were certified that the spirit had passed to its home. The same evening—for, in the tropics, delay in burying the dead out of sight is inadmissible—the remains were deposited in the old burying ground, to the eastward of the city. There a goodly multitude await the fulfilment of Jehovah's decree of predestination concerning His saints, when, raised from the dust of death to a glorious immortality, they shall be "conformed to His image," "fashioned like unto His glorious body," "be like Him," the physical with the moral and intellectual nature having been redeemed from the curse of sin with a price "all price beyond," and, rendered transcendently perfect, beautiful, and dazzling, "shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

This remarkable instance of protracted slave life does not stand alone. In the "Kingston Chronicle," (Jamaica,) June 14th, 1819, there appeared the following notice:—

"ROGER HOPE ELLETON died at the Hope Estate, on Monday, the 31st of May, aged upwards of one hundred and forty years."

The subject of this notice was generally called *Old Hope*, and was born and died a slave, having, like *Old Moggy*, existed in three centuries, and seen at least four generations of men pass across the stage of life. As in the other case, no written document or record proved his age; but he too had a remembrance of the great earthquake that destroyed Port Royal in 1692, and caused the founding of the city of Kingston. He was then a father, not less than eighteen or twenty years of age. In Long's History of Jamaica, published in 1774, speaking of the salubrious climate, and the frequent longevity of the inhabitants, the historian says: "I can remember three white inhabitants, each of whom exceeded one hundred years. I know others now living beyond ninety: and about five years ago I conversed with a Negro man, who remembered perfectly well the great earthquake which destroyed Port Royal in 1692; and by his

own account he could not have been much under eighteen or twenty when that event happened. These persons were not, as in northern countries, decrepit or bed-ridden, but lively, and able to stir about, their appetites good, and their faculties moderately sound."

It is generally understood that Old Hope was the Negro man the historian conversed with, who was then nearly one hundred years of age, and survived that period forty-five years. His extreme age attracted to him the notice of Admiral Douglas; and the intelligence he manifested made him a favourite object of the admiral's liberality and kindness so long as he remained on the station.

Old Hope was born a slave at Merryman's Hill, an old sugar plantation in the parish of St. Andrew; but he spent the greater part of his long life on the Hope estate, to which he had been sold when young. He had a perfect recollection of the terrible shocks of the great convulsion of nature that destroyed the capital of the island. He could also remember two other remarkable events which took place about the same time; although he failed to recollect the order of their occurrence, except that the one was before, and the other after, the earthquake. The two events to which his memory thus went back in the distant past were a great storm, and an abortive attempt on the part of the French to effect a landing in the island. The great storm alluded to took place in 1689, three years before the earthquake; and the effort of the French to take the colony in 1694, two years after that memorable event. He could not tell how long it was since he had done any work, but it was a great many years; and a slave named Toney, who died a few years before on the same estate, eighty years of age, said, "Old Hope must be twice as old as himself; as he was an old man—too old to work—when he (Toney) was a pickaninny." Old Hope had never been sick, that he could remember; and he never drank rum or any ardent spirit in the course of his life. From first to last he had always had good masters, from whom he received much kindness, and he never remembered having been treated with harshness or severity.

Admiral Douglas had the portrait of this old slave painted, for the purpose of taking it to England, believing Old Hope to be, as he probably then was, the oldest specimen of the human race alive upon the earth. This was in 1817, two years before his death. He was then not less than one hundred and forty-three years of age; yet he walked to Kingston, a distance from the Hope estate of between six and seven miles, without any over fatigue, whenever the artist required him to sit.

At length the end of his long earthly pilgrimage came. An attack of intermittent fever greatly undermined his strength, so that it was with difficulty he could walk to the city and back after he recovered from it. But this he did two or three times. Through all these years he continued ignorant of the Gospel and the great salvation; and it was not until the shadows of the grave were drawing around him, that he felt any concern about religion. About two months before his death he desired to be "*made a Christian*;" and, in compliance with his earnest wishes, was taken to the parish church to be baptized on Easter Sunday, April 11th; this being the only idea those about him had of making him a Christian. That the Spirit of God was, however, working upon his mind and heart, was evident from the fact that, as he drew near to his end, those around him heard him engaged frequently in earnest prayer, though they could not always distinctly make out what he said. Living away from the city, and in the bondage of slave life, he had had but few opportunities of coming to the light of saving truth. But that some scattered rays had reached him, and penetrated his mind, may justly be inferred from the earnest prayers which he offered up during the few weeks preceding his removal to another world. And may we not hope that He who heard the prayers of Cornelius before the glorious light of the Gospel came in contact with his mind, and who requires of men according to that which they have, and not according to that they have not,—responded in saving mercy to the sincere but ignorant petitions of the aged unlettered slave? Different, very different, however, were the death-bed

prospects of old Moggy, who for many years had enjoyed the rich consolations of the Gospel, and rejoiced in the unclouded hope of eternal life.

Old Hope never left the Estate after he returned from being baptized, but during seven weeks his strength gradually declined, till at length the weary wheels of life stood still on Whit Monday, May 31st, and the spirit that, for nearly a century and a half, had inhabited the shrivelled tabernacle of clay, passed to its destiny. His age was made out to be one hundred and forty-five. Eighteen years old when the earthquake occurred in 1692, which was the great landmark of his life, he survived to 1819.

X.

THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE BUCCANEERS.

LEAGUED with rapacious rovers of the main,
Haiti's barbarian hunters harass'd Spain ;
A mammoth race, invincible in might,
Rapine and massacre their grim delight,
Peril their element:—o'er land and flood
They carried fire, and quench'd the flames with blood ;
Despairing captives hail'd them from the coasts ;
They rush'd to conquest, led by Charib ghosts.

MONTGOMERY.

THE preceding sketch describes two remarkable cases of longevity, both of them relating to individuals who were held in slavery through fourteen decades of human life, the age in both instances being determined by the memory of a great and overwhelming catastrophe, which few who witnessed it could ever forget while they were capable of remembering anything. With regard to the aged disciple of Christ who, after a pilgrimage of one hundred and forty-eight years' duration passed away from the world, in peace with God, and in joyful hope of being with Him for ever, the calamitous event determining her age marked a new era in her chequered life by fixing indelibly the period of her arrival as a slave upon a foreign shore. It marked a new era also in the history of the colony, inasmuch as it caused the seat of government to be transferred to a new locality, and gave rise to the city which from that time has been the mercantile capital of the island. By this appalling visitation the capital town, with all the government buildings, the public records of the colony, and most of the public and official men, was suddenly swept away and swallowed up. It was one of the most remarkable convulsions of nature of which any record has been made.

The present town of Port Royal—for the town was not so entirely destroyed as not to admit of being rebuilt on a smaller scale—occupies a singular position on the south side of Jamaica. About six or seven miles eastward of the city of Kingston, a narrow tongue of land stretches out from the main shore, sloping off at first in a south-westerly direction, and then running nearly parallel with the southern coast for nine or ten miles. This peninsula, known as ‘The Palisades,’ encloses a fine sheet of water from two to three miles in width, and forms a natural breakwater to one of the finest harbours in the world, large enough to afford anchorage for all the navies of Europe and America. It is very possible that the space occupied by this expanse of water was once solid ground, and has been made what it now is by the sinking of the land, through one of those natural convulsions which occasionally work such great changes in this part of the world.

Some six or eight miles westward of Kingston the main coast makes a sudden curve, and stretches boldly out in a southern direction for some miles, forming at the southern extremity what is known as Portland Point, and there exhibiting a bold rocky coast with an eastern aspect, upon the heights of which may be seen “the Battery of the Twelve Apostles.” Further in, low down upon a marshy shore, is the strong military station of Fort Augusta, whose powerful batteries completely command the channel by which alone vessels of large tonnage can approach Kingston. Right opposite, to the east of the Apostles’ Battery, across a channel about four miles wide, is the town of Port Royal, situated at the extreme point of the tongue of land we have described, and almost surrounded by the sea. Around this point, frowning with powerful batteries, all vessels have to pass into Kingston harbour. The sharp captain that would slip off to sea without paying harbour dues, finds it a difficult matter to accomplish. “The pass,” which is necessary to clear his way, must be lodged with the proper official at Port Royal, before his ship can be permitted to thread the intricate navigation which guards the approach to Port Royal Point,

where it would be no difficult matter to sink a vessel in a very few minutes with the massive artillery that crowns the point in all directions.

The tongue of land on which Port Royal stands is a bank of loose sand, resting upon the solid rocks far down beneath the surface of the waters. It is for some miles partly covered with stunted mangrove bushes. Half a mile to the eastward of the town, three or four half blighted sickly-looking cocoa-nut trees mark the spot which is the burying place of the inhabitants. The coffins are deposited in such holes as can be scooped out in the loose sand; and being seldom sunk much below the surface, because of the shifting character of the ground, are sometimes, after the prevalence of strong winds which blow away the sand, left altogether bare and exposed, and the festering remains of mortality they have enclosed are rendered accessible to prowling birds of prey. Multitudes of sailors and officers of the British navy, and not a few officers and men belonging to the military service, cut down suddenly by the deadly fever familiarly known as "Yellow Jack," have found their last resting place here. Both in the army and navy the Palisades of Jamaica are associated only with saddening thoughts of disease and death.

Port Royal is the principal British naval station in the West Indies, and was in this respect much more important than it now is, before the head quarters for the West India squadron were transferred to Halifax, Nova Scotia. It possesses an extensive dockyard, with massive stone buildings, and all the machinery and paraphernalia necessary for heaving down vessels of the largest class. It has also a very commodious and handsome naval hospital; where every thing is maintained in the high state of perfection essential to such an institution. It possesses large ranges of batteries, and also extensive barracks for a considerable military force. The population of the town now consists largely of employés in connexion with the naval and military establishments, with a few tradesmen, dealers in provisions, and lodging-house keepers, who furnish accom-

modation to persons resorting thither for a sanitary change. There are no manufactures of any kind; nor is there any cultivation of the soil beyond the growth of a few stunted shrubs and plants, for the whole is a bed of sand. There is no road extending beyond the narrow limits of the town; the only access to the place being by boats, in which provisions of all kinds are brought, chiefly from Kingston. There are no springs; the inhabitants are supplied with water brought in sailing water tanks from Rockfort, a distance of eight or nine miles. An Episcopal church and a Baptist place of worship furnish opportunity for the religious instruction of the people, together with a Wesleyan chapel and Mission house, occupied by a resident minister as one of the outstations of the Kingston circuit, and this has been the birthplace of many souls.

It was in the time of Cromwell that Penn and Venables—both treacherous to the ruler who trusted them,—after failing in the attack upon San Domingo, seized upon Jamaica, and wrested it from the hands of the Spaniards, that the expedition they commanded might not return under the disgrace of having accomplished nothing. Then it was that Port Royal, because of its situation and capabilities for defence, became the capital of the British colony. Here situated like ancient Tyre, in a position of commanding maritime strength and importance, it became, like her, the seat of wealth and power, and the mercantile rendezvous and emporium for the New World. Buildings suitable for all government purposes were erected in the sea-girt town, and the governor and all the government officials took up their abode here. It also became the head quarters both of the army and navy, and here were established the principal courts of law.

But that which raised Port Royal to great importance, and made it the depository of enormous wealth, was that, from its situation, so easy of access from the sea, it became the favoured resort of the buccaneers whose piratical plundering exploits formed the theme of many a romantic tale, and made them the terror and the wonder of the New World.

This formidable association of freebooters was called at first ‘Brethren of the Coast;’ but afterwards they became better known under the designation of Buccaneers or Boucaniers. Occupying extensive hunting grounds in Hispaniola,—otherwise called San Domingo, and in more recent times Haiti,—they hunted the immense herds of cattle with which the wide spreading savannahs of that magnificent island abounded, and also the wild hogs which existed there in great numbers. For the skins of the slaughtered animals they obtained a ready market; and the flesh both of beeves and swine they preserved by drying and smoking them in sheds called by the Indians *boucans*. The flesh thus prepared was said to be *boucanée*: and hence the title which became so famous and so terrible to the Spaniards.

The buccaneers were of different nations, but consisted largely of English; men of desperate character and courage, who were rendered more reckless and ferocious by arrogant claims and proceedings on the part of the Spaniards. Resting pretensions upon the presumptuous Bull of Pope Alexander the Sixth, who assumed the right, as God’s vicegerent upon earth, to dispose at his pleasure of all the islands and countries that might be discovered in the New World, Spain made an exclusive claim to those beautiful Western Isles as their mistress and owner. In asserting this claim the Spaniards sought to expel and get rid of the buccaneers by the same atrocious system of extermination which had been practised towards the aboriginal Indians,—murdering and destroying them wherever they met with them. This attempt recoiled with terrible effect upon themselves. Treated as outlaws and pirates, the buccaneers took up arms in self-defence, and formed amongst themselves a formidable and singular combination, possessing all things in common, and maintaining an inviolable fidelity towards each other, not always to be found in a more civilized condition of life. They became a terrible scourge to the Spaniards, spreading themselves over all the western seas, and capturing every Spanish vessel they could fall in with. They invaded and plundered the Spanish settlement

in the islands and on the continent, until their very name became a terror; and no Spaniard felt that he was safe in any part of the New World from the spirit of desperate enterprise which possessed these formidable adventurers.

The buccaneers had their settlements in various parts of the West Indies; and the traveller who enters the land-locked harbour of St. Thomas looks up from the deck of the vessel to a ruined tower, crowning the summit of one of the three pyramidal hills on which the town is built, which is still known as the Buccaneers' Tower. But Port Royal became the grand rendezvous of these freebooters of the Carribbean Sea. After waging a sort of piratical war for some years with the Spaniards on their own independent footing, in the reign of the second Charles the buccaneers were formally licensed as privateers. Under Morgan, their distinguished chieftain, who was afterwards made an admiral and a member of the privy council of Jamaica, they performed prodigies of valour. As Sir Henry Morgan, Knight, this reckless leader of the buccaneer forces was appointed to succeed Lord Carlisle as governor of the island; and the colony was enriched by his followers to an enormous extent, especially by the sacking of Panama and Portobello, two of the wealthiest of the Spanish settlements in the New World.

The wealth poured into Port Royal by the buccaneers was incalculable. They intercepted all vessels that traversed those seas, and every Spanish ship was a rich prize. If going to the ports of the Indies, they were found to be stored with the choicest productions and manufactures of the home country,—the glass of St. Ildefonso, the silks and serges of Valencia, the porcelain of Alcora, the platillas and cordage of Carthagena, the peculiar soap of Castille, the cutlery of Toledo, the fine wool of Spain's merino sheep, with the wine and oil and almonds and raisins produced by Spain in common with Italy and the Greek islands. If they were returning home to Europe, the Spanish galleons were loaded with ingots of gold and silver. The disposal of these buccaneers' prizes, which were very numerous, made a golden harvest for the wholesale merchant; while the riot and

revelry of the sailors, spending with reckless prodigality their share of the plunder, enriched the retailers, and the traffic of this renowned mart laid the foundation of dowries for duchesses and endowments for earldoms. "If ever there was a hope anywhere," says one of Jamaica's most intellectual sons, Richard Hill, Esq., "of realizing the traveller's El Dorado, 'where the gold grew and was to be had for the gathering, where urchins played at cherry-pit with diamonds, and country wenches threaded rubies for necklaces instead of rowan-tree berries, where the pantiles were of pure gold, and the paving stones of virgin silver,' it was the Port Royal of the buccaneers."

But as it rose in opulence, Port Royal sank into vice and wickedness. Rendered profligate by superabundance, and reckless by habitual violence, the buccaneers gathered around them all the worst elements of corruption and depravity. The inhabitants, vitiated by boundless wealth and luxury, fell into a state of moral debasement not to be described, until vice and immorality of all kinds became rampant, as in the case of Sodom and Gomorrah, defying, while it provoked, the vengeance of a just and holy God. At this time there was not perhaps so wealthy or so wicked a spot upon the face of the earth. Ungodliness in all its forms, crime in all its developments, abounded; when, as in the case of Sodom, the uplifted arm of vengeance fell upon it, blotting it, with its excess of wealth and wickedness, from the map of existence, and proclaiming to all generations, "Verily, there is a God that judgeth in the earth!"

It is the morning of a lovely day in June. The blue tropical sky is clear and cloudless, a scene of perfect beauty, reflected in the gently rolling waters of the Caribbean Sea. The glittering white sail, barely visible in the distance, marks here and there a ship bound to some western port, to discharge the rich cargo with which she has crossed the Atlantic basin, or running before the trade winds to pass through the Gulf of Mexico, where, although the wondrous attributes of the Gulf Stream are as yet not dreamt of, it is

well known there are strong currents that help the mariner on his homeward way. But the air is hot and sultry. Although the sun has nearly reached the meridian, no refreshing sea-breeze has, through the forenoon, rippled the slowly heaving surface of the ocean, whose waters, smooth and unbroken as a sheltered lake, seem to glisten fiercely as, like a silvered mirror, they throw back the fervid rays of the glowing orb which pours a burning heat upon every thing around. The leaves of the cocoa-nut palm, that wave to and fro with a gracefulness all their own when the cool gentle breezes from the sea set them in motion, now droop in perfect stillness, as if, under some powerful enchantment, they had been suddenly divested of all elasticity and life. The dogs, as they lazily creep into the very narrow strips of shadow cast from the houses beneath a nearly vertical sun, let their tongues hang from their mouths, as if they had not sufficient strength remaining to draw them in again. Goats, ordinarily so indifferent to the heat, repair to the grateful shade of any cocoa-nut tree or shrub that holds out the promise of protection from the scorching, glaring sunshine. Ladies in their dwellings, so planned as to admit of the most perfect ventilation, and with every door and window thrown wide open, sink down into the coolest spot, enervated and overcome by the heat. The sterner sex, stretched out at full length in the grass hammocks of Indian manufacture, or lounging in easy chairs, beneath the shade of the piazza, gasp for air, or else seek relief and coolness in the large rummer of Sangaree, or the glass of punch skilfully compounded, as taste may suggest, from the well-replenished spirit decanter on the one hand, and on the other from the large jug of well-spiced and sugared limejuice beverage which is always placed upon the sideboard shortly before midday. But they seek for it in vain. Notwithstanding these potent remedies they pant for air, and feel the atmosphere to be intolerably oppressive. Even Quashie and Quamina, Jupiter and Venus, upon whom, as the slaves of the several establishments, devolve the activity of their respective households, and who seem to be gifted largely with the fabled properties of the salamander, feel

the heat to be somewhat inconvenient, and exclaim, as they meet one another in the houses, stores, or streets, "Him bery hot, for true." All nature seems to languish in utter stagnation.

Worried out of life by the perverse, impracticable men he has had to deal with, and the difficulties of his position, the governor, the Earl of Inchiquin, has recently been consigned to the quiet of the grave; and the administration of the government has consequently devolved upon the president of the council, Sir Francis Watson. This gentleman is seated under the shade of a wide-spreading piazza, in company with the rector of the town; and they agree together that it will be a very good thing to seek relief from the overpowering heat that oppresses them in the discussion of a glass of wormwood wine, as a whet to the appetite before dinner, and a pipe of tobacco. Little does the unfortunate president dream that the glass of wormwood wine he invites the rector to share with him will be the last taste of refreshment that is ever to pass his lips; that the pipe, from which he is puffing away clouds of smoke with so much enjoyment, is the last that shall ever be lighted by him. Yet so it is.

It is well we are not permitted to see far into our own future, or how much of life's enjoyment would be marred! While the cloud rising up from the pipes of the two loungers is slowly curling around their heads,—for there is no breath of wind to scatter and bear it away,—and the dial indicates that in twenty minutes the sun will be in his meridian glory, the smokers become sensible of a gentle, tremulous motion beneath their feet. Their smoking is arrested, and the pipes are involuntarily drawn from their mouths. Immediately a more violent shock takes place, accompanied with the hollow, rolling noise so familiar to those who inhabit those western isles, and resembling the sound of a heavy waggon passing over a roughly paved road. The pipes drop from their hands, as they rise alarmed from their seats. "Sir," says the rector, "what is that?" More self-possessed than his companion, the president replies, "It is an earthquake; don't be afraid; it will soon be over." But it is not destined to be so. Those are the last words to fall

from his lips. He is never seen again; never heard of more in connexion with the earth. The rector, as soon as these words are spoken, and he realizes the idea of the calamity that is coming upon them, rushes at once out of the piazza, and makes his way towards an open space near Morgan's Fort, to escape from the danger of the falling houses, which he now sees crumbling into heaps of ruin in all directions. For a third shock has succeeded, far more violent than the preceding ones, shaking down buildings of all sizes, and burying multitudes, crushed out of all semblance to humanity, under the crumbling masses of stones and bricks and timber and rubbish which have fallen upon them.

Earthquakes are amongst the most appalling of those destructive visitations to which men are liable. They come so suddenly, and are oftentimes so terribly fraught with widespread ruin and death, from which there is no possibility of escape. No sign, no sound, heralds the approach of the dread enemy. The earth is reeling; houses and buildings all around are tottering and tumbling, and hundreds of souls are halfway to eternity before they realize the idea that the loud rumbling which fills the air, and which they have mistaken for that of a passing vehicle, is the fatal bellowing of the earthquake. More than once has the writer had his pen arrested at his desk, or been suddenly wakened up in the darkness and silence of the night, by the ominous sound, to perceive the ground trembling or waving to and fro, the windows and the furniture rattling, and the house shaking or undulating as if some giant grasp were laid upon it; and to feel the irresistible conviction rushing upon his mind that danger, great and terrible, is impending close at hand, which, before a place of safety can be reached, may close in, bringing upon all around inevitable ruin and death.

So it is with the inhabitants of the devoted town. In a moment the destruction, unthought-of, unavoidable, comes! First, a slight trembling of the earth for a few seconds, which becomes more and more violent, until everything is shuddering and reeling. A loud, mysterious roar, seeming to proceed from the distant mountains, is heard, rolling

onward, paralysing the energies of all. And, before many have realized the idea that it is the earthquake, the greatest part of the town has crumbled and fallen. The receptacle of so much wealth, the scene of such abounding wickedness, sinks into the sea, and thousands of the inhabitants instantly disappear, literally swallowed up. The wharves, piled high with spoil and merchandise, are engulfed instantaneously; and water stands some fathoms deep where, a few moments ago, the crowded streets displayed the glittering treasures of Mexico and Peru.

The rector, leaving his boon companion, the president, to his fate, gains the open space near at hand, and is saved. But what appalling scenes present themselves to his view! The ground is rolling and trembling under his feet, but it does not sink from beneath him. Close at hand, however, he sees the earth open, and swallow up a multitude of people of all classes, who, terror-stricken, are rushing hither and thither, not knowing where to fly for safety. Houses, stores, and wharves, the Government buildings and barracks, all sink before his eyes, far down into the deep; and the sea, mounting in upon them in a vast tidal wave, comes rushing with stupendous sweep over the fortifications. The church and the large burial ground disappear in a moment beneath the waters, while coffins and carcases, in all stages of decay, which have been deposited in the loose sand, float to the surface, adding to the ghastliness and terror of the scene.

Shock follows shock in rapid succession. The air is filled with screams of anguish and cries of horror, mingled with, and partly drowned by, the rush of waters, and the crash of thousands of falling edifices. Large fissures open in the earth, and then, by other shocks, are closed again, burying some persons alive altogether, and leaving others, maimed and crushed and partially buried, with their heads and limbs appearing above ground, for dogs and birds of prey to feed upon. In the openings of the earth the houses and the inhabitants sink down together; and some of the latter are driven up again by the rushing in of the sea, and marvel-

lously escape with life. This is the case with a French gentleman, named Lewis Galdy, who is swallowed up,—engulfed with house and property,—by one shock of the earthquake, and, by another shock that quickly follows, is thrown up, alive and uninjured, into the sea. Being rescued by a boat, he lives for many years to adore the gracious Providence that so wonderfully delivered him from a sudden and painful death.* The sea, as well as the land, feels the throes of this great convulsion of nature ; and the water, which, in the absence of every breath of wind, has been all the morning smooth as glass, becomes suddenly and violently agitated, as if moved by a mighty storm. Thrown up into vast billows, which rise and fall with unaccountable violence, it drives many ships, with broken cables, from their anchorage. The “Swan” frigate, with all her heavy guns, borne over the tops of the sunken houses, is left high and dry upon the land, in the midst of the ruins, affording a provi-

* This gentleman, after the catastrophe, became a member of the local legislature, and lived for forty-four years after his wonderful deliverance. Dying at the advanced age of eighty, he was buried at Green Bay, opposite to Port Royal, at a short distance from the Apostles’ Battery. In 1844 the writer visited the spot, and found the tomb, built of brick and covered with a slab of white marble, on which was sculptured a shield bearing a cock, two stars, and a crescent, with the motto, “*Dieu sur tout.*” Underneath was the following inscription, distinctly legible:—“Here lies the body of Lewis Galdy, Esquire, who departed this life at Port Royal, the 22nd December, 1736, aged eighty years. He was born at Montpellier, in France ; but left that country for his religion, and came to settle in this island, where he was swallowed up in the great earthquake, in the year 1692, and, by the providence of God, was, by another shock, thrown into the sea, and miraculously saved by swimming until a boat took him up. He lived many years after in great reputation, beloved by all who knew him, and much lamented at his death.” Fragments of the marble had been chipped from the slab by visitors. And when the writer paid a second visit to the burial place with his two daughters, in April, 1867, he was not greatly surprised to find that the tomb had been entirely demolished ; and only just enough of the brick foundation remained to mark the spot, and show the size and shape of the structure that had covered Mr. Galdy’s remains

dential refuge to many unfortunate persons who, saved themselves where such a multitude have perished, have been stripped in a moment of all they possessed, and left without even a shelter.

So wide spread is the desolation, that only about two hundred houses, with one fort, are left, in a shattered and dismantled condition, where in the morning of that day stood in its pride the wealthy, gay, and busy city. Together with its enormous piles of precious merchandise, ingots of gold, barrels of pistoles and doubloons, and tierces of silver,—common almost as the sand in the streets,—the city that trafficked in violence has sunk and disappeared in the depths of the sea; leaving the impoverished survivors to take up the lamentation for her that was uttered over ancient Tyre:—"How art thou destroyed that wast inhabited of seafaring men, the renowned city, which wast strong in the sea, she and her inhabitants, which cause their terror to be on all that haunt it!" (Ezekiel xxvi. 17.) The ruins are still visible from the surface of the waters under which they lie; and buoys, placed above, still mark the spot, and admonish mariners that they may not drop their anchors there, lest they become inextricably entangled amid the stones, and brickwork, and massive timbers engulfed and swallowed up by the greedy sea.

Terrible has been the destruction of human life. Fifteen hundred persons of note, including the president administering the government, members of both branches of the legislature, officers of the government, judges, merchants,—nearly all the principal men of the island,—by one fell swoop have disappeared, with thousands upon thousands of sailors, soldiers, artisans, and slaves. All in the morning of that bright sunny day were full of lusty life, little thinking of death or danger. The setting sun shines upon the waves, where, far down below, they lie slumbering in a watery grave. Not a public building remains; and all the public records and official papers of the colony have perished, with those who had the care of them.

Nor is the devastation confined to the principal city of

the island. There, owing to the peculiar position and formation of the place, the ruin and destruction have been greatest; but all over the island the earthquake has left the sad traces of its terrible power. The rocks on the opposite shore, near to Port Henderson and the Apostles' Battery, have been rent into enormous caverns and fissures, from whence sulphurous steam is seen to gush for several days. The town of St. Jago de la Vega, founded, like Port Royal, by the Spaniards, is well nigh destroyed. The well compacted houses, built by Spanish skill, with a view to earthquake visitations, are split and rent in all directions; while those of more recent and less careful structure have crumbled into heaps, burying, in many instances, the unfortunate inhabitants beneath them. So it is all over the island. The buildings on the plantations are shaken down; and hundreds, crushed under the ruins of their habitations, have found their graves in their own dwellings. The whole face of the country is changed, stupendous mountains being upheaved from their foundations, and tossed about in wild confusion. There is scarcely a mountain in the island that has not been altered in its outline; while the rivers, too, have changed their courses. On the principal road through the island two mountains have been lifted up and thrown together, stopping up the bed of the river with huge masses of disjointed rock, until the waters, collected in great force, and raised to an overwhelming height, burst their adamantine barrier, and, bearing all before them, force open a new passage for themselves, increasing, in their destructive sweep, the horrors which already abound.

These are but the beginning of sorrows to the guilty land. One of the historians of the West Indies says, "The tremendous convulsions were repeated with little intermission, though with decreasing violence, for the space of three weeks; and every fissure in the rocks, every cleft in the cracked and parching earth, was steaming with sulphurous fumes. The air reeked with noxious miasmata, and the sea exhaled an offensive, putrid vapour, which destroyed a great proportion of those destitute and wretched beings.

whom the convulsion itself had spared. No fewer than three thousand were the victims of this dreadful endemic; and the few surviving inhabitants of Port Royal, who sought a refuge in temporary huts where Kingston now stands, were yet within reach of the contagious cause: for the dead bodies still floated in shoals about the harbour, and added horror to a scene which the pencil could not delineate, much less the pen describe. The insupportable heat of a tropical midsummer was not for many weeks refreshed even by a partial breath of air; the sky blazed with irresistible fierceness, swarms of mosquitoes clouded the atmosphere; while the lively beauty of the mountain forests suddenly vanished, and the fresh verdure of the lowland scenery was changed to the russet grey of a northern winter. The cane fields were disfigured by masses of fallen rock, and presented to the eye a barren wilderness, parched and furrowed. Thus vanished the glory of the most flourishing emporium of the New World, by a succession of tremendous judgments, resembling those visitations of an offended Deity on some cities in the Old World, where an iniquitous race was overwhelmed in sudden and unexpected ruin. Large sums of money, arising from the treasures of unknown or lost proprietors, fell into the hands of many individuals, and amongst others into those of Sir William Preston, who was charged by the assembly, ten years afterwards, with having appropriated a considerable share to his own use. One loss was irrecoverable, and is still severely felt: that of all the official papers and public records of the island, whose history is thereby rendered so obscure and incomplete."

XI.

THE PANIC OF THE PLANTERS.

FEAR on guilt attends, and deeds of darkness
The virtuous breast ne'er knows it.

HOWARD.

Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.

THOMSON.

HALFWAY between Hayti and Jamaica, the voyager on the Carribbean Sea first catches a glimpse of the blue mountains of "the land of springs;" (for so Jamaica was called by its aboriginal inhabitants;) the towering hills of both islands being visible at the same time from the deck of the ship, when the weather is clear. But the first land which he approaches is Morant Point, forming the south-eastern extremity of Jamaica, and stretching out a considerable distance into the sea, so low and flat as not to be seen from a vessel's deck until she is close upon it. Morant Point has been exceedingly fatal to ships; many a gallant bark having struck upon this treacherous tongue of land, before the slow progress of civilization, and the still slower growth of public spirit, in the British colonies of the West Indies, led to the erection of a light-house, whose beacon flame, gleaming over the dark waters, now admonishes the mariner of the danger upon which he might have rushed. This eastern extremity of the island is comprised in the parish of St. Thomas; Jamaica being divided into parishes, several of which are almost equal in geographical extent to some English counties. This part of the island offers to the admiring traveller many scenes of surpassing beauty. Looking southward from the low range of hills at the eastern

commencement of that vast chain of mountains running right through the centre of the island from east to west,—intersected by thousands of magnificent ravines and fruitful valleys,—the eye is greeted by a landscape of Eden-like grandeur and loveliness. Enclosed between two ranges of rising lands, in a fork of the mountains open to the sea at one end, and terminating almost in a point at the other, lies what is called the Plantain-Garden-River District, nine or ten miles in length, and several in width. It is the most fertile spot in one of the most fertile countries in the world, and is divided into a number of sugar plantations, not surpassed in value by any in the colony; each of considerable extent, and possessing a soil of inexhaustible richness, which, with little or no aid of agricultural chemistry, produces crop after crop from the same roots through a long succession of years, without any diminution either in quality or quantity. The lovely valley is seen covered with luxuriant cane-fields, and studded, at distant intervals, with massive and costly sugar works, and the commodious mansions of the proprietors, surrounded by the dwellings of various grades of estate officials, and, farther off, with the numerous cottages of the peasantry; while groves and avenues of cocoa-nut and cabbage-palm stretch far away, and extensive walks of plantain and banana trees, with soft velvet leaves, five or six feet in length, and of proportionate width, that cover immense bunches of ripening fruit, each bunch a heavy burden for a strong man to carry; diversified, also, with the mango tree of symmetrical beauty, and the orange, whose dark foliage contrasts finely with the golden fruit, and the differing verdure of the star apple, the tamarind, and other fruit trees. To these objects an additional charm is given by the winding of the river which gives name to the valley,—its course clearly marked by immense clusters of the plume-like bamboo, waving on its banks as it flows onward to the sea; and that boundless ocean, moreover, reflecting the azure of a cloudless sky, and extending in apparently illimitable majesty. Altogether, such a scene of tropical beauty may well awaken the thought,—“If this earth, defaced and

ruined as it has been by sin, can exhibit such attractions, how far surpassing all our conceptions must it have been when the Author of all perfection and beauty smiled, as He gazed upon the undefiled works of His hands, and pronounced all to be 'very good!'"

Toward the other extremity of this large parish, the traveller gazes upon a scene of equal but somewhat different grandeur. It is the Blue Mountain Valley. By the side of a broad but shallow river, whose usually gentle stream is swollen, in the rainy seasons, to a fierce, turgid, tumbling, impassable torrent, the eye rests upon a plain dotted with sugar plantations, and rich with all the varied and luxuriant growth of the tropics. The upper end of the valley is closed in by the glorious mountain range rising abruptly, and in such proximity as to produce upon the mind an almost overwhelming sense of awe; out of the midst of which the Blue Mountain peak—the highest point of land in the island—is seen, a sublime and stupendous object, lifting its head, often in cloudless grandeur, and always fresh and verdant, nearly eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. But, amid all this loveliness, the curse which sin introduced into the original Eden makes its influence felt. The slime of the serpent is here, as it is found more or less defiling and defacing everything on the face of this lower world. Amid towering hills and very pleasant valleys, which diversify this eastern part of the island, and also stretching out to the sea, are to be found foul swamps and deadly morasses, hidden by the evergreen mangrove, or covered with what appears, to a stranger eye, like a field of rich grass, but is found, on closer inspection, to be a coarse growth of reeds, or rushes, from the midst of which arise noisome, invisible exhalations, that infect the atmosphere with malaria, and produce an abundant harvest of ague and intermittent fever, and, not unfrequently, other fevers of most deadly type. Beautiful, but proverbially unhealthy, the parish of St. Thomas in the East has been, in a most emphatic sense, the grave of Europeans. Few parts of the western coast of Africa have been more hostile

to European health and life. The town of Morant Bay, occupying a picturesque situation, elevated considerably above the sea near the mouth of the Blue Mountain Valley, has been long noted for its unhealthiness. The graves of a large number of Christian missionaries, and numerous members of missionaries' families, both in the churchyard, and in the unpretending burial ground of the Methodists, bear silent but eloquent witness to the deadly character of the maladies which frequently prevail there. The writer's memory goes back to a time when he saw three members of the same family borne to the grave-yard from the Mission house in a week; and vivid is his recollection of the scene—as if it were but yesterday he looked upon it—of the anguish of two parents standing by an open grave, while, with quivering voice, he read the funeral service over two lovely children from six to nine years of age, who, within forty-eight hours after the fever seized upon their tender frames, had passed away almost together from the stage of life, leaving the little bodies, lately so lovely in health and youth, and so fondly cherished, in a state requiring what might otherwise have appeared an unkind and indecorous haste to hide them away in the dust!

Morant Bay is the capital town of the parish, though scarcely equal in size and importance to many an English village. Here stands the church, which, in the olden time, ere missionaries came, (when persons of African birth, or of African descent, were regarded as having no souls, and forming no part of the pastoral charge of the clergy,) was the only place of worship in a parish containing some thirty thousand souls! It is different now; for several other Episcopal places of worship now exist in that parish, and also a goodly number of Methodist chapels. Here also were found the workhouse and the gaol. The walls of the latter, if they could find a voice, would bear witness to many a scene of horror, and echo the dying groans of many a murdered slave. Those cells have also resounded, again and again, with the hymns and prayers of the imprisoned missionary of the cross, guilty only of that which

is the worst of all crimes in the eye of a brutal slaveholder,—the crime of pitying the oppressed and suffering Negro, and preaching to the slave, in his darkness and hopelessness, the cheering truths of the ever-blessed Gospel. Here also is the court house, where, as in every similar place throughout the land, fearful deeds have been perpetrated under the pretext of administering justice, and the law has been infamously perverted to sanction wrongs which might make an angel shudder. At some little distance, somewhat back from the main street, stands the Wesleyan chapel,—its proportions considerably extended, and its appearance greatly improved, since the advent of freedom. The old, humble-looking edifice, near to which stood the mission house, was erected under the auspices of the good and unselfish Dr. Coke, whose private fortune, doubtless, contributed largely to the establishment of the mission here; which, during more than half a century, has brought life and salvation to thousands of the benighted race of Africa.

At the beginning of the present century, some coloured local preachers belonging to the Methodist Society in Kingston found their way to Morant Bay, and gave to the swarming multitudes of the neighbourhood a first opportunity of hearing the truths of the Gospel. For, even when service was held in the parish church, (which was only when it suited the convenience of the rector,) its doors opened only to those who could boast of a white complexion. Divine power attended the word preached by these humble messengers of truth; and many, both slave and free, were brought into the liberty of the children of God. Messrs. Fish and Campbell, the missionaries in the city, soon visited the neighbourhood; and one of the most fruitful of all our West India stations was established. In the face of much reproach, of violence and persecution, the foundations of a prosperous church were laid. But the enemies of the truth did not rest satisfied with mobbing preachers, annoying and insulting those who assembled to worship, and subjecting praying slaves to the gyves and the cart-whip. To Morant Bay, and the magistrates and planters of St. Thomas in the

East, belongs the unenviable distinction of originating that system of *legal* persecution of Christian teachers, and *statutory* opposition to the religious instruction of the down-trodden Negro, that dishonoured Jamaica from the opening of the present century until religious liberty was finally secured to all classes in the British West Indies, by the enactment of the imperial legislature which broke the power of the oppressor, and gave back the rights of humanity to the slave. To the influence and representations of the planters and magistrates of this parish was it owing, that the island legislature was induced to pass the first of a series of oppressive laws, which, through a succession of years, caused the imprisonment of many missionaries, and which will remain for generations yet to come dark blots upon the statute book of the colony.

Fear had very much to do with the opposition of West India slave-holders to the religious instruction of the Negroes. Their own safety, and the permanence of the system which gave them property in immortal beings, depended, they were well aware, upon keeping their slaves as nearly as possible in the condition of brutes. To close up every avenue of knowledge, to crush out the power of thought, and make the mind a dark, dreary, cheerless waste, where ideas can neither spring nor be developed, is the condition proper to slavery; and there is security in no other. There is a strange and scarcely acknowledged fear always besetting those who live in a country where the curse of slavery prevails; a dim, undefined consciousness of danger, such as may be supposed to haunt persons who know that they are living on the crust of a seething volcano, which at any moment may burst forth with desolating fury, scattering ruin and death around. This is the normal condition of a slave-holding community. It is a reign of terror, which oft-recurring attempts at insurrection, however unsuccessful, serve to keep in vigorous life.

Numerous attempts of this kind, more or less formidable, but always greatly exaggerated by public rumour, served from time to time to keep the white population of Jamaica

in a painful state of apprehension, which a trifling circumstance would be sufficient to increase, until it became a wide-spread panic, agitating the whole community with dreadful visions of bloodshed and outrage in a thousand startling forms. And no part of the island was more subject to these panics than St. Thomas in the East: for nowhere were the horrors of slavery more frightfully developed, or the poor slaves subjected to a more crushing oppression, than on the flourishing plantations of this celebrated sugar-growing parish.

The incidents of our tale carry us back to an early date in the present century, when the preaching of the Methodists is as yet somewhat of a novelty in this part of the island, and the members of the Society are comparatively few. A death has taken place on one of the plantations,—no extraordinary occurrence *that!* It is a female slave, worn out by excessive toil and hardship, who has passed away to an unbroken rest: for she is one of the earliest fruits of missionary labour at this station. Having sought and realized the hallowing and elevating joys of true religion, through faith in the blood of the Lamb, she has departed in peace to join the blood-washed multitude before the throne, who “hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither doth the sun light on them, nor any heat.” Her Christian course has been a brief one, (for but recently she first heard of God, and Christ, and salvation, and heaven,)—but how great and blessed the change which has crowned it!—from the blood-stained plantation to the celestial paradise; from a wretched, unfurnished hovel, to the mansions of light and glory; from the toil-worn and bleeding slave-gang to the glorious company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect; from the horrible discipline of the bilboes, and the cat, and the cart-whip, and the wasting, weary toil of the cane-field, to that “fulness of joy,” and those “pleasures for evermore,” which are at the right hand of God! Who can wonder that the Gospel should have proved thrice welcome, both in our own colonies, and in the southern

states of America, to the desponding and heart-crushed captive?

A slave can own nothing—not even his own body, or the worthless rags that cover it. Body, soul, time, labour, clothing,—all he is, and all he has,—belong to his *owner*! Such is the unparalleled outrage which slavery involves. In yonder poor hut, which she inhabits no longer there is the coarse box, or trunk, wherein the departed Negress was accustomed to keep the few scanty articles of apparel she used to wear,—the cherished Sunday suit, very humble, but donned only when the coveted opportunity came, which was but seldom, of bending her steps to the house of God. This box and its contents fall now into the possession of plantation officials, probably to furnish the wardrobe of some unhappy creature just landed from the slave ship, after a miserable and soul-sickening voyage from the coast of her native Africa, to fill up the vacancy on the estate which death, with so little regard to the interests of the great man who owns the plantation and its slaves, has recently made. Along with the rest of the few articles in the box, there is found, very carefully folded in a fragment of old cloth, and put away in a corner, a small oblong piece of paper, upon which, in addition to several hieroglyphics, there is printed in fair legible type a text of Scripture: “The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.” The book-keeper, one of the officials, (so-called, it has been said, “because he never sees a book,”) greatly surprised, takes the mysterious paper in hand, and examines it in all possible ways,—back and front, right side up and upside down; but he is altogether at a loss to understand what it means. He is just scholar enough to spell out the plain words; but there are other printed characters, “MATT. XI. 12,” of which he can make nothing at all; and as to the few marks, evidently made with pen and ink, on different parts of the paper, they are altogether a mystery, that he is unable to fathom. But he has a dreamy apprehension that there must be, in all this, something very wrong, and very terrible.

The scrap of paper is taken and shown to other white officials of the estate, including book-keepers, head mason, head carpenter, &c., &c. But, beyond reading the printed words, they can make nothing of it; until one, a little more clever than his fellows, succeeds in spelling out, in part of the writing, the name of the deceased slave. This is startling, and only deepens the mystery: for where could she have got that piece of paper, with the threatening language printed on it? and who could have written her name upon it? It is evident there is something very wrong about the matter; and with all haste the suspected document is carried to the overseer of the estate. The "busha"—the Negro contraction of *overseer*—takes the paper from his subordinates, after hearing the alarming details of its discovery. He is an older hand than they; and he has heard more about the seditious preaching of the missionaries, and is more familiar with rumours of conspiracy and insurrection than his subordinates, most of whom, adventurers from Scotland, have not themselves very long landed. The more he looks at the paper, and at the inexplicable words and marks it bears, and the more he thinks of the strange circumstances in which it has been brought to light, the more excited and alarmed he becomes; until at length he arrives at the satisfactory conclusion, that he has in his hands a clue to one of those dire conspiracies which have so often horrified the imaginations of the planters. For there is manifestly, he thinks, some dark and terrible meaning wrapped up in those significant words about the *violent taking something by force*.

Inflated not a little with a flattering idea of the discovery he has made,—his fancy meantime running riot in scenes of insurrection, burning plantations, militia marchings and counter-marchings, slaughtered Negroes, courts-martial, and military executions,—and not without some glimmering anticipations of honour, patronage, and profit, which are to reward his own meritorious sagacity and zeal,—the overseer gives orders for his horse to be saddled with all possible haste, and, without *the loss of a minute*, gallops off with the cabalistic paper to

the residence of the "custos." (Such is the title of the chief magistrate of a Jamaica parish: something analogous to that of a lord lieutenant of an English county.) The hour is unseasonable, (for by this time the day is far advanced,) and it is a question whether the custos will see him, or indeed whether "his honour" is likely to be in a state fit for the transaction of public business. In truth, after imbibing all the punch and other fluids which they think necessary to supply the rapid exhaustion of physical power within the tropics, some of these dignitaries are not usually quite up to the mark for important official duty in the latter part of the day. But here is a matter admitting of no delay. Fit or unfit, sober or otherwise, the great man must be seen. The name of the overseer is accordingly sent in, with an intimation that business of the greatest urgency, as connected with the public safety, brings him hither. To the request for an interview, so enforced, there can be no denial; and the visitor is shown into the great man's presence. The strange paper is produced, and the circumstances of its discovery are fully explained to the legal functionary, who looks very grave: for he, like the overseer, can make nothing of it, except that some awful conspiracy is on foot, for the tracing and suppression of which prompt and decisive measures must be taken.

Having, with the aid of the overseer's logic, got this conviction firmly settled in his mind, the custos concludes there is not a moment to be lost. Special messengers are at once dispatched to summon all the magistrates in the vicinity to meet him at an early hour next day on very special business; while other messengers are sent off by his orders, (for he acts in a twofold capacity,) to assemble as large a force of the militia as can be brought together, at the courthouse, during the night, or early in the morning; all fully armed and accoutred for whatever service may be demanded at their hands. From one plantation to another the alarm is sounded; and the peaceable inhabitants of the town are startled at all hours throughout the night, by the noisy gather-

ing of those who compose this force, and of their attendants, who come rattling through the generally quiet streets, as if they were followed by a pursuing army. Soon sleep is banished from all eyes by rumours of a most bloody insurrection that has broken out already, or is on the point of breaking out, among the servile population. None can tell where the danger lies—whether it is in some distant part of the island, or close at their own doors: but that there is danger, very great and imminent, none can doubt; or wherefore all this stir? The dawn brings no relief, but rather adds to the confusion and alarm: for more and more of the planters, (who chiefly compose the militia force,) from all the estates within a distance of some miles, are seen, with every indication of haste, hurrying through the town, with their soldierly equipments; and at an unusually early hour the magistrates from different parts of the parish, followed by Negro boys riding upon mules, are also seen driving with haste in the direction of the court house. Every thing seems to imply that a crisis is at hand, which the authorities regard as one of the greatest importance.

A considerable number of the learned magistrates of the parish, with the custos at their head, are soon in profound deliberation. What serves to increase the alarm among the uninitiated, is the fact, that they carry on their deliberations with closed doors. All approach, except for the privileged, is carefully forbidden by armed sentinels. In this conclave of parish magnates there is great excitement. All are anxious to be put in possession of the particulars of the horrid conspiracy which has been discovered. When a sufficient number of the dignitaries have assembled, the business is opened. The important paper is produced, and the overseer, not a little elevated in his own estimation, is called upon to state all the circumstances which led to the discovery of the seditious document before the meeting; for that is the character which by general consent has been fixed upon the ticket. Nothing loth, he addresses himself to the task. Their worships are duly informed, with all minuteness of detail, *when*, and *where*, and *how*, the paper was found.

Next are rehearsed the opinions and surmises which have been entertained by the different parties concerned in making the discovery. To all this is added the statement, which has been gleaned up by some means, that the deceased slave, whose name is on the paper, had been for some time in the habit of going to the Methodist chapel at the Bay, and that, since she went thither, a great change had taken place in her habits and appearance. In fact, she became much more reserved and thoughtful than she used to be; as if she had something more than usual upon her mind. She now took no part, as she had been wont to do, in the dances and revels which the other slaves on the estate got up occasionally. All this, of course, is regarded as matter of grave suspicion; and, after long consultation, there is but one opinion among that sagacious and learned body of magistrates, that it is a case pregnant with great danger to the country, and demanding most prompt and careful inquiry.

After several long hours spent in discussion, (so earnest and exhausting as to demand a very liberal expenditure of wine, punch, or brandy,) it is resolved to send out all the militia that can be spared, a sufficient force being kept in reserve for the defence of the town; though no one can say what possible danger threatens it, or whence any is likely to proceed. Further, that all the huts, &c., belonging to the estates in the neighbourhood where the slave has died, under such suspicion, shall be at once rigorously searched. The question has been long and earnestly debated, whether a despatch shall be sent immediately to the governor, calling upon him to proclaim martial law in the parish, or, if he think it better, throughout the island; but it is determined that the further consideration of that proposal shall be postponed until the result of the proposed search of the huts, &c., shall have been ascertained. The necessary orders are now issued; and it is with no little pride, and with a very large degree of bustling importance, that the militia officers muster and parade the men under their command in several detachments, before marching

forth on the grand expedition assigned to them. Still the cause of these various movements remains to all, except the magistrates and the militia officers, a profound secret: but the townspeople are additionally terrified when they hear that a large quantity of ammunition has been served out to the soldiers, and when they see one body after another of these heroes marching away by different routes into the country, but mostly in one certain direction. Business is entirely suspended, and a vague feeling of apprehension is prevalent in all minds.

Meanwhile, the detachments of the militia proceed to their destination, and, to the great terror of the several slave gangs, present themselves in all their red-coat glory on the different plantations. With no excessive affectation of gentleness or delicacy, (for what need is there of gentleness or delicacy towards Negro slaves?) they execute their commission, and every house is subjected to an unceremonious search. If a door is fastened, it is not a difficult matter to break it down; and if a box should chance to have a lock, or other fastening, it is easily smashed with the butt-end of a musket. There is very little to examine, indeed, when by this summary process the boxes have been made to give their contents to the light; but presently there is much excitement among the busy detectives, for, sure enough, in several of the boxes are found scraps of paper, not unlike that above described, which, they now learn from their officers, are the very objects of the search. Each one, carefully deposited among the few articles of wearing apparel in the box or trunk, is found to be identical with that seditious document which has created such a sensation. From one hut to another the soldiers proceed, now wrought up to an almost overpowering excess of earnestness and zeal; and their exertions are rewarded by the discovery of more than a hundred of these papers; the owners of which, one and all, are taken into custody, their arms fastened behind them. From them the important information is obtained, that all these papers have been given out by the Methodist preacher. *There they are*, all bearing the same mysterious and threaten-

ing words, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force;" having the same written marks; the only difference being, that each paper bears the name of the person in whose possession it was found. "What can possibly be more plain?" say some. "Here is ample and unquestionable evidence of a wide-spread conspiracy among the slaves, at the head of which is the Methodist preacher! We have always accused these parsons of seditious preaching; and here we have proof of the fact—proof strong as holy writ!" Who can describe the triumph with which these military gentlemen exult over the magnificent success which has crowned their expedition? And who shall picture the excitement of the townspeople?—not, however, unmixed with a sense of relief, when they behold scores of wretched captives, securely bound, marched into the town surrounded by fixed bayonets; all of whom, they are assured, are the leaders of the insurrection which was on the point of breaking out. And now rumour with her hundred tongues is busy. Through the town, and through the parish, the intelligence swiftly spreads, that a most sanguinary revolt has been nipped in the bud. And soon, through the medium of the newspapers, the public, from the east to the west of the island, are startled by the intelligence from St. Thomas in the East, that seditious meetings have been held in the houses of the slaves at midnight; that the Negroes have been corrupted, and led to rebellion, by the preaching of the Methodists; that a large quantity of seditious papers have been seized; and that, by the prompt and courageous conduct of the custos and the magistrates, and the bravery of the militia, "beyond all praise," the island has been rescued from the horrors of a servile war.

It is deemed advisable by the authorities to place a strong militia force upon the several plantations where these papers have been seized, to prevent the rising of the slaves; who, poor creatures! have no more thought of any insurrectionary movement, than of attempting to uproot the Blue Mountains, to which they are accustomed daily to lift their eyes. They take alarm, however, and wonder what all this

commotion is about, and what is the meaning of the rude and uncereimonious searching of their lowly dwellings. And they are still more amazed when they see a large number of their fellows, whose houses and boxes have been broken open, tied and marched off to the Bay. The venerable magistrates have been very busy, in consequence of the important discoveries made, of which a full account has been sent off by an express messenger to the king's house, at the seat of government. A few days have elapsed, and all the justices of the parish assembled in special session; yea, and some from the adjoining parishes, who, terror-struck by the reports in circulation, have come as spectators of the proceedings. Not a few of them loom very large in the proud adorning of military costume, being holders both of civil and military commissions; and such an opportunity of showing off in the blazonry of war is not to pass unimproved. Some time is spent in preliminary discussion, until, all things being ready, a party is despatched to *request* the attendance of the Methodist preacher at the court-house,—strong enough, by the way, to insure a compliance with the magisterial mandate, should there be any difficulty in obeying it. But no compulsion is required; Methodist preachers being in the habit of paying due respect to “the powers that be,” as a part of their religion. The missionary, who, like all others, has been studiously kept in the dark as to the cause of the unusual stir, begins, however, as he prepares to accompany the military messengers, to ask himself what *he* can have to do with these strange proceedings, and what sort of service the magistrates can wish him to render on the occasion of a conspiracy, real or fancied. It never enters into his mind that any charge can be made against himself. Ready for any lawful service to which he may be put, with willing step he wends his way to the court-house, and is at once introduced into the presence of the “powers” awaiting his arrival. On looking around, he observes that a deep gravity marks the countenance of almost every one; and it is clear that his appearance, though fully expected, has caused no little sensation.

It is no small trial to his modesty, when he finds himself the observed of all observers ; and he soon perceives that it is anything but a friendly gaze which is directed toward him, by the custos and his associates. A dark frown meets his eye in one direction, and the scowl of a fierce malignity in another ; while the conviction forces itself upon him, that, whatever may be the purpose, it is no amicable interview with these legal dignitaries to which he has been summoned.

He is not left long in doubt. After some whispering with his brother magistrates, the custos proceeds, with a good deal of appropriate circumlocution, to open the business, and explain to the wondering missionary, that a discovery has been made of a wide-spread conspiracy against the peace and welfare of the colony ; that a search has been instituted, which has resulted in the seizure of a large quantity of papers of evil character and tendency ; that many slaves implicated in the conspiracy, in whose possession these papers were found carefully concealed, have been arrested, and are now in custody ; and that, by the confession of many of these prisoners, the whole conspiracy has been traced to him as its mainspring and source, inasmuch as they had received the papers from his hands ; and that he must consider himself now in custody on the very serious charge of rebellion. At first, as the speaker proceeds, charging home these serious offences upon himself, the missionary is astounded and overwhelmed by the accusation ; thinking it quite possible, from the spirit of inveterate hostility with which Christian efforts have been uniformly met by the planters in this neighbourhood, that some wicked plot has been devised against him. But the tediousness of the custos, who has made the most of this occasion to display his stumbling and stammering eloquence, has been so far favourable to the accused, that it has given him time to recover self-possession ; and, long before the elaborate and rambling address of the great man has reached its *finale*, the guiltless preacher is ready to confront the accusation and his accusers. Being called upon to say what reply he has to make to this grave charge, he, first of all, requests permission to look at

some of those papers of seditious character and tendency which he is accused of having circulated. A lengthy consultation now takes place among the officials on the bench; and it appears there is no little difficulty about the matter. For first one of these gentlemen is called, and then another, from different parts of the room, to the consultation, the whole of which is carried on in a low tone, so that nothing may reach the missionary's ear. At length the custos announces, that the bench, after due deliberation, and with a willingness to grant any indulgence to one in his situation, have agreed to comply with his request; and a paper, which appears to him surprisingly small, (considering the character which has been given to it,) is handed to the accused, with the intimation that it is only one of a large number in the hands of the magistrates. That one, he is told, was found in the box of a dead slave; but many others have been discovered in the possession of living slaves, who confess to having received them from the hands of the Methodist minister. As the paper is handed to him, every eye in the room is directed toward the missionary. At first, an expression of unutterable astonishment is visible on his countenance, which some of the observers regard as an indubitable sign of guilt; but in a few seconds this gives place to the broad smile which a keen sense of the ludicrous is apt to call forth, and it becomes evident to them all that the black-coated gentleman is restrained by a sense of the respect due to the court, and by that only, from giving way to an exuberant tide of mirth, which it would be some relief to him to indulge.

Not a little surprised, and somewhat offended, by a result so contrary to the expectations of the grave assembly, every member of which has had visions before his mind's eye of a man in a black coat swinging upon the gallows, the custos inquires of the reverend gentleman what he has to say concerning that paper, and the others like it; and whether it is true that these documents have been distributed by him among the slaves. Certainly he cannot deny, and he does not wish to disguise it, that he gave that paper to the

deceased slave, and that he has given out many of a similar description to other persons, both free and slaves: a piece of intelligence which goes to confirm their worst suspicions. But great is their astonishment, not unmixed with doubt, when, with smiling gravity, he proceeds to inform them that the "seditious" paper, which has so alarmed their honours, and spread such terror through the parish, is nothing more or less than a *Methodist Ticket*, given as a token of membership to all those who constitute the societies or churches of the body, and designed to show that the holders are entitled to the privilege of Christian communion. It is amusing to see the somewhat stolid features of the chief magistrate assume an expression of blank amazement, which is shared, more or less, by those about him: but one or two, who have wit to discern and appreciate the absurdity of the whole proceeding, look a little quizzical, half ashamed to feel that they have been betrayed into a false position. "But, Sir," says the custos, by no means disposed to admit the explanation that has been given, "how do you account for the highly inflammatory and dangerous words which we find upon this paper? Answer me that, Sir! answer me that!" "Most readily, Sir," replies the missionary. "Those words, which you regard as inflammatory and dangerous, are taken from the Holy Scriptures." Here looks of incredulity pass from one to another, while the missionary continues his explanation: "It is a passage which contains an exhortation to press into 'the kingdom of God,' and to 'fight the good fight of faith' against all that oppose the salvation of our souls. Those words, Sir, were certainly never intended by Him who first used them, or by His ministers, to stir up any one to commit violence against 'the powers that be.' His teaching—and ours, we hope, is in accordance with it—instructs all to be subject to those powers, 'not only for wrath, but for conscience sake.'" "A passage of Scripture!" replies his honour, "no such thing! I don't believe it; I don't think those inflammatory words are to be found in the Bible!" A Bible is called for, but there is none at hand; and while one is looked up, (for there ought to be one some-

where, which has been occasionally used for administering the oath to witnesses at the quarter sessions,) one of the magistrates, a Scotchman, comes forward from a distant corner, and says, "Excuse me, your honour, but I think I remember reading some such words in the Bible when I was a boy. I am disposed to believe, after all, the gentleman is correct." This leads to a little discussion, and by the time it is finished the old tattered fragment of a Bible, which forms part of the court-house furniture, has been found. There is not a great deal of the Old Testament left, after long and rough service, and only a small portion of the New; but, fortunately, the Gospel of Matthew is there, or as much of it as serves the purpose. And now the learned magistrates are astonished by another discovery, of which none of them seem to have the least conception; namely, that the strange marks, "Matt. xi. 12," only mean that the words printed on the card are to be found in the eleventh chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and at the twelfth verse! On reference to the place thus indicated, there, to the sad discomfiture of the learned custos, are found the very words which have caused so much dismay.

All this, however, does not satisfy his honour and some of his compeers that there is not something very wrong in the business. The explanation given by the missionary shows that there is to be some "*fighting*" in the case; and their minds are so prepossessed with visions of insurrection and revolt, massacre and blood, blazing cane fields and burning sugar works, that, notwithstanding what has been said, they are more than half-persuaded that the issuing of these papers is part of a scheme designed to work out all these dreadful results; so the missionary is likely, after all, to experience some trouble, before he succeeds in getting out of the hands of these intelligent guardians of the public peace. But the Scotchman, who possesses a little more penetration and shrewdness than others about him, and who is less disposed than many of them to conclude that treason and rebellion must of necessity be a principal object of a Methodist preacher, again comes forward from his corner, and, in a short and pithy address to

his learned colleagues, observes, "Your honour, the words on the cards are certainly taken from the Scriptures, though none of us were aware of it until the missionary showed that it was so. But, whether they are taken from the Bible or not, they scarcely admit of the construction that has been put upon them : for, although Jamaica is truly a very fine and prosperous country, yet, with all its delights, it can in no wise be called 'the kingdom of heaven.' I presume, therefore, to suggest to your honour and my brother magistrates, that, as what the gentleman has said about the words being in the Bible turn out to be true, and we do not seem to know much about such matters ourselves, and as no overt act of rebellion has been committed, we may venture to take the word of the Methodist parson for once, and accept as satisfactory the explanation which he has given of this very suspicious business."

A few of the magistrates have by this time stolen away very quietly ; the affair having assumed an aspect perfectly ludicrous. After a little private consultation among themselves, the suggestion made by the Scotch gentleman is accepted by those who remain, who have failed to perceive the small spice of irony with which it was tinged ; but it is considered advisable, that the custos should cover the retreat of the learned body by delivering a suitable admonition to the supposed culprit before he is discharged. With all the gravity and impressiveness he can command, the chief magistrate proceeds to this important task, which he accomplishes to the profound satisfaction both of himself and of the body of which he is the distinguished head :—
"Mr. —, we are satisfied with your explanation of the present affair. But a word of caution may be useful to you. And mind, Sir, we have our eyes upon you. We have no objection to your preaching to our Negroes, provided you do so properly. Tell them to be good servants, Sir. Tell them not to lie to their masters, nor to steal from them. Tell them not to be runaways, but to stay at home, and mind and do their masters' work. Preach this to them, Sir, and welcome. But no faith, no faith, Sir, if you please.

Don't let us hear of your preaching faith, Sir. No, no ;— *we'll have no faith—no faith.* Our Negroes must not be corrupted with such a doctrine as that. Take care then, Sir. Our eyes are upon you, Sir. Take care, and don't let us catch you preaching faith to them. You can now retire, Sir."

The missionary bows low at the conclusion of this remarkable address, and, without attempting a reply, bends his steps homeward, vastly amused, if not greatly edified, by the unique specimen of elocution to which he has just listened. The magisterial conclave breaks up ; each retiring, somewhat crestfallen, to his home. The next thing is the recalling of the militia from the plantations, on which they have been keeping vigilant guard against the apprehended outbreak. The slave prisoners are brought out of the stifling cells in which they have been crowded, and bidden to go back to the estates to which they respectively belong, still profoundly ignorant concerning the crimes which have caused their imprisonment. The excitement in the town subsides almost as rapidly as it arose ; business resumes its usual course ; and so ends the "rebellion" which has spread terror throughout the island from Manchioneal to Negril, filled the newspapers with wild and groundless rumours, and occasioned such an amount of perplexity and trouble to the wise men of the east in Jamaica.

N. B.—The Scotch magistrate became a kind friend of the missionaries in this part of the island ; and it was partly through his influence, that, some years afterwards, the parish authorities voted a grant of £100 to the widow of a young and laborious missionary, who had fallen a victim to the Morant Bay fever.

XII.

THE LOST MISSIONARY.

OF thousands thou both sepulchre and pall,
Old Ocean, art ! A requiem o'er the dead,
From out thy gloomy cells
A tale of mourning tells,—
Tells of man's woe and fall, his sinless glory fled.

DANA.

HEBE NON BONUM. Such were the words in Roman capitals, about an inch in length, and cut deeply in the solid wood, that I found engraved on the massive railing that separated the raised quarter-deck from the main-deck of the vessel in the good barque "Hebe." It was in the year 1831, that she was bearing me, with my young wife, and two other missionaries, across the Atlantic, to the scene of our intended labours in the isles of the Carribbean Sea, where slavery held more than three quarters of a million of human beings in its cruel grasp ; and the yellow fever had been making havoc of the missionary band, who, in the face of bitter, relentless persecution, were toiling with self-denying zeal, to light up the dark path of the children of oppression with the bright hope of life and immortality beyond the grave. The "Hebe" was from London, commanded by Captain Lawson. The owner, Captain Weller, was also on board, acting as supercargo, and looking well to the comfort of the twenty-nine passengers who had embarked in his ship for their several destinations in the West.

"*Hebe non bonum !*" What, Captain Weller," I asked, "is the meaning of this inscription, so derogatory to the character of the fine ship that is bearing us so comfortably and safely to our new homes ?" "Ah !" replied he, "there is a melancholy story connected with that inscription. Those letters were cut, as you see them, by a hand that was

cold in death an hour after the inscription was completed. It was the last act of poor Snelgrove, who, as you will doubtless have heard, was lost overboard last year on the banks of Newfoundland, when the ship was bound to New Brunswick. He had been occupied for an hour or two in cutting out those letters with his penknife when the accident occurred, which, in a moment, cut off the promise of a devoted and useful life."

This reply of the Captain, while it invested the few simple words on which my eye was resting with a thrilling interest, awakened a crowd of memories which passed vividly before my mind; for I had been associated for a short season with the young missionary whose career of usefulness had been cut short even before it had well commenced.

About a year before the inscription first met my gaze, I was one of a band of some twelve or fifteen young men assembled at the Wesleyan Mission House in Hatton Garden, London, all of whom were destined for employment in the wide field of Wesleyan missions. Several of them had already received their appointments, and were waiting until the vessels should be ready to sail which had been selected to convey them to their spheres of toil in various parts of the world. Others were waiting for the usual examination before the Missionary Committee, having been recommended by their several District Meetings for the mission work. Several more, of whom I was one, had been already approved and accepted, and were about to return home to await the call of the Committee, when openings should occur in the missions to create a demand for their services.

While thus providentially thrown together for a few days, having never met before, and certain, when once scattered, never to come together again in this life, these young devotees of the missionary cause set apart each afternoon for mutual prayer and Christian fellowship. An upper chamber of the Mission House, close under the roof, was used for this purpose. There, many a hymn of praise ascended,—sweet accepted sacrifice,—and many an earnest prayer was

poured out before God by these young servants of a heavenly Master, for those richer baptisms of the Holy Spirit, which should fit them for a successful discharge of the arduous duties to which their youthful energies had been consecrated. These were seasons of holy intercourse with God ; times of spiritual refreshing, to be gratefully remembered under a tropic sun, or in the frozen regions of the north ; and probably not to be forgotten in the annals of eternity.

It was a beautiful summer afternoon, the last of the week, and the daily prayer-meeting was going on. Several had already engaged in prayer. All hearts were bowed down before the Lord ; for a more than ordinary unction rested upon the youthful band that Saturday afternoon, as first one and then another and another took the lead in addressing the throne of grace. A loud knocking at the door interrupted what was going on. One of the young men stepped to the door and, opening it, received the message that had been brought ; and when the verse then being sung was concluded, announced it to the others :—"Messrs. Daniel and Snelgrove are required to go on board immediately, as their vessel, the 'Hebe,' is now getting under weigh, and will at once drop down the river, and put to sea." The meeting was broken up, and the two young missionaries, after a loving farewell to their companions, and accompanied by their best wishes and earnest prayers, departed to join the ship ; which was to be for some weeks their home upon the deep, and convey them to the scene of their toil. Little did they, or any of those who were left behind, anticipate the occurrence that was to consign one of those zealous young servants of the cross to a watery grave. Into no mind did the thought enter, that one of them would be taken within the veil, even before his eyes should rest upon the foreign coast where he fondly hoped that years of self-denying usefulness awaited him in the service of that honoured Master who, in the morning of life, had called him to enjoy the blessedness of the great salvation, and put it into his heart to devote his life and energies to usefulness in the great mission field.

Gaily sped the goodly barque down the Channel with her missionary passengers on board ; all sails spread to a favouring breeze. It was hoped from the favourable commencement of the voyage, that the "Hebe" would have a short and pleasant passage to her destination in the New World. But changes of winds occurred, as they ran between the French and English coasts ; and a rough sea with head winds failed not to exact the usual penalty from the inexperienced navigators, who had never before known the effect of pitching and tossing upon the rolling waves. The trouble was, however, of short duration. They speedily rallied from the prostration occasioned by sea sickness, and were able to gaze with interest upon the towering cliffs and projecting headlands of the land that gave them birth ; and which, although they were voluuntarily leaving it, they still loved so well. At length all the difficulties and hindrances of the Channel navigation have been encountered and overcome ; and fondly they gaze upon the fading outlines of the land. Their hearts are heavy, as memories of the past crowd upon the mind ; nor is it a reproach to their manhood that the tear falls, as lingering looks continue to be directed towards the now all but invisible spot where they have so recently parted from all they hold dear on earth !

The rough waters of the British Channel have prepared the young missionaries for the rougher greeting of the Bay of Biscay, whose great rolling billows afford them opportunity of beholding and adoring the majesty and power of the Almighty One, of whom it is declared, "The sea is His, and He made it, and His hands prepared the dry land." Alternate breeze and calm, fair winds and head winds, have helped or impeded their progress, calling into exercise both hope and patience during several weeks. The gambols of the porpoise, the spouting of the monster whale, the changing hues of the dolphin, languishing and dying upon the deck, with the treacherous hook in his jaws, have all served to relieve the monotony of a long passage by sea ; and all are met with interest to those who have hitherto been strangers to the wonders of the deep.

But there have been things of a less pleasant character to diversify the experience of the missionary voyagers. The captain in command of the vessel,—a near relative of the owners,—is a professor of religion; but not a man of genial temper and suavity of manners. Habitually rough and repulsive in his bearing, it has not served to improve his temper and deportment that he has embraced the sour, narrow creed of the Antinomian. He regards with scorn and disfavour the young men, committed for a season to his care, who are going to a distant part of the world as the heralds of the Gospel, because theirs is a message which proclaims universal redemption, and teaches,—

“He hath for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.”

Forgetting the courtesy due to his missionary guests, he frequently indulges his sour, unamiable disposition by scoffing at truths which they hold most dear and important; and forces them, unwillingly, into controversial discussions they would gladly have avoided. This goes on for several weeks, grievously interfering with the comfort of the young men, and throwing an aspect of gloom over what might otherwise have been a pleasant voyage.

Now they approach the banks of Newfoundland, and the weather, which has hitherto been comparatively calm and pleasant, becomes rough and stormy. Fierce gales succeed the balmy breezes that have wafted them on their course; and the vessel is tossed and tumbled about like a feather on the waves. Day after day the fierce sou'-wester stirs up the depth of ocean, until the vast billows rolling past remind the beholders of the expression they have often met with,—“the waves running mountains high.” Driven from the cabin to escape the coarse dogmatism of the captain, who persists in forcing upon them discussions with which they have become wearied and disgusted, the younger of the two missionaries, more sensitive than his sedate companion one memorable afternoon betakes himself after dinner to the quarter-deck, preferring the loud roaring of the winds, and

the raging of the sea, to angry and intolerant theological disputations; and seeks relief to his chafed and harassed spirit in carving the words which afterwards arrested my attention, "*Hebe non bonum*;" giving expression in this way to the feeling of discomfort and displeasure which for the moment oppressed his mind. It is with difficulty he has kept his feet by clinging to the rail, owing to the violent rolling of the ship. When the self-imposed task is completed, returning the knife to his pocket, he gazes moodily for a few moments upon the inscription, and then takes his seat upon the hencoops which line the bulwarks on either side of the quarter-deck, containing ducks and poultry, etc., destined to minister to the comfort of the passengers. Wave after wave rolls on, now bearing the ship high upon their crest, and again almost burying her out of sight as she sinks into the trough of the angry sea.

For a few moments the young missionary sits gazing upon the wide waste of rushing waters, and listening to the roar of the gale as it howls through the rigging above his head, himself the only occupant of the quarter-deck, except the mate in charge of the vessel and the man at the wheel. Perceiving the near approach of a wave of stupendous magnitude that is rushing towards the ship, he rises hastily from his seat to go below, and makes a dash at the companion stair head, hoping to gain footing and shelter there before the threatening billows should break against the vessel. But just as he rises the vessel takes a violent lurch, sinking into the deep trough of the sea until her bulwarks almost touch the water. She rests for a moment on her beam ends, her deck being almost perpendicular with the raging tide. Pitched violently forward by the sudden motion of the ship, he misses his aim, shoots past the companion place, and in a moment plunges head foremost into the raging element.

"Man overboard," is the appalling cry that rings through the ship, and all hands immediately rush on deck. Hencoops are cut loose, and with the chairs scattered about are *thrown overboard*, for the drowning man to grasp should he

rise to the surface; and all on board rush aft to afford all the help that may be in their power.

But no help is of any avail. No boat could live two minutes in those troubled waters. If the lost one ever came to the surface of that troubled raging sea, no human eye caught a glimpse of him. Only his hat can be seen floating near the spot where he has been engulfed. He has passed away far beyond mortal ken, and in the full vigour of young and lusty life has sunk into an ocean grave. He has left his companion to go alone to that which had been marked out as the scene of their united toil, and a large circle of loving friends to mourn over the unexpected intelligence of the loss they have sustained in his early removal to the land of the blessed. Dark and inscrutable are the ways of God. We cannot now understand why the Great and Holy One should thus snatch away the young missionary to his rest, before he could enter upon his work. But He doeth all things wisely and well. By and by we shall see clearly, as we cannot see now, that this painful dispensation of Providence that deprived the church of a valuable missionary agent, and sent sorrow and anguish to many hearts, was ruled by unerring wisdom and infinite love.

XIII.

YELLOW-FEVER VICTIMS.

THEY who die in Christ are blest ;
Ours be, then, no thought of grieving !
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving.
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every trial braveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the crown secureth !

BISHOP DOANE.

AFTER a voyage of more than sixty days from the Thames, the good ship "Atlantic" reaches her destination, bearing three young men, and the wife of one of them, to the scene of their allotted toil in the slave land of Jamaica.

Having dropped her anchor for a few hours during the night at Port Royal, she has taken advantage of the land breeze to make her way through the narrow, circuitous channel to Kingston ; and while the morning is yet young, takes up the berth assigned to her by the imperative official styled the harbour master. A shore boat shortly receives the passengers, with the few articles of baggage they are able to take on shore with them ; and in a few moments they find themselves on the wharf. How new and strange is the scene ! They are surrounded by piles of lumber, with numerous hogsheads of sugar, and puncheons of rum, that half naked Negro slaves are rolling towards a ship lying close to the wharf. The crew are busily occupied in hoisting them on board, to the tune of some favourite nautical melody, which serves to animate and lighten their toil. Threading their way with care over small pools of molasses that have drained from the sugar casks, they soon emerge

into a narrow street, where a decent-looking coloured woman, hearing their inquiries for the Methodist mission house, and justly concluding from their appearance that it is a band of new missionaries who have arrived, steps forward, and with respectful curtsy and smiling face, volunteers her services to conduct them to the place they wish to find.

The streets are heavy with sand, and the full tide of tropical heat pours down upon them, as they slowly follow their guide, who has pressed two or three of her sable acquaintances into the service; making them take charge of the packages which the voyagers have brought ashore with them. In a quarter of an hour they find themselves in a fine square of considerable extent. On the eastern side a large house, with green jalousies stretching across the entire front, is pointed out to them as the chapel. The woman turns round, as she directs their attention to it, and exhibiting in her pleasure a set of glittering ivory teeth, informs them, "Me member of the society too, massa. Me hope minister and missis hab one pleasant voyage. Me glad for true to see minister come for teach me de way to hebben."

Ascending some steps, through a broad gateway, they pass between two wide staircases, which they are informed lead up into the chapel, and enter the mission house on the ground floor. They are warmly greeted by the occupants of the dwelling, even before they can present the letters of which they are the bearers from the connexional authorities under whose auspices they have left their homes, to enter upon a field of usefulness in a far distant foreign land. Very speedily a multitude of visitors are flocking around to welcome them; for the news has rapidly spread, far and wide in the city, that some new missionaries have arrived from England. Many a warm shake of the hand and many a tear-bedewed cheek bear witness to the heart-felt joy with which their presence is hailed. It is with very strange and mingled emotions that the young missionaries, and the fair youthful companion of their voyage, regard the dusky faces, which, full of animation, and radiant with pleasure, surround them on every side.

These visitors are the free people, who thus hasten on wings of love to welcome the missionaries among them; their time being at their own disposal. By and by one and another, with timid faltering steps, present themselves at the door, to look in upon "the new ministers and the lady." These they learn are children of bondage,—slaves belonging to families in the city; who, sent upon some errand, have ventured to step a little out of the way "just to look at massa minister." Some of them have to bear no small amount of ill usage at the hands of unfeeling owners, who seek to cure their love of prayer, and drive religion out of them, by the free use of the "cat."

The new comers are not long in learning that it is no easy service to which they are devoted, and that they have come to a land where bigotry and persecution are rampant. The several attempts which have been made by the legislature of the colony to hinder, by statute, the benevolent efforts of missionaries to enlighten and elevate the down-trodden children of Africa by the benign influences of the Gospel, have been baffled by a timely appeal to the justice and tolerant feelings of the sovereign. But the municipal authorities of the city, whose charter exempts them from the immediate control of the crown, and gives them power to make ordinances for the government of the city, have been stirred up to abuse that power for evil purposes. A city ordinance now exists that prevents any religious service being held in the city before sunrise or after sunset, under heavy penalties. This intolerant law has the designed effect of almost entirely cutting off the slaves in the city from the opportunity of worship or instruction. Spies are ever on the watch to observe, and bring to the notice of the authorities, any infringement of this oppressive enactment.

No disposition is cherished by the missionaries to oppose the authority so wantonly exercised, however they may groan under the oppression to which they and their people are subjected; and they submit, commending their cause to God, and hoping for better days. The arrival of the new missionaries is hailed by hundreds with satisfaction and joy,

heightened by the discovery that both the lady and her husband have excellent voices, well trained in the sweet melodies of those glorious Wesley hymns, whose lofty, glowing strains have cheered and animated thousands in the sorrows of life and the vale of death, and helped to plume the wings of many a departing spirit in its last triumphant flight to the paradise of God.

The little mission party assembled in the afternoon in the ordinary sitting room, have sung together many a familiar tune, to which the new harmonious voices lent an additional charm ; and many a new strain, adapted to bring forth with greater sweetness and power the true poetry of those beautiful hymns, has helped to beguile the hours and produce forgetfulness of all earthly sorrow and care.

As the thrilling melody ascends,—

“ To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross shall wear the crown,”

—the enjoyment of the party is rudely disturbed by the abrupt entrance of several officials of the law, including one of the city magistrates, who, directing their attention to the fact that a few minutes have passed beyond the hour when the law allows a religious service to be held, proceed at once to take Messrs. G. and K., the resident missionaries, into custody, for the purpose of conducting them to a place of confinement. It is in vain that they and others of the party point out that they were not holding any religious service within the meaning of the law, but merely amusing themselves, as a social party, in singing a few hymns. The astute official, in common with his sapient magisterial brethren, can discern no difference. “Singing hymns is preaching” in their estimation, and “praying is also preaching ;” and, despite all remonstrance, the two missionaries are taken away, to find such rest as they may in the dark, comfortless dungeon dignified with the name of the “City Cage.” On the following day the younger of the two is set at liberty by the magistrates, while the elder, as the master

of the house where the *crime* has been committed, is held guilty of holding a religious service after the hours prescribed by the law, and is sentenced to a month's confinement in the common jail, his wife being permitted, as an act of grace, to share the imprisonment of her husband.

The next day is the Sabbath, when Mr. F., one of the newly arrived missionaries, the married man of the party, opens his commission in the new scene of his labours, another of the party occupying the pulpit in the afternoon. But the joy of all is damped by thoughts of the faithful pastor who is spending the sacred hours of the Sabbath within the walls of a prison, and many prayers, "uttered and unexpressed," go up to heaven on behalf of the suffering servant of the Lord, and his faithful spouse, who has voluntarily immured herself in a gloomy cell, that she may share and lighten her husband's privations. Far deeper grief would settle upon that congregation of earnest worshippers, could they foresee the heavier calamity that is impending over them; and that, before another Sabbath shall summon them again to the sanctuary of Jehovah, one of those voices to which they have listened with rapt attention, proclaiming with soul-stirring eloquence the sublime truths of the Gospel, will be hushed in the silence of the grave. None dream of the sorrow so close at hand. Into no mind does the thought enter that the sweet, thrilling strains of the youthful pair, which could charm the persecuted ministers of the Cross into forgetfulness of persecutors and persecuting laws, will, in a few brief hours only, be heard mingling with the songs of angels and the choir above. Yet so it is to be. Loving and kind is the wisdom of God that hides the future from our vision, and saves us from the untold anguish that would accrue to multitudes from knowing the things which are to come.

The Sabbath passes, a day of hallowed delights in the service of the sanctuary; a day which, because of the associations linked therewith, is to have a pre-eminent and permanent place in the memories of not a few. It is the day after the Sabbath, and the third day after the arrival of

the missionary party, when the young wife complains of feeling more than she has done before the relaxing influence of the tropical climate. A severe frontal headache, and pains in the back and limbs, soon begin to indicate to those who are experienced in tropical diseases incident to the climate that it is the insidious approach of the fever, so fatal within and near the tropics, that has to be resisted. When this truth is apprehended, prompt medical treatment is resorted to, and skilful nurses with loving hearts and willing hands are present to minister with tenderest care to all the wants of the patient, and do everything that human power can accomplish to alleviate pain, and arrest the formidable malady. The few hours that have elapsed have made it manifest beyond all doubt that it is the worst type of the country fever,—the *vomito prieto*, or yellow fever,—that is seizing in its deadly grasp all the powers, and assailing the life of the young and lovely wife.

Deep anguish lays hold on the spirit of the anxious husband, as the conviction is realized that the loved one, who has so recently linked her destiny with his own, and given up home and friends and many a comfort and enjoyment to share his arduous toil in the mission field,—the wife of whose loveable qualities and blooming loveliness he has been so proud,—is actually under the power of that deadly fever of whose terrible ravages he has heard and read so much. He endeavours to bear up with manly fortitude under the trying visitation, and he calls upon the Giver of all grace to aid him. But his heart sinks as he touches the burning hand held out with a smile to greet him, and sees how gloomy is the expression on the face of the medical man, when, after an investigation of all the symptoms, he turns away from the bedside of the sufferer.

More than once during the night he stands at the bedside of his wife, and marks the restlessness with which she moves the weary limbs, finding no ease in any position. With his own hand he applies the moistened cloths to the aching brow and throbbing temples, and rejoices to find that in the midst of strong pains the utterance of the name which is

above every name calls forth a sweet responsive smile. He cannot comply with the advice so often urged upon him by the dark-skinned but pleasant-looking nurses, who move about the sick chamber with noiseless step, that "Minister had better lie down and rest." The morning dawns, but brings no relief to the object of their kind solicitude, no abatement of the fever. Neither skin nor pulse indicates that any favourable change has taken place, and the doctor has no word of encouragement for the anxious husband, who attributes to anxiety and want of rest the general feeling of indisposition and languor which has crept over him, and seems to have enervated all his powers of mind and body.

As the morning advances this feeling becomes more painfully oppressive; and the day has not passed the meridian, when uneasy sensations in the head, back, and limbs, a dry heated skin and quickened pulse, admonish him that he too is about to succumb to the dread disease that has in a few brief hours prostrated the energies of his wife, and placed the life so precious to him in danger. He looks once more, before consenting to lie down, upon the fever-flushed countenance of the being who above all on earth is dear to him. She greets him with a loving, languid smile; and he, little supposing that he is never in this life to look upon those sweet features again, retires, and lays himself down upon the bed, from which he is destined not to rise until he is borne to his last long home.

In his case the progress of the fever is even more rapid than with his suffering partner. The medical man is again hastily summoned. Bleeding, blistering, and all those potent drugs, with which it is the custom of the times for medical practitioners to contend for precious life with the fell disease,—often with very poor success,—are in requisition. It is in vain: a night of agony is passed, the loving nurses seeking by continual cooling applications to afford relief; but not the slightest check appears to have been given to the disorder. Before the return of another night the patient is in a state of delirium; and when the morning dawns the bright yellow hue, which gives the appropriate

designation to the deadly malady, has overspread the body of the sufferer. The fatal symptom of black vomit soon appears, and all hope of recovery is given up. But the ruling passion is strong in death. From that fever couch sweet snatches of melody resound through the apartment, melting all hearts, and carrying home to them the conviction that the hallowed spirit of the dying man of God is

“Ready wing’d for the flight
To the mansions of light,”

and prepared, through the soul-renewing grace of Jesus, to enter with glorious triumph into the realms of endless day. “Precious blood!” “My Jesus!” “My Saviour!” “Heaven, my blessed home!” are the expressions, mingling with couplets and verses of the hymns he knew, and loved, and sung so well, that dwelt upon his parched and blistering lips. Once or twice the name of the loved partner of his youth escapes him, followed by the recollection that she too is prostrate with the fever.

On the third day the end draws nigh, and it becomes manifest to all that death is there. But the Conqueror of death is there also. “Jesus! precious Jesus!” issues faintly, but again and again, from the dying lips, and the radiant joy of victory overspreads and lights up every feature. Suddenly raising himself, with unexpected strength, to a sitting position, he shouts, “Jesus! Glory! Jesus! Glory!” and, ejecting a flood of dark matter from his mouth, resembling coffee grounds,—the dissolved blood which has found its way into the stomach,—he falls back upon the pillow, and the happy spirit, absent from the body, is present with its Lord.

Meanwhile disease and death are doing their work somewhat more slowly upon the other victim, bringing down the pride of youthful vigour, and the sweetness of youthful beauty, to the tomb. Medical skill has exhausted its resources, and tender nursing has done its best; but not for one moment has the fever been arrested in its fatal course. One stage of the dire malady has followed another with fear-

ful rapidity, and now the last stage has been reached. The skin, recently so fresh and lovely with the glow of health is now almost of saffron hue, and frequent paroxysms of delirium herald the approach of the destroyer. She has been told, soon after the fever seized upon him, when she inquired for her husband, that he was not well, and had been obliged to retire to bed. But no information has been allowed to reach her of the serious character of his illness; nor have the attendants ventured to inform her that he has already passed before her to the regions of the blest. It was shortly before midnight that the young missionary ceased to be numbered with the living; and now several hours have fled, and the dawning of a new day will soon appear. A group of anxious faces are round the bed; several nurses, with light and tender hands, continually change the cloths, dipped in vinegar and water, upon the heated brow, alleviate the pain a little, if they can do no more. The last fatal symptoms have come on, the occasional paroxysms of delirium, and the black vomit, generally regarded as the immediate forerunner of dissolution. But there too is the rejoicing spirit, looking to Jesus, and trusting in Jesus, and during lucid intervals warbling, in tones of exquisite sweetness,—

“ Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last ! ”

As they look upon her, after singing with the same sweet voice, a verse of “Rock of Ages,” the nurses see a bright flush of joy overspread her countenance; and in tones of peculiar animation and triumph she exclaims,—“They are come, the angels have come, and I am going home!” Gazing into what is vacancy to all around, but evidently not to her, for her countenance is radiant with rapturous delight,

—she suddenly turns to the nurse by her side, and laying her hand upon the nurse's arm, while an expression of surprise mingles with that of triumphant joy, she exclaims, to the astonishment of all present, "You did not tell me that Mr. Frith was dead, and that he had gone to heaven before me." "How did you know it?" inquires the mother in Israel to whom the words are addressed. "I see him. He is there among the angels. They are singing, and I hear his voice, and he is come to take me to heaven. O how sweet! O how sweet! Sweet! Sweet!" And the purified spirit, as the words become gradually softer, languishes into rest, and goes to join the loved one and the blood-washed host around the throne, and sing, in nobler, sweeter strains, the praises of redeeming love.

It is not a climate in which fond affection may linger and weep day after day over the remains of the departed before they are consigned to the dust. Rapid is the process by which the form, so precious to loving hearts, hastens to decay. A few brief hours only can be given to the indulgence of fond regrets; and then even love itself hastens to hide away what is so dear in the concealment of the grave. Side by side, as they, but a few months ago, walked away in the fulness of earthly bliss, from the altar at which they had exchanged their vows of wedded love, so now they are borne to the grave. Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death they are not divided. Large is the company of the mourners; for wide-spread sympathy has been awakened through the city towards the persecuted church which mourns over the imprisonment of the faithful pastor, and has now been bereaved of a pair of earnest, devoted labourers in a single night. Thousands attend the bodies to their last resting-place, and listen with chastened feelings to the solemn funeral service which closes the earthly history of the youthful couple, so suddenly swept away from life. Hundreds of sable and swarthy cheeks are bedewed with tears, as the sweet strains of the closing hymn go up to heaven:—

“ Our friends are gone before
To that celestial shore ;
They have left their mates behind,
They have all the storms outrode !
Found the rest we toil to find,
Landed in the arms of God.”

On the following day the chapel seems converted into a Bochim, while the missionary dwells upon the words, “ Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.” Only one short week ago, he that now sleeps in the dust stood in the pulpit, and in soul-thrilling words, which those who listened to them will never forget, delivered his message from God, and won some souls to Christ. It was his first and last message to that people. There, with his blooming partner, he had assisted in the sweet melody of music; their rich tones delighting all hearers, and giving them a better idea than they had ever conceived before of the harmony of the choir above. Now both voices are hushed in the silence of the tomb. They have passed away as a shadow; ascended to the glorious spirit-land, there to sing before the throne the song of Moses and the Lamb.

Some will speak for many years of the preacher who came from England to preach only one sermon, call them to repentance and salvation, and then sink into the dust; and of the beautiful young wife who, when dying, though not informed that her husband had gone to the better land before her, could distinguish his well-known, well-beloved voice in the angel throng that had come to convoy her own happy spirit to the Throne of God and of the Lamb.

XIV.

THE BAFFLED EXTORTIONER.

THE infidel who turned his impious war
Against the walls of Zion, on the rock
Of ages built, and higher than the clouds,
Sinned, and received his due reward.

POLLOK.

THE newspaper press is a mighty power both for good and evil, and it exercises a wide-spreading influence in the creation and control of those events which make up the history of the times in which we live. On the one hand, a powerful impulse is given by such publications to the best and holiest sympathies of which human nature is susceptible; while, on the other, they awaken and develope with fearful intensity all the base and violent passions which find their home in the hearts of men.

Jamaica is no stranger to this influence, though lying far away from the great centres of civilization. Within her shores a small band of noble hearts, in the face of a hostile and powerful combination, have commenced the advocacy of those rights which belong to men as such and as British subjects. And already unjust and unequal laws, intended to buttress and sustain the vile institution of slavery, are beginning to give way. These laws impose disability and degradation upon all who have any portion of African blood flowing in their veins, though even fairer in complexion than many of the whites themselves, excluding them from the jury box and coroner's inquest, shutting them out from every kind of public employment, and even damming up the loving sympathies which the white father may be sometimes disposed to indulge towards his coloured offspring by prohibiting him, however wealthy and generous he may be, from

bequeathing to them more than a trifling pittance of his substance, all beyond that, if so bequeathed, being escheated to the crown.

But there is also here a portion of the newspaper press as profligate as ever pandered to oppression and sold itself to uphold and work wickedness. Devoted to the interests of those who make merchandise of man and wring wealth and luxurious enjoyment out of the sweat and blood of the slave, there are men associated with the press as unscrupulous as men not destitute of intelligence and education can well be;—men in whom conscience seems to be extinct, who ignore all the claims of truth, righteousness, or humanity. For the love of gain, these men unblushingly advocate every kind and degree of wrong which the system of slavery involves; and, with inveterate malignity, pour out unceasing abuse upon all whose sympathies are supposed to be in favour of those hundreds of thousands of wronged children of Africa, who, under the British flag, wasted by excessive labour, or hurried through a shorter path to the grave by the cat and cart-whip, are diminishing with such rapidity as threatens, in a few brief years, to effect their extermination.

Prominent among these are two persons who are associated with the "Courant and Public Advertiser," a daily sheet that has distinguished itself by a reckless scurrility, which has spared none but the slave-holding fraternity by whom it is patronized. One of these is the proprietor of the paper, an adventurer from some part of Great Britain, who has supplied the want of a liberal education by an extensive knowledge of men and things. He is shrewd and intelligent, of unbounded self-possession and effrontery, and endowed in a large degree with that insensibility to danger which graces the bull-dog, and is, in men, often mistaken for courage. Pugnacious as the animal mentioned, he is ever prompt at a quarrel, and little cares he whom it may be with; and he is quite prepared to bring any dispute to the arbitrament of the duel. He has been known to have two or three of these affairs upon his hands at the same time; and after shooting down one antagonist, making a wife a widow and children

fatherless, he has left the field to commence a journey of sixty or seventy miles, that he may meet an engagement of a similar kind on the following day. He has fought a duel with one opponent, and wounded him, and then encountered another before leaving the ground.

By an unconscientious devotion of his columns to planter interests, and unmeasured abuse of the missionaries, who are toiling to shed light and comfort upon the dark path of the slave, he has secured for his publication the widest circulation of all the papers of the island. It finds its way to every planter's table, and yields to its busy, bustling proprietor a very ample revenue; while at the same time it gives him an influence that has secured for him a place in the legislature of the colony, where his restless activity, associated with a ready utterance, such as few of his colleagues can boast of, enables him to figure as a man of mark.

Connected with him in the subordinate capacity of editor is a native of the "Land o' Cakes," who possesses all the evil attributes of his principal without any of what may be regarded as his redeeming qualities. He is altogether a lower type of humanity, coarse and vulgar, and wallowing habitually in the low, debasing vices which prevail in a slave colony. He has the credit of having once occupied the position of paymaster in the army, and of having forfeited that position in a way that tarnished the lustre of his reputation for strict integrity. An outcast from really respectable society, he has become the hireling panderer to the ignorant, godless prejudices of the slave-driving class. Monstrous inventions, and ribaldry of the lowest kind, commend the "Courant" to their patronage; and these savoury morsels, it is well understood, are the productions of Bruce, who makes no secret of the unbridled malignity with which he regards the missionaries.

Under the conduct of these men, the "Courant" newspaper has outstripped all its compeers in the race for popular favour, not, however, by the superior talent which it displays; though, in addition to its able proprietor, it can.

boast of the rector of St. Ann's and the minister of the Scotch Kirk as contributors to its columns. It is popular, because it is adapted in its immoral tone to the low tastes of the planters, and in the incessant abuse also which it pours upon the ministers of the crown, who have adopted measures that tend avowedly to the abolition of the sin and shame of slavery, which dishonours the national escutcheon. It continually vilifies the leading philanthropists of the day, who are arousing the conscience of the British nation to overthrow the system, as also all the evangelical churches of Britain, whose influence is thrown into the same scale. And in all this it is the exponent of the views and sentiments of those who live and fatten upon the forced unrequited labour of their fellow men. From day to day the paper teems with articles advocating sedition and rebellion against the imperial government, the expulsion and murder of the missionaries,—the Methodist missionaries in particular,—and the transfer of the colony to the United States. Thus it fosters and gives an impulse to the ferocious and vindictive passions of the planters, already sunk very low, under the embruting influence of a system which tends more than anything else to assimilate men to fiends. And thus it prepares them for those deeds of persecuting violence, which are destined to be the principal means of sweeping away the curse of human bondage from the British empire, by arousing the nation to demand its overthrow.

Situated in the eastern part of the city of Kingston, there stands a large and beautiful chapel; a brick building, with stone cornices and pilasters. Lofty and massive, it forms one of the principal ornaments of the city, and the interior exhibits an imposing appearance. It is surrounded on all sides by galleries deep and with considerable slope, the whole of the galleries being arranged in pews, while the lower floor is covered with fixed benches designed for the free use of the poorer part of the congregation. A double row of fluted columns, with Corinthian capitals, and a deep *entablature*, support the lofty ceiling. A corresponding

series of columns support the galleries, the lower entablature being surmounted by massive handrail and turned balustrades. The whole of these, with the cornices which surround the entire building, both above the gallery and beneath it, and the architraves of the windows and doors, are of varnished mahogany, the growth of the country, and impart to the structure a rich and imposing appearance. The pulpit, which is somewhat too lofty, and the reading desk in front of it, both somewhat of the lotus shape, are of the richest native mahogany, beautiful in colour and grain, and elaborately polished. Both pulpit and desk are accessible by means of a geometrical staircase, light, airy, and graceful, winding round the front of the pulpit, between it and the reading desk.

This noble structure, the work of a native architect, and not yet completely finished, has been recently erected to meet the necessities of the work, which, in the face of reproach and persecution, has so prospered that the largest sanctuary the Methodists have in the island will not contain, when crowded, half the communicants belonging to it. Desirous of possessing a building sufficiently commodious to receive the large numbers that assemble at missionary meetings and other extraordinary services, the erection of this handsome sanctuary was resolved on ; and the design has been carried through with a degree of energy and liberality that show the interest with which the undertaking is regarded by all classes of the people. There are a few whites connected with the society ; but it consists principally of the free coloured people and the slaves. And all have come forward with a noble munificence, supplying the funds as they have been wanted ; and a sanctuary, ample in its dimensions, and unsurpassed in tastefulness and beauty by any that rest upon the soil of this spacious colony, now furnishes the accommodation so long and so earnestly desired.

It is the afternoon of a day near the end of July, the fierce tropic heat of which is chastened and modified by a cool, refreshing sea breeze. For the free admission of cool

air, every window and door is thrown open as widely as possible. A large congregation is assembled, filling the spacious building in every part; the aisles being crowded, as well as the seats and pews. All shades of colour are to be seen there,—from the purest jet of the Negro, to the handsome Quadroon, the clear-skinned Mestifeno, and the unquestionable European, who is proud of his origin in a country where the aristocracy of complexion has firmly established itself, and guards its exclusive claims with the utmost jealousy. It is a missionary meeting whose attractions have drawn together the eager crowd of listeners that present such an animated appearance on all sides, above and below.

Almost in the centre of the chapel is a platform, so constructed as to admit of its occupants being seen and heard by all around them. In addition to the ministers, whose well known garb marks their character and office, there are a number of laymen; some of whose countenances, though radiant with intelligence, exhibit unmistakable traces of their relation to Africa, through one side, at least, of their parentage. Prominent in the group is the chairman, who occupies a seat, slightly raised, near the front of the platform. He is the Rev. John Barry; a tall and portly man, whose highly intelligent countenance, a plain index of an open genial temper, glows with satisfaction as he surveys the multitude around him. This gentleman is to be the hero of our tale. He is entitled on that as well as on other grounds to a more particular description than our limits enable us to afford to others who, like himself, are there to take part in a cause linked with the highest destinies of the human race.

Mr. Barry is one of a noble band of labourers contributed by the Irish Conference to the missionary enterprise. He has been in the island several years; long enough to win for himself, in a land which is the home of persecution, and where a ribald press pours contumely on the Christian teacher of the slave and coloured population, the homage which only eminent talent can command. A faithful and

earnest preacher of the cross, he is gentle and urbane to all, master and slave alike. Possessing the graces of an Apollos-like oratory, enriched with flashes of wit and humour, which have their home nowhere more properly than in the Emerald Isle, Mr. Barry stands unrivalled in pulpit popularity; and delighted thousands throng to listen to those strains of Christian eloquence which dwell upon his lips. It is not only because of the Christian love and respect cherished towards him by his ministerial brethren, that he has been requested by them to preside over the meeting. Rumours are afloat that something is plotting amongst the persecutors of religion in the city, and that the meeting is likely to be interrupted on some pretext or other; and in such case, both the judgment and self-possession of Mr. Barry may safely be relied on.

That this rumour is not groundless is manifest when the ministers take their places upon the platform. As Mr. Barry casts his eye around, there, in a prominent place in the gallery, overlooking the platform, in one of the passages, is Mr. Beaumont, the presiding genius of the "Courant" newspaper. Beside him is the man who acts under him as literary scavenger,—the notorious Bruce,—and several others belonging to the same class. No sympathy with the objects of the meeting or its promoters, no concern about the salvation of the heathen, would bring them there. They are the hireling traducers of missionary labourers, the blasphemers of all good men, and the enemies of all righteousness. Upon the platform, within a few feet of the chairman, is a missionary who, attenuated by persecution almost to a skeleton, has only just been released from a filthy dungeon, to which he has been consigned for preaching the truth. And these men in the gallery have hounded on the persecutors, and denounced, in language of unmeasured bitterness, both the living sufferer for righteousness' sake, and his martyred companion in suffering, who, wasted and worn out by the brutality and privation to which he was subjected, in a prison reeking with filth and poisonous odours, has sunk rapidly into the grave. No; it is not for any good purpose these

men, who never enter a Christian sanctuary, except, perhaps, to take part in a funeral ceremony, are there. And that is well understood by the masses around. Beaumont and Bruce are well known to all the people as the daily libellers of the missionaries; and many eyes are directed to the spot which they occupy.

Nor is it with entire complacency that their presence is regarded by some of the congregation. There are persons there who are not directly associated with the mission church, but have parents, relatives, and friends who have identified themselves therewith. There are not a few young men of colour, intelligent and high-spirited, whose indignation has been often aroused by the unscrupulous attacks made upon the missionaries and all associated with them by these two men, in the columns of the newspaper with which they are identified. And there is a light kindling in many eyes now bent upon the intruders, which shows that it will be a dangerous experiment for those bad men to attempt any interruption of the proceedings of the meeting.

Devotional exercises precede what is more especially the business of the occasion. These being closed, the chairman delivers an address, characterized by the graceful eloquence for which he is distinguished, and then resumes his seat. After a financial and statistical report has been presented to the meeting, a speaker, rising to the call of the chairman, advances to the front of the platform, and proceeds to address the meeting. He is announced as the missionary from Morant Bay, a place that has since acquired a painful notoriety as the scene of horrors and atrocities which cast a dark shadow upon the honour of the British nation. When his name is pronounced by the chairman, he stands forth, a sturdy, fine-looking man, whose handsome coal-black hair and whiskers would scarcely indicate that he derives his origin from the north side of the Tweed. Yet, such is the fact. Years ago, every town and village in the United Kingdom resounded with the war notes of the pibroch or the fife and drum, summoning the youth of the land to the battle fields of the Continent. Having scarcely crossed the

line that separates youth from manhood, he had left his own mountain land ; and, with the kilted heroes who struggled and triumphed in many a bloody field, he marched to the Peninsula. There, under Wellington, he assisted in the protracted struggle which exercised so powerful an influence on the destinies of Europe, until he fell, shot through the neck, and ended his military career before the walls of Toulouse. Awakened and brought to God, while associated with the army, through the pious labours of the godly Captain Hawtrej, he has been devoted, after needful preparation, to the arduous labours of a missionary in Jamaica ; a vocation which, in these days of reproach and persecution, requires true soldiers of the cross.

One subject to which the chairman has alluded, fraught with profound interest to the meeting, is the opposition which the slave-holding magistrates in the north-side parish of St. Ann's, led on by the rector, who is notorious for cruelty to his own slaves, are making to the establishment of the mission there. Already one devoted missionary has sunk into a premature grave, health and life exhausted in the filthy dungeon to which these men had consigned him. And another, now on the platform, has escaped a similar fate only by possessing greater powers of endurance ; having boldly asserted his privileges as a British subject, and shown that he is resolved to yield only with life his right of holding forth the Word of God to the wretched slave.

With unmistakeable Scottish accent, and with a good deal of humour, the speaker dwells upon the vain efforts of these magisterial persecutors to shut out the influences of the Gospel from their slaves. This produces no little excitement among the knot of persecutors in the gallery. The speaker proceeds to relate an anecdote concerning the rector of a certain parish in England, who waited upon the old squire to consult as to what he should do respecting the introduction of Methodism into the parish. The squire, with characteristic dryness, replied, "Get them out as fast as possible ; for, if they once get a footing in the parish, the devil himself won't get them out again." The excitement

amongst the party in the gallery is increased, and it is with great difficulty that Mr. Beaumont is prevented from getting up at this point to interrupt the proceedings of the meeting. His followers, however, seem to think it is a case in which discretion is the better part of valour. The sympathies of the assembly have been so thoroughly aroused by the speaker's remarks, that it will scarcely be a safe experiment for them, well known as abettors of the persecuting magistrates, to make any offensive demonstration.

Other speakers then address the meeting, amongst whom are the Baptist missionary of the city, and one, also a canny Scotchman, whose evidence, given before the Committees of both branches of the imperial parliament a few years later, is destined, together with that of the chairman, Mr. Barry, to exert no small influence in determining the final settlement of the slavery question by the complete overthrow of the atrocious system. Most of the speakers refer to the recent persecutions in St. Ann's. But Mr. Duncan has what is called the *collection speech*; and it appears to be excessively galling to the little knot of opposers that the auditory is greatly amused, while the speaker shows that the St. Ann's magistrates are really helping the cause they strive to hinder and suppress. To such an extent have the sympathies of the people in that parish, slave and free, been aroused, that they have sent a contribution of £97 to sustain the missionary work. After urging the people to be liberal in their contributions, Mr. Duncan returns to his seat.

At this juncture a strange voice is heard, and all eyes are directed towards the gallery from whence it proceeds. It is the well-known proprietor of the "Courant" newspaper. Claiming to be a magistrate, and to act in that capacity in rising to disperse the meeting, he proceeds to denounce the assembly as riotous and seditious, because several of the speakers have referred to the St. Ann's magistrates as imprisoning missionaries illegally for preaching the Gospel to the slaves, and have ridiculed the attempts which they have made to expel Christian teachers from the parish, and shut up the thousands of their bondsmen in heathen night.

THIS interruption of the proceedings, although not unexpected, has excited no little indignation, especially amongst the young coloured men of the congregation, well aware that Beaumont and his friends are there for some mischievous purpose, and very little disposed to brook their interference on such an occasion and in such a place. Mr. Beaumont and his knot of coadjutors would, in a few moments, be very summarily ejected, but for the interposition of the chairman, to whom the interrupter of the meeting, pale with fear, appeals for protection. He sees that the whole congregation have risen to their feet, and that several sturdy men are preparing to leave their pews; and he marks well the indignant expression of many countenances around him. He now finds out that he has committed himself to a hazardous experiment in attempting to interfere with the proceedings of the meeting, and is in danger of being somewhat roughly handled; and he calls loudly upon the chairman to protect him. A few words from Mr. Barry are sufficient to induce all to subside into their seats; and laughingly repudiating Mr. Beaumont's notion, that he has a right to break up the meeting as a seditious and riotous assembly, he requests that all will listen quietly to what the gentleman may choose to say.

The meeting is at once calmed down by the few judicious words proceeding from the chairman. Not so Mr. Beaumont. Strange to say, his usually indomitable self-possession has forsaken him. Pale and nervous with excitement, it is with difficulty he can get out a few words about the assembly being riotous and seditious, robbing the slaves, and holding up magistrates to ridicule and contempt. And then he and his friends hastily leave the chapel, amidst the laughter of the whole congregation, feeling that their absurd attempt to interfere with the Methodist meeting, which they went to break up, has terminated in exposing them to the ridicule of the whole community.

The next day, the columns of the "Courant" newspaper are largely occupied with what professes to be a report of the missionary meeting at Thames Street Chapel. All the

speakers are treated most bountifully with the scurrilous abuse and misrepresentation in which the "Courant" editor and proprietor are thoroughly efficient, through long practice. The missionaries and their work are vituperated with such unmeasured bitterness, as shows how deeply mortified they are with the failure of their mischievous effort to disturb and break up the missionary meeting. Denounced as secret agents of the Anti-Slavery Society, as disloyal to the government, as endeavouring to stir up the slaves to rebellion, as robbing the Negroes of their small savings, as firebrands that ought to be extinguished at any risk, the Methodist preachers are held up to the hatred of the entire slave-driving community, as too dangerous to be suffered to exist in the colony. On the other hand, the St. Ann's magistrates in particular are lauded for their patriotic efforts to rid the island of such pests, and put a stop to their preaching.

A temperate, well-written letter from Mr. Barry, inserted in the "Kingston Chronicle" of the following day, corrects the wild exaggerations and misstatements of the "Courant," and informs those who were not present, of what really took place at the missionary meeting. This cannot well be done without presenting the conduct of Mr. Beaumont and his followers in such a light as turns the laugh upon them on all sides, and the baffled experimenters find it hard to endure the jeers and scoffs of their boon companions, who rally them unsparingly on "the failure of their crusade against the Methodist parsons," and on their being "compelled to beat an ignominious retreat."

But the principal of the "Courant" office is not a man to be easily put out of countenance; nor is he inclined to sit down tamely under his defeat. He finds it impossible to make out any thing like a charge of holding a riotous assembly, or uttering seditious language, though well disposed to do so. For, after all, the utmost that could be proved would be, that some of the speakers held up, in a ridiculous point of view, the fruitless attempts of the St. Ann's magistrates to prevent the spread of the truth amongst the slaves, by persecuting and imprisoning missionaries. It would be hopeless,

with such a man upon the bench as now fills the office of chief justice, to attempt to press any such charge. But something may be done with the law of libel, and a jury of Jamaica white men, with their well-known hatred to the missionaries and their work. Mr. Barry's letter is eagerly scanned, in the hope that something may be selected, from the caustic remarks which have made the "Courant" editors and their party a laughing-stock in the colony, that may be tortured into ground for an action of libel.

"Ah! here is something that will do! This may serve the purpose, and I may succeed in making a planter jury believe that he has uttered 'a false, scandalous, and malicious libel,' in saying, concerning me, Augustus Hardin Beaumont, 'That I laughed at the gentleman's threat of dissolving the meeting, I readily admit; and I do not remember at any time to have seen magisterial dignity so completely sunk.'" Upon the charge of libel founded on this extract, the offended editor of the "Courant," as he can find nothing that will suit his purpose better, resolves to arraign Mr. Barry, the chairman of the meeting, before a Jamaica court and jury.

Eight months have passed away, and another scene presents itself to our view. The place is the assize court of the county of Surrey; and it is thronged in every part by eager spectators of all hues. Not a few whites are there, including the principal mercantile and professional residents, who constitute the aristocracy of the city of Kingston. Some of these exhibit, in their peculiar type of countenance, the unmistakeable marks of having derived their origin from the illustrious Chaldean who was honoured with the designation, "The friend of God." The full-blood African, the Sambo, the Mulatto, the Quadroon, the Mestee, and the Mestifeno, who claims by law the privilege of being considered white, all are there. And all exhibit an unusual degree of interest and expectation; for the cause of "Beaumont *versus* Barry" is to be tried, an action for libel, and it understood that both parties, dispensing with counsel, will plead for themselves.

With the plaintiff, this is nothing unusual; for, being of

a pugnacious and litigious disposition, there is seldom an assize court held in the county, but he is before it, either as plaintiff or defendant; and he prides himself upon his forensic ability and cleverness. With the defendant it is different; but his trust is in the righteousness of his cause, and in the promised help of the Divine Master, whose servant he is. He has some confidence in the integrity of the presiding judge. Three judges occupy the bench, two of whom are non-professionals, one being a merchant in the city, and the other connected with the press; it being the custom to appoint the puisné judges of the grand court from the local gentry. Both are held in esteem as highly intelligent and gentlemanly men; but being more or less mixed up with the planting interest, and both of them owners of slaves, there is no doubt that their prepossessions will be in favour of Mr. Beaumont. But the chief justice is one whose integrity in his high office is not to be doubted. He is a Creole, that is, a native of the country; and has won his way to eminence at the bar, and ultimately to the bench. He is but little, if at all, inferior to his elder brother, also a Jamaican judge, whose splendid forensic abilities have enabled him to achieve the high office of attorney-general of England, and will shortly after raise him to the bench, and enable him, a peer of the realm, to take his place among that illustrious list of English judges, whose eminent talents and incorruptible integrity, during the last two centuries, have not only reflected lustre upon the country where they have shone as some of its brightest ornaments, but inspired a degree of confidence in the administration of the laws, unparalleled in any other nation of the world. It is the younger brother of Sir James Scarlett, attorney-general of England, afterwards Lord Abinger, who fills the office of chief justice of Jamaica. He also has received from his majesty the honour of knighthood; and presides over the administration of justice in the colony with an ability and impartiality never surpassed, perhaps never equalled, by any of his predecessors.

His presence on the bench is to Mr. Barry, who knows

him to be a man who fears and loves God, a guarantee that neither planter interests nor sectarian prejudices will, so far as the presiding judge can prevent it, be allowed to interfere with the fair administration of justice. The jury already impanelled is not much to be relied on. Jamaica juries are at the period of our narrative largely composed of a class of men, with whom the sanctity of an oath is not a very weighty consideration. They consist principally of planters; men whose moral sense is blunted, if not destroyed, by the closest contact with slavery, and who become in many instances as embruted as human beings can be, by having to do with the administration of this loathsome system of injustice and cruelty. But they are not all of this class. Several of those impanelled in the jury box belong to the mercantile class in the city. Though all are white men,—for the time has not yet come when a man tinged with African blood is permitted to act as a juryman,—yet these are persons whose residence in the city has given them a better opportunity of understanding the true character both of the “*Courant*” editors and the missionaries than their planter coadjutors. They are men who may be expected to do right.

The charge having been read by the clerk of the court, accusing the defendant of “having wrongfully, falsely, maliciously, and injuriously composed, wrote, and caused to be composed, written, and published, in a certain newspaper, called the ‘*Kingston Chronicle and Jamaica Journal*,’ a certain false, malicious and defamatory libel of and concerning the said plaintiff,” &c., &c.; Mr. Beaumont rises to open his case, and commences thus:—

“May it please your honours;—gentlemen of the jury;—you are to decide upon an action instituted by me, as a magistrate of the city, against a Methodist preacher. The record avers, 1. That I was a magistrate of Kingston. (Mr. Beaumont was a corporation magistrate only, but quite disposed to magnify his office.) 2. That, whilst I held this office, the defendant and numerous other persons were riotously and unlawfully assembled together in this city. 3. That as I was required by my office, I interfered to put an end to

this unlawful assembly, as it is averred it was my duty to do. 4. That, the defendant, intending to injure my reputation as a magistrate of this city, and to misrepresent my conduct in reminding him of his violation of the law, a few days after published a libel, accusing me of having degraded my office on the occasion of my interference with himself and other sectarian preachers, his companions, who, as it will be proved to you, were engaged, in open violation of the law, stirring up a multitude of slaves and free persons of colour to acts of insubordination, by political harangues, in a place which was generally supposed to be one appropriated for religious purposes exclusively, and in which capacity alone it was recognised by the law of the island."

He then proceeds with an address fraught with abuse and invective, making frequent reference to the case of Smith (the martyred missionary) of Demerara; and leaving no doubt upon any intelligent hearer's mind that he relies, for success in this action, upon the well known prejudices against missionaries which possess the public mind, and which he has fostered to the utmost in his newspaper. Having rung the changes at great length upon "riotous and seditious assemblies," "turning magistrates into ridicule," "plundering the slaves," &c., &c., and appealing with all the power of which he is capable to their interest in the maintenance of slavery and their jealousy of and prejudice against the missionary teachers of the Negro, he proceeds to call his witnesses.

First there is Mr. Gutzmer, the chief of the city police; then Bruce, the editor of the "Courant" newspaper, and some half dozen others, by whose testimony the plaintiff endeavours to prove that the orderly and harmless missionary meeting was a seditious and riotous assembly. But unfortunately for him, on being subjected to a close cross-examination by Mr. Barry, no two of them can agree together as to the precise language used by any of the speakers. All that they can testify is, that "something was said about the missionaries and the St. Ann's magistrates, and their not being more clever than the devil in getting the mission-

aries driven out of the parish." All are constrained to acknowledge that there was nothing in the least degree riotous and disorderly; only a little laughter and cheering when the speakers said anything that pleased the congregation. And their testimony goes clearly to show that there was nothing to require Mr. Beaumont's interference as a magistrate, but that it was altogether gratuitous and uncalled for.

There are no more witnesses to bring forward, except two or three of the aldermen of the city, to bear testimony that during the brief period since Mr. Beaumont was invested with magisterial dignity by his election as an alderman, he has conducted himself in the office with propriety. The case has utterly failed so far as it was designed to show that he was justified in displaying his magisterial authority by interrupting the proceedings of the missionary meeting.

The bustling little man, so confident a little while before that he might rely for a verdict upon the strong prejudices and prepossessions of the jury against the accused Methodist parson, has evidently become fidgetty and nervous. He is not much re-assured by the expression which he is acute enough to read on the countenances of the jury. They do not look exactly as he would like to see them. Still less does he like the calm self-possession of his antagonist. A broad smile overspreading his fine, good-humoured face, and the light of superior intelligence gleaming from his eye, there he sits within a few feet of his accuser, as calm and unmoved as if the practice of a court of law were his every-day vocation; not a muscle of his countenance disturbed by the envenomed accusations with which he has been assailed.

The plaintiff announces that his case is closed. Then Mr. Barry rises to state that he will call no witnesses. This announcement produces a strange effect on the plaintiff. Already become very anxious about the success of his cause, which, he feels, has begun to wear a dubious aspect, he is wrought up to a state of violent excitement when he finds that he is out-generalled by the placid gentleman opposed to him. For the course which the defendant proposes to

take cuts him off from the right of reply. He foams at the mouth with rage, as, starting from his seat, he insists that the defendant must stand or fall by the law, which he, the plaintiff, has quoted as applicable to the case. Not so. With a coolness exhibiting a striking contrast to the excitement of the plaintiff, Mr. Barry asserts his right also to produce quotations from the law, upon which his adversary may, if he chooses to do so, give his opinion, before he, Mr. Barry, proceeds to address the court and jury in defence. The court, notwithstanding the violent objections raised by the plaintiff, affirms the right that is claimed. The books Mr. Barry is about to quote from are handed over to the plaintiff, who brings upon himself the rebuke of the court by attempting to obliterate the memoranda and remove the marks made by Mr. Barry to facilitate his reference to the authorities he intends to cite. The presiding judge, observing this, remarks, "O, Mr. Beaumont! it must be a very bad cause indeed that requires such conduct as that." The law quotations are then read by Mr. Barry, proving that the missionary meeting was neither riotous nor seditious, that the plaintiff had no right whatever to interfere with its proceedings, and that there was nothing in the words in question that rendered them liable to be regarded as libellous.

Deprived of the important last word, by Mr. Barry declining to call witnesses, the irritated plaintiff attempts to pour ridicule upon the authorities quoted by his adversary, and endeavours to persuade the jury that those authorities, relative to riots and riotous assemblies, are founded upon British laws not extending to the island. He then proceeds further to appeal to the pro-slavery and sectarian prejudices which he assumes the jury to possess:—"That the defendant is not less entitled to your justice because he is a sectarian preacher is undoubted; he possesses the same rights as I do, but no more. He is not permitted, because he is a sectarian preacher, to assemble a large multitude of slaves, and, in a house sanctioned for religious purposes only, excite them *to disaffection* and sedition by describing the magistracy of

the country as fools and devils. It would be no answer for Mr. Barry to say that he did not use this language; he presided at an assembly when this language was used, and in the eye of the law he is equally guilty. I, as a magistrate, had a duty to fulfil which the law imposed, and I, by my oath of office, was sworn to perform. That duty was not less imperative on me because I was a proprietor of a newspaper, and Mr. Barry a Methodist preacher. His illegal acts were not thereby justified; my duty was not less imperative; for having fearlessly and honestly performed it, I am not less entitled to your protection, and to have my rights vindicated by you. That my conduct as a magistrate is correct, I have proved; that I have always conducted myself with integrity, and that I have never lowered the office, is proved by the testimony of gentlemen whose applause is honour; and certainly is not to be sunk to a comparison with the slanders of men who, under the pretence of teaching Christianity, turn the temple of God into a Stock Exchange alley, who barter the character of the magistracy of the island for gold dollar pieces, pistoles, any thing that is not short of a maccaroni," (a slang term for a quarter dollar,) "and who have made the house of God a place of money-changers. Was this the object of our laws, when the legislature of Britain passed the Toleration Acts, and allowed such men as the defendant to propagate their opinions of Christianity? Did it mean to give them a charter, a monopoly of extortion? Did it authorize the defendant and his compeers to vilify the magistracy, to barter away their reputations '*for any thing not short of a maccaroni*;' or to preach sedition, nonsense, and obscenity? Is this Christianity? Is this the religion your slaves are to be taught? Is this the religion which the Founder of the Christian code established? Did the Saviour of mankind teach His disciples to ask for dollar pieces, pistoles, '*any thing not short of a maccaroni*?' No; we find it thus written in Matthew, Mark, and Luke:—'*And Jesus went into the temple, and cast out all those that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-*

changers; and He taught, saying unto them, Is it not written, My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer? but ye have made it a den of thieves.' Such was the opinion of the Founder of the Christian religion of the seekers after 'any thing not short of a maccaroni.'

"This trial is of no common importance. If you allow that defendant to pass unpunished, no magistrate, in future, will dare to perform his duty. In this question, it matters not whether the magistrates of St. Ann's, whom this defendant and his coadjutors vilified, had performed their duty or not. It is true these magistrates were, on *ex-parte* accusation, without the form of a trial, and without being allowed to utter one word in their own defence, expelled the magistracy by the late lieutenant-governor, for an act which the statute law of the island had required them to perform.* But even if the conscience of these punished, though untried, magistrates was censurable, was the defendant permitted to turn 'the house of God,' as they call it, not only into a place of money-changing, of buying and selling, or such a place as, in Scripture, is emphatically called 'a den of thieves;' but also into a court of political and judicial inquiry, where the reverend defendant presided like another Caiaphas, or rather Pontius Pilate, immolating the character of the magistracy to propitiate the pathos of the assembled multitude, and to gather 'every thing not short of a maccaroni,' or, as another preacher said, 'even five-pence pieces?'

"The defendant has complimented the mayor and the rest of the magistracy of this city, while he was depreciating me. This is easily accounted for. Few of my associates in the magistracy like to encounter the animosity of the gatherers of the maccaronies. I have defied their wrath and done my duty. I claim vindication for the wrong done me for discharging my public office. It is no answer to say that I have sustained no pecuniary injury. Were this rule

* The St. Ann's magistrates referred to had been dismissed from office for abusing their authority, and violating the law, in committing missionaries to gaol for preaching the Gospel, one of whom had died in consequence of their illegal proceedings.

to be established, then the higher a man's character for talent and honesty puts him beyond the reach of the force of the calumniator's arrows, the more subject is he to be a mark for the aim of his traducers. But, gentlemen, this is not law, and it is not reason or justice. Besides, we all know serious injury is done by these slanderers. We all have seen a commission sent out to a custos of another parish on similar fabrications, and we have seen the colonial character traduced by sectarians, as is admitted in the defendant's letter.

"In no country has prejudice less hold than in Jamaica. We have seen one of our judges, in his capacity as a member of assembly, advocating, and successfully advocating, with all his energies, the support of the Kirk of Scotland in this country, though he was himself attached to the Episcopalian Church of England. Here was a proof of liberal feeling. He acted thus, because he considered that he was promoting the knowledge of the essentials of true religion. Would this judge have done this, had such conduct been followed in the kirk as I have proved was pursued in the tabernacle of the sectarians? Would he not rather have sought to uproot it for ever?*

"In bringing this defendant before you, I have completed my public duty. My knowledge of recent events had convinced me that factious doctrines from the pulpit had caused the rebellion and consequent slaughter at Demerara. My knowledge of law had taught me that these factious preachments were not only dangerous, but unlawful. My knowledge of Christianity has instructed me that such acts were those of thieves, not of Christians. My oath of office required me to suppress such assemblies, and I honestly performed my duty. I gave my antagonist the opportunity of showing that his libel was true. He has failed in doing so. He has this day been proved to be a man aiding others in getting

* The minister of the kirk in question was a man who, possessing some ability, sold himself notoriously to uphold human slavery, and frequently in a private way vilified the missionaries through the columns of the "Courant."

money by extortion, under pretence of teaching Christianity ; making the house of God a den of public robbers. I have fully proved the falsity of his slander on my conduct. I have shown that his slander has all the essentials of a libel,—its falsehood, its malice, its venality.

“ Whether I am a fit man to hold magisterial office, is not to be determined by such men as the defendant. The law, and the guardians of that law, some of the most respected and honoured men of Jamaica, who elected me to that office, have decided that I am fit to hold this station ; and you have heard the honourable testimony these men have this day given in my favour. Unless you mean to sanction such conduct as that proved against the defendant ; unless you mean to allow him, and others like him, to extort money from your slaves ; to denounce the magistrates, from their pulpits, as devils and fools ; to emulate Smith the missionary, and to turn Jamaica into another Demerara ; unless you intend to prevent any magistrate from daring to suppress their seditious, extortionate harangues, you will find this defendant guilty, and assess him in the full amount of £2,000 sought, giving to himself and the whole herd of preachers this salutary lesson, that, not even to gather up the dollar pieces, and ‘any thing not short of a maccaroni,’ will they be permitted to preach sedition, instead of the Gospel, to our slaves.

“ The damages will not be borne by Mr. Barry alone, but by the whole body which he represents ; the corporation, the company, the federal band of maccaroni hunters, as well in Thames Street, Kingston, as elsewhere. All will contribute to release their beloved brother from the consequences of a heavy verdict ; the consequences of seeking too anxiously after ‘every thing not short of a maccaroni.’ I am sure you do not intend to encourage the sectarians preaching sedition and extorting money, and, at the same time, to censure and punish the magistrate who has attempted to compel them to obey, not himself, but the law. I have placed myself foremost in the breach made by such men as the defendant in the constitution of the country. All their

energies are directed against me. I look to be supported by the juries of Jamaica in resisting the invasions made upon her rights by the legions of cant, extortion, and sedition. Never forget that the sedition of Smith, a missionary in Demerara, occasioned the revolt amongst the slaves in that country. Neglect me; allow me to be trampled on by those whose assaults on the citadel of our laws I have sought to repel; then their attack must be successful. Your slaves will be taught sedition; they will learn to rebel, and your lives and fortunes will be sacrificed. As your laws perish, so must yourselves, your wives and children, fall. I have fulfilled my duty; but mine is an inferior ministerial office in the temple of justice. I have bound that defendant about and about with the bonds of the law. I have dragged the seditious extortioner before you. Yours is the arm of justice; let it fall upon this public offender; this chairman of those whom the Bible calls a 'den of thieves;' this public extortioner; this public robber; this robber of the poor; this robber of the slave."

Exhausted with the delivery of this grandiloquent invective, into which he has thrown all the ability and address he can command, the injured (?) magisterial dignitary subsides into his seat. Mr. Barry, who seems to be but little the worse for the thunder which, for more than an hour, has been rolling about his head, rises to commence his defence in the following terms:—

"May it please your honours;—gentlemen of the jury;—you have heard the fierce and elaborate address of the plaintiff,—into which he has thrown whatever talent and energy he possesses,—attempting to prove the charge against me of having insulted him in the discharge of his duty as a magistrate. You have heard him cite a variety of precedents and authorities to prove, what I am willing in a moment to admit, that to libel a magistrate, as such, in the execution of his duty, is not only cognizable, but punishable, by law. It may appear strange to you gentlemen, that an individual, sustaining the character of a minister of religion, should appear in his own proper person

to plead to an action like the present. But when I consider the frivolous nature of the charge,—a charge, the mere submitting of which to a British jury is an insult to their judgment and integrity; when I consider the character of the plaintiff, *an unceasing and notorious libeller*; when I consider his conduct in courts of justice, as calculated to lessen and undermine that respect which ought ever to be cherished in the public mind towards our judicial institutions; when I consider the supreme contempt with which he appears to treat the Jamaica bar,—a bar composed of gentlemen whose attainments would render in the plaintiff the bare idea of comparison unpardonable arrogance and presumption; and, above all, when I consider the plaintiff's motive in sending out this action, a desire to come in personal collision with me,—for this he has avowed:—yes, gentlemen, he has declared that, were I to retain counsel, he would withdraw the action, but, were I to plead *in propria personâ*, he would follow it up,—I say that, under all these circumstances, I should feel it degrading to have employed counsel to plead to such an action, instituted by such a man, and tried by a jury of my countrymen bound by the solemn obligation of an oath. I am perfectly aware, gentlemen, that, were it not for the public situation which I hold in the Wesleyan Society, you would never have been called on to try this action. The plaintiff, fully conscious of the prejudice which unfortunately exists in this island against some bodies of dissenters, and judging, no doubt, from his own views and principles, that he might *possibly* find a jury who, under the influence of this prejudice, would be disposed to grant him a verdict, makes the trial, and institutes the process; and I fearlessly aver, gentlemen, that, were I a mere private citizen, such a course would never have been adopted. But does the existence of this unhappy feeling make me afraid to place my cause in your hands this day? Can I fear for a moment that this ground of success assumed by the plaintiff shall influence your decision? Can I believe that private or personal aversion will, in the minds of Britons, rise paramount to the claims of truth and justice?

No, gentlemen ;—and I care not who the individuals are that occupy that seat,—I place, with unshaken confidence, my claims to a verdict in the hands of men who will render that justice to another which they would demand for themselves. It is true, gentlemen, that, in some of the minor points of religious faith, you and I may happen to differ ; but God forbid that a difference in religious opinions should cause us to trample beneath our feet those public and sacred rights in which we all glory. God forbid that a difference in religion should lead us to disregard the high requisitions of those precepts and doctrines which we equally recognise, and which inculcate the great duty of Christian charity, without which our world would become a field of blood. Whatever may be our peculiar views in religion, I regard you, gentlemen, as believers in a Divine revelation, and as respecting its tremendous sanctions. I view you under the awful obligation of an oath, and feeling the weight of that obligation. I do not, then, in the common language of courts, call upon you to exclude prejudice from your minds. No ; let prejudice, if you feel it, operate to its full extent. Your judgment, your justice, your integrity, your veneration for the law of God, your respect for your solemn oath, but, above all, your anticipations of that last great day when you and I shall stand before a higher tribunal, when the Judge of all the earth shall do right, and from whose decision no possible appeal can lie ;—I say, gentlemen, all these considerations shall conquer, *must* conquer, every feeling in your bosoms but that which prompts to the exercise of justice between man and man.

“ It has been insinuated that I stand connected with the African Institution, and correspond with the Colonial Office as the enemy of this colony. But, gentlemen, I solemnly declare that I do not know a single individual of that Institution, and that I have never, directly or indirectly, communicated with the Colonial Office. During the period of my residence in this island, I have never transmitted to the mother-country any information injurious to the country or its magistracy. No, gentlemen, I never had cause to do so ;

and the motive for such an implication must be obvious. I have long been represented by the plaintiff as endeavouring to counteract the designs of the legislative body of Jamaica, and endangering the safety of the island. But I defy the plaintiff to afford the slightest proof of these charges. And, gentlemen, so generally have these false insinuations been circulated, that, before my case was submitted to the court, I was told that, as a Wesleyan missionary, I could have no chance of acquittal in a Jamaica court, and by a Jamaica jury. But, gentlemen, do I believe this? Solemnly I do not. I have seen that in this court two days since which would have induced me to place my life in the hands of their honours on the bench, and the jury that occupied your place; and I feel the most undoubted assurance that justice will, this day, be equally and impartially administered.

“Much stress has been laid by Mr. Beaumont on the circumstance of my not calling witnesses to rebut the testimony adduced on his part. But, gentlemen, why call witnesses? What did his witnesses prove? Why, they *attempted* to fix the charge of *sedition* on the meeting. But do I now stand before you on a charge of sedition? Has a criminal information been filed against me? Why, then, should I adduce testimony to disprove that of which I am not formally and legally accused? The plaintiff has sophistically endeavoured to mix up in his address to you sedition and libel. Why, gentlemen? That he might raise a volume of dust for the purpose of escaping in the cloud he had produced. But this will not, *cannot* deceive so intelligent a jury as that I am now addressing. He has also asserted that an improper junction was formed between the Baptists and Wesleyans for political purposes, and that the meeting was held merely to forward those purposes. Gentlemen, such meetings are held all over Great Britain and Ireland. I have been invited to the platform with and by the clergy of the Church of England. Was that for the purposes of political union? You are fully aware it was not; and yet it was quite as much so as the junction alluded to. The Wesleyans and Baptists are quite distinct; our doctrines, our discipline,

our economy are different. Our respective societies sometimes imagine we stand too much opposed to each other. But there is a common ground we all occupy; and for the general dissemination of religion we combine. Such was the object of the meeting. It was held, not for political purposes, but to raise funds in order to send Christian missionaries to distant parts of the world. But, gentlemen, though it was not necessary for me to bring forward witnesses to disprove that with which I was not charged, I must direct your attention to the nature of the meeting to show that, it not being illegal, the plaintiff had no right of interference. Though not exactly an act of worship, it was yet a religious service, commenced and concluded with singing and prayer, publicly announced, open to all, and in which any man was welcome to express his sentiments, even in opposition to the object of the meeting, so long as he conducted the discussion temperately and properly. The authorities already cited to you irrefragably prove to you that there was not a single feature of the meeting which made it illegal. Mr. Gutzmer swears that he could not say that any of the speakers called the magistrates of St. Ann's fools and devils; the other witnesses will not swear to it. Mr. Bruce deposes that, until the plaintiff rose to speak, there was not the least appearance of disorder. The boy, Chamberlaine, swears there was a rush; his cross-examination proved that to have been impossible. The people, the greater part composed of whites and respectable persons of colour, were cooped up in pews. There was but a narrow passage between those pews and the walls. The plaintiff sat in a narrow passage traversing the pews, the doors of which opened into that passage. He swears the people were *in* the pews, that the doors were not opened, and that the passage in which Mr. Beaumont stood would hold about twelve or twenty persons. Now, gentlemen, where was the possibility of a rush? There was a rising, I grant, such as a strange voice and a strange speaker would have occasioned in any meeting. The audience stood in order to have a view of the person addressing the meeting. This was the tumult.

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him who had so repeatedly libelled his majesty's government; to his
impressing the duty of submission to the laws; and to hear
him who had endeavoured to excite a spirit of insurrection
in the inhabitants of Jamaica, and encourage them to revolt
from the mother country by reminding them that the
resources of America, in her first struggle for independence,
were not as great as those Jamaica possesses, harangue in a
Methodist chapel to put down sedition? A singular character
is this modern Proteus, gentlemen; seditious in the
morning, loyal at night; black at one moment, white at the
next; capable of assuming what form and character he
pleases, and all for the accomplishment of his own purposes!
Yes, gentlemen; and on the subject of the meeting I honestly
declare that it was only Mr. Beaumont's character as a
magistrate which secured him my respect. As a private
man, or as the editor of the 'Courant,' I never respected, I

Another witness swears that all the riot he saw was laughter, arising from the relation of some anecdotes ; one of which was what gave rise to the plaintiff's confusion about ' devils and fools.' But surely, gentlemen, laughter is not sedition, or riot ! The plaintiff endeavours to explain away my argument founded upon the authority of Blackstone, by referring to the island laws ; but he seems to forget that, in the case of the King *versus* Whitehouse, the October grand court decided that the Toleration Act, and all subsequent statutes down to George I., were clearly in force in this island, and that we are bound and protected by their provisions. Nothing then could have constituted the meeting illegal here but what would have constituted it illegal in England ; and I have clearly proved that by the provisions of that law it was not illegal. The question now arises, what had the plaintiff to do by interfering ? His interference was entirely uncalled for ; and allowing that he *might have thought* himself called upon to do so, why did he not act constitutionally ? Why not read the Riot Act, and disperse it by proclamation ? Was the announcement, ' I am a magistrate,' sufficient ? Though an attempt to break up the meeting even by proclamation, under the circumstances, would have been highly illegal, yet my respect for the laws would have induced me at once to dissolve the meeting.

" But again, gentlemen, I contend that no seditious language was used, and therefore no magistrate had a right to interfere. If words were spoken in contempt of a magistrate, say of St. Ann's, the magistrate had his remedy at law, and the party might afterwards be indicted ; but this would not constitute the meeting illegal ; and if, under such circumstances, any magistrate interfered, *he* acted illegally, and would be answerable for the consequences. His right to interfere to disperse the meeting could be founded only on riotous or seditious conduct at that meeting. Suppose, gentlemen, you were to assemble on some festive occasion ; suppose an individual of your company were to drop some expression which you might not approve of ; suppose a *magistrate* were to interfere and command you to disperse,

would you consider such interference legal and constitutional? Certainly not. Exactly in the same point of view you must consider the conduct of the plaintiff.

“That I said I laughed at the plaintiff, I do certainly admit; and, gentlemen, I cannot to this moment recollect it without laughing. I am sure, had you been present, you would have joined with me; and, I trust, without the imputation of crime. Who, gentlemen, could have avoided laughing to behold the plaintiff, the youngest member of the common council, the youngest magistrate of Kingston, pushing himself forward on such an occasion, when at a former meeting at which I presided, and at which Mr. Beaumont would no doubt have smelt sedition had he been present, respectable magistrates of standing and members of assembly attended, and they did not interrupt us? Who would not have laughed to see the great Mr. Beaumont interfere by saying, ‘I am a magistrate,’ instead of reading the Riot Act? Who, gentlemen, would not have laughed to see the plaintiff, who, on the morning of that very day, had libelled some of the highest public functionaries in the island, attend the missionary meeting in the evening to teach the Wesleyans respect for the local authorities; to hear him who had so repeatedly libelled his majesty’s government impressing the duty of submission to the laws; and to hear him who had endeavoured to excite a spirit of insurrection in the inhabitants of Jamaica, and encourage them to revolt from the mother country by reminding them that the resources of America, in her first struggle for independence, were not as great as those Jamaica possesses, harangue in a Methodist chapel to put down sedition? A singular character is this modern Proteus, gentlemen; seditious in the morning, loyal at night; black at one moment, white at the next; capable of assuming what form and character he pleases, and all for the accomplishment of his own purposes! Yes, gentlemen; and on the subject of the meeting I honestly declare that it was only Mr. Beaumont’s character as a magistrate which secured him my respect. As a private man, or as the editor of the ‘*Courant*,’ I never respected, I

never could respect him; and were he not invested with authority by the laws, I would have put him down. I cannot at all conjecture why the plaintiff supposes that I treated him disrespectfully as a magistrate. His witnesses prove that I treated him with the greatest respect. I could not, gentlemen, condemn the magistracy. I view them as appointed by God Himself, for the promotion and security of the public weal. I have frequently, in my professional character, had to address the magistrates on the subject of licences. I appeal to them whether I have ever acted indecorously. I was never so unpleasantly circumstanced with any magistrates as with those of St. Ann's, in the case of Messrs. Orton and Whitehouse; and yet, gentlemen, I revered their office, and treated them with that deference which is due to their position; and I must say they knew how to respect me. It is quite amusing to hear the plaintiff talk of promoting the ends of justice, and the good of the public. He would make you believe, gentlemen, that he is actuated merely by public motives in bringing this action; but if so, why not adopt those means by which, if I were guilty, the ends of the law would be answered? Why not have a criminal information filed against me? Why? Because he well knew such an indictment could not be sustained; because he knows a jury would not find me guilty, or if they did, the bench would fine me seven-pence half-penny; but he brings an action of trespass on the case, hoping out of my pocket to recruit his private resources.

"It now becomes my duty, gentlemen, to turn your attention to the alleged libel itself, arising, not out of the circumstances of the meeting, but from a subsequent slander in the 'Courant,' which stated that I had defied the mayor and the municipal authorities; of which slander my letter, containing the alleged libel, was but a refutation. I have already stated to you the law of libel, and proved that the words were not at all libellous. How does the plaintiff endeavour to overthrow my argument? Why, by asserting that there is a difference between verbal and written slander. Granted; but it was on the subject of written

slander I addressed you, and showed that if the words published did not involve some scandalous crime, for which the plaintiff, if brought before a court of justice and convicted, would be punishable by the law, they were not libellous.” (Here Mr. Barry quoted Blackstone, and some cases from Selwyn, strongly supporting his views.) “Now I ask, did anything I wrote involve such an offence? Did I impute any crime to the plaintiff? Did I charge him with that for which the law would punish him? No gentlemen; and the severest criticism could not possibly torture the words into libel. Let us take them in connexion with other parts of the letter, and setting the law aside, which has already judged them, examine them by the touchstone of common sense. The plaintiff has taken no notice of that passage in my letter which contains a quotation from Propertius, a poet contemporary with Ovid, which declares that every man has a vice to which he is inclined by nature; and Mr. Beaumont, the first man I have ever known who wishes to be considered as wholly exempted from natural imperfections, is highly offended by the application of the passage. As this gentleman is very fond of referring to classic authorities, I would remind him of Horace, who confirms the sentiment of Propertius. He says, ‘*Nam sine vitiis nemo nascitur* ;’ that is, in plain English, ‘No one is born without vices ;’ and yet Mr. Beaumont must be entirely exempted. Some of us are naturally addicted to passion, some to pride, and others to pleasure; but here is a man by nature possessing every virtue, and prompted by no imperfection or failing or vice in any form. And yet, laying all authority aside, if there be any truth in the systems of Gall, Spurzheim, and Lavater, the plaintiff is the very last man whom from the conformation of his skull or the expression of his countenance, I should suppose exempted from the imperfections of human nature. I have already proved that the imputation of moral defect, or of natural imperfection, is not at all actionable. But, gentlemen, look at the words according to the interpretation which common sense must attach to them. What are they? I never saw

magisterial dignity so sunk ! Is not this, I would ask, the plain meaning of the phrase, that Mr. Beaumont was of all men I have known, least capable of sustaining the dignity of the magisterial character ? And may not this be the case ? May not one man be more eligible to fill an office than another ? And shall an opinion founded on their comparative merits subject a man to the payment of damages ? Mr. Beaumont, for instance, hears me preach : I do not meet his expectations. He tells his friend, or publishes to the world, that he never knew clerical dignity so completely sunk as in me. I get offended, send out an action for slander, and claim compensation at your hands : but would you grant me a verdict ? Certainly not. Again : we all know that one justice of the peace may preside with more judgment and ability than another ; but must a man's opinion on comparative inferiority subject him to the penalty of the law ? Surely not. Take the Jamaica bar for instance. The plaintiff has depreciated the collective talent of the gentlemen of that bar, in order to appreciate those of an individual who possesses, I doubt not, talents of a high order. But suppose the gentlemen concerning whom the invidious comparison was made sought to recover damages by your verdict, could you conscientiously grant them ? Certainly you would not ; and yet the plaintiff, who cannot be satisfied with a reasonable amount of popularity, but must be superior to all other men, claims compensation under similiar circumstances. In the early stage of the Spartan history, Pedaretus offered himself as a candidate for admission among the three hundred, and was rejected. But how did he act on the occasion ? Why, *he rejoiced that there were in Sparta three hundred men who were better than he !* How would Mr. Beaumont have felt and acted under these circumstances ? He would, I imagine, if present laws existed at that time, have brought his action of trespass. The plaintiff must, gentlemen, ever be considered as superior to every other man in the community ; or, as we say in Ireland, he must be ' Paddy the first.'

“ It is with considerable regret that I find myself obliged to trespass longer on your patience and attention, after the

time this case has already occupied ; but, gentlemen, there are a few observations with which I feel it necessary to trouble you. You are well aware of the power of the press. You know what a tremendous engine it is, when in the hands of an unbridled and unprincipled editor, who may, at will, attack the characters of the most deserving and amiable, and hold up to public scorn and derision, those who possess no power to counteract slander or justify themselves. There, gentlemen, is that editor. Let me ask you, Whom has he not calumniated ? Who has escaped his defamation and malice ? Against whom has not his malignity been directed, from the highest authority in this island to the most humble citizen, from the bishop to the curate of the Establishment ? He, gentlemen, has dived into the secrets of families, dragging that before the public which ought ever to be concealed, and exhibiting to the gaze of the world those circumstances which, had he possessed one spark of humanity, he would have covered with the veil of oblivion. He has followed the very dead, and penetrating their silence and retirement, has disturbed the repose of the tomb. He has calumniated the memory of a Christian missionary, as he libelled his character while living, raking up the ashes of the grave. But, gentlemen, could I call up the shades of the dead and confront them with their accuser, that reckless libeller, a single gaze of his victims (were annihilation possible) would blast him into non-existence." [Here the plaintiff, who had writhed in manifest agony during the address, which seemed to electrify court and jury and the assembled crowd, rose, pale and trembling, and rushed from the court, amid jeers and laughter on all sides. Mr. Barry then proceeded to close his address.]

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have often to-day been asked by the plaintiff, 'Is this to be endured ?' But I would ask you, Is it to be endured that a remorseless slanderer shall, with impunity, level his shafts at the innocent without distinction ; and when his libellous propensity is opposed, and a public justification attempted, shall it be endured that he bring an action for damages before a British jury ? Gentlemen, what

is my case to-day, may be yours, or that of their honours on the bench, to-morrow. The very speech you have heard him just now repeat was prepared last Sunday for publication ; and you may expect, if you grant me your verdict, to be identified with me to-morrow as the betrayers of your country.

“Gentlemen, I had the strongest possible ground for asserting, that in the plaintiff the magisterial dignity was sunk. I was aware of that for which, had I prosecuted him, he would have been declared by the laws of his country unfit to fill any public office, to hold that of a magistrate which he now sustains, or, in case of his being guardian or executor, from suing in a court of justice, or receiving a legacy. He has declared to me, gentlemen, in the presence of several witnesses, that there neither is a Divine revelation, nor a necessity for a Divine revelation ; that the miracles of Quashie and Quamina are as real, and would appear as well authenticated to posterity, as the miracles of our Lord Jesus Christ ; and that religion is a mere political humbug, invented to keep the lower classes of society in awe. And yet that man, because I, under such a consciousness of his unfitness for any public office, represented him as lowering the dignity of the magisterial character, dares to apply for damages to a British jury ! Gentlemen, I have already said that the plaintiff was perfectly aware of the prejudices existing against Dissenters in this island ; and he therefore viewed me as standing unarmed and defenceless before you. But I feel no doubt whatever in placing my cause in your hands. I feel assured you will do me justice. You know that which is the substance of the law and the prophets : ‘ Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them.’

“Gentlemen, we have heard much to-day of moral courage, and are led to suppose the plaintiff possesses it in a very eminent degree, as it has long constituted a favourite theme in his publication. If to indulge an unbridled propensity to exhibit his fellow-men to obloquy and contempt be moral courage, the plaintiff possesses it. If to attempt to excite in

the public mind a revolutionary spirit be moral courage, the plaintiff possesses it. If to pour reproach upon the constituted authorities of the island, and thus set an example of insubordination, be moral courage, the plaintiff has it. If to penetrate the retirement and privacy of the tomb, and to calumniate the dead as he traduced the living, be moral courage, the plaintiff possesses it. If to ransack the family record, and to bring before the view of mankind transactions over which humanity would throw an impenetrable veil, be moral courage, the plaintiff has it. Or, gentlemen, if to impugn the sacred Scriptures, and propagate principles subversive of every moral obligation and moral virtue, be moral courage, the plaintiff possesses it. I cannot now refer to any particular authority, yet it is generally allowed in law, that such a man, a man who is the common libeller of his fellows, should possess no claim to a verdict at the hands of a jury, should he in turn become the subject of the attacks of another. The time is not far distant, when we shall appear at the tribunal of the Eternal ; and I trust, gentlemen, you will then stand as fully acquitted on the ground of the justice of your verdict, as I now do of having libelled the plaintiff in this cause."

After a few moments' consultation on the part of the jury, a verdict of *Not guilty* calls forth loud bursts of acclamation, such as seldom disturb the quiet of a court of justice, and no attempt is made to suppress them. There is a general feeling of satisfaction, that a baffled extortioner has been justly disappointed of his prey ; and Mr. Barry is attended to his home by a multitude, whose loud acclamations proclaim to the inhabitants of the city far and wide, that the right has triumphed.

"He shall break in pieces the oppressor." "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." How remarkable is the fulfilment which these words of Holy Writ are destined to receive during the few years next succeeding this trial!

We pass over a single decade, and we see that astounding changes have taken place in the island. The power of the oppressor has been broken, and slavery, blasted by the indig-

nant breath of a Christian people, curses the British colonies no longer. "Liberty has been proclaimed throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof;" and in the British colonies nearly a million of down-trodden, plundered human beings, owned, fettered, flogged, worked, and driven at the pleasure of others, under the shadow of the flag of which we proudly sing, that it has "braved for a thousand years the battle and the breeze," now stand erect in the dignity of free subjects of the British crown. The greatest shame that ever attached to Britain, has been done away. Twenty millions sterling of the ill-gotten gains of oppression have been cheerfully given up by a repentant nation, not, unfortunately, as reparation to the injured, but as a compromise with those who have for long years shared the crying wrong, and reaped the profit of it. The twenty millions have been given, not to the slaves, but to the slaveholders. A blundering act of repentance this; but still it may be acceptable to Him who is merciful to human infirmities and errors, as the putting away of wrongfully acquired gain, the "ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well."

Terribly fraught with admonition and warning, have been Jehovah's providential dealings with the upholders and defenders of the blood-stained system in Jamaica. They have made a desperate stand against the influences which were inevitably subverting their unhallowed claims to property in the bodies and souls, the blood and bones and sinews of their fellow-men. Led on and encouraged in the vile crusade by slave-holding ministers of religion,—of all anomalies, perhaps the most revolting,—they have banded together for the purpose of drawing away the religious instructors of the slave, and shutting up their bondmen and bondwomen in heathen night, in order the more effectually to rivet the fetters upon their limbs, and keep them under the curse of compulsory and unrequited toil. A large number of Christian sanctuaries have been given to the flames, or levelled with the ground by sacrilegious hands. Many self-denying missionaries have been consigned to filthy dungeons. Others have been tried by civil or military

planter courts on evidence obtained by subornation of perjury; or else assailed with the mob violence which only finds a parallel in the Southern slave states of America. But all has been in vain. These deeds of violence, discovering more fully the embruting effects of slavery upon those mixed up with its administration, have only resulted in giving greater intensity to the rising storm of national indignation against the monster wrong, until king, lords, and commons have all been compelled to bow before it, and the fiat has gone forth that slavery shall pollute the British empire no longer.

The persecuting combination has been shattered. The Colonial Church Union, comprising all the planters and nearly all the whites of the colony, is no more. "He that sitteth in the heavens laughed at them, the Lord had them in derision." "He broke them with a rod of iron, and dashed them in pieces like a potter's vessel." Nearly all the leaders in the godless conspiracy, and not a few of the minor actors, sleep in bloody or premature graves, brought down to the dust by such an astounding series of suicides, accidents, and sudden deaths, as clearly marks a providential retribution, compelling survivors to acknowledge, "The hand of the Lord is in this." And the father and founder of the wicked association, a so-called minister of the Gospel, singled out for eminence of punishment and sorrow, has been driven from his charge and from the country by a terrible domestic catastrophe, which he is constrained to recognise as a punitive providence that makes the ears of all who listen to the sad story to tingle.

Amongst the persecutors who have passed away from life under a cloud are the two men who sold themselves to work wickedness in connexion with the "Courant" newspaper; the termination of their evil career, and that of the paper they were associated with, serving to shed light upon the Scripture, "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished."

The "Jamaica Courant" continued its vile career for several years, its pages polluted from time to time with

blasphemy, sedition, and slander; pandering to the vices and prejudices of the slave-oppressing fraternity, and breathing envenomed bitterness towards all who were even supposed to favour the cause of the slave. For a season it prospered in its evil course. Its circulation was great, its influence unrivalled, and its two directors, now entered into partnership, derived a very considerable revenue of some thousands per annum from the profits of the publication.

But, like Jonah's gourd, the vile print was blasted and withered in a night, and when at the very acme of its prosperity and power. Some erratic changes in the views of Mr. Beaumont concerning slavery had brought him somewhat into discredit with the planting interest, and, to preserve the prestige of the paper uninjured, the partnership with Bruce was professedly dissolved, though, as afterwards appeared, the largest share of the interest in the concern was still vested in Mr. Beaumont. As it was necessary to preserve appearances, the business was left very largely to Bruce, who, as might have been expected from such a man, betrayed the trust reposed in him, and sought to advance his own interests by sacrificing those of his principal.

On making this discovery, a violent quarrel ensued, and Beaumont seized upon the establishment. But the business had so entirely passed into the hands of the junior partner that he at once, without a day's notice, stopped the issue of the paper. Other newspaper proprietors stepped in, and occupied the ground; and the "Jamaica Courant," one of the worst prints that ever disgraced the press, ceased to exist. Litigation followed. Bruce, speedily impoverished, became a bankrupt. When he came before the court, charged with fraudulent bankruptcy, it was proved that he had falsified the books of the firm, and destroyed, in revenge, all the papers and vouchers; recklessly sacrificing his own share of the property in order to damage his opponent. The chief justice, in sentencing him to twelve months' imprisonment, declared that it was the most aggravated case of fraudulent bankruptcy that ever came under *his* observation. Bruce had often gloried in the persecution

and imprisonment of Christian missionaries; and had not only urged the planter magistrates to shut up chapels and imprison the preachers, but had advised them to hang the missionaries in the woods of St. James and Trelawney to diversify the scenery. Now it comes home to himself. A loathsome disease, that had clung to him for years, was aggravated by his imprisonment; and he left the gaol a pitiable wreck, sunk almost as low as poverty, disease, and vice can sink a human being. A few of his former friends subscribed to get him a passage to England; and, without leaving one to mourn his departure, he quitted the land where he had lived only to work evil and give intensity to corrupting influences, to find a watery grave in the broad Atlantic. Found dead in his berth, his already corrupted remains were consigned to a resting place far down beneath the rolling waves.

Greatly reduced in circumstances by the dishonesty of his unprincipled associate, and by the litigation it occasioned, Mr. Beaumont, also, soon after left the island in which he had made no little stir and bustle; but which no longer presented to him a field of profitable enterprise. He had seen and felt that "the getting of treasures by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death." The gains gotten by unscrupulous advocacy of the foulest system of oppression that ever saw the sun, had melted from his grasp like snow in summer. One after another, he had seen the bad men, whose hands he had strengthened in wickedness, drop, in rapid succession, to the grave; smitten down in the full vigour of lusty manhood. Nor is he permitted long to survive them. That he has seen the error of his ways, in some respects, is certain. Before his departure from the colony, where he prostituted to evil, abilities which might have opened to him a course of distinguished usefulness, he has, to the astonishment of many, become the defender and advocate of the missionaries he so often abused and misrepresented. But, whether he lived to renounce the infidel creed which, in a spirit of bravado, he boasted of having adopted, is not known. The somewhat

tragic circumstances of his death left this important question undecided with us, though not with the Searcher of hearts. He died, and made no sign. He was seated on the top of a coach by which he was travelling, in the north of Britain, during the night, in a hard winter. Rendered more susceptible of the effects of cold by a long residence in the tropics, he became chilled and frozen; and, yielding to the slumber so deadly in such circumstances, the current of life was silently arrested, and stood still. In the morning only a cold, stiffened corpse represented the strong and vigorous man who had so lightly ascended to the top of the vehicle the preceding night. All efforts to restore animation failed. The immortal spirit, with its stupendous responsibilities, had passed away to the presence of its Maker

XV.

THE MIDSHIPMEN'S FROLIC.

O, WHEN we swallow down
Intoxicating wine, we drink damnation !
Naked we stand, the sport of mocking fiends,
Who grin to see our noble nature vanquish'd,
Subdued to beasts. C. JOHNSON.

THERE are some persons who are greatly afraid of going too far in acknowledging God, whether in the works of His hands, or in the administration of His providence. "*The works of nature*" is a phrase often used to evade the recognition of the Divine Creator in His handiwork. "*Poetic justice*" is the euphemistic expression sometimes employed to keep out of view, as far as possible, the interposition of the All-seeing Governor of the universe, when, in the ordinary course of human affairs, a providence of righteous retribution is exercised, and the Divine word is fulfilled, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." If our minds are suitably impressed with the idea of that minute observation and control of all sublunary affairs so clearly expressed in those words of Holy Scripture,—“Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father; but the very hairs of your head are all numbered,”—we shall often recognise in passing events the chastening and correcting hand of Him who rules the world in righteousness, and whose eye is “in every place, beholding the evil and the good.”

In 1831 “the hell-like saturnalia of martial law” was proclaimed in Jamaica, and continued with its horrors for seven or eight weeks. According to some of the legal men of

that day, "martial law is the abrogation of all law, and even of Christianity itself." So spoke the oracle in the person of the acting attorney-general of Jamaica. And during those evil days, crimes were perpetrated and cruelties enacted, at the contemplation of which angels might weep. If fiends had been holding high carnival, it could scarcely have been worse. All unholy passions were rampant. But amid these scenes of blood and horror, circumstances occasionally transpired partaking largely of the ludicrous; in which category the sequel of the following brief history may be included.

In one of the south-western parishes there resided a Mr. D., who was a planting attorney on a large scale, representing a considerable number of absentee proprietors, who entrusted him, by power of attorney, with the control and management of their sugar and coffee plantations, and other estates. It was not unfrequently the case, that men of this class, under the old slavery dispensation, were entrusted each with the care of fifty or sixty properties, from every one of which they derived a considerable revenue. They received a liberal commission on all the produce of these properties and plantations, controlling them with absolute and irresponsible power, although, in many instances, they did not visit some of them even once a year.

These planting attorneys were amongst the magnates of the land, taking rank with the principal officials of the government. They were, however, not unfrequently, men of small intelligence and little education, who had pushed themselves up from the lowest condition, through all the gradations of planter life, until, by a concurrence of favourable circumstances, they gained the coveted position of attorneys; which invested them with supreme control over the property of their constituents, and gave them the opportunity of enriching themselves and ruining their employers. By this class of agents many wealthy West India proprietors were brought down to poverty and ruin; discovering, too late, the folly of allowing greedy adventurers to suck the life-blood out of their estates, while they were wasting

their time in luxury and indolence in the gay capitals of Europe.

Not a few of these planting attorneys were from the north of the Tweed, sent out originally to fill the lowest offices held by white slave-drivers on the plantations; but, rising gradually to the highest, as the yellow fever, in its desolating ravages amongst the planting fraternity, made the vacancies to which they aspired. So well understood was the exhausting process to which they subjected the plantations and their unfortunate constituents, that the symbols of their rapacity were commonly pointed out in every forest. The stranger, journeying over the tree-covered hills, or winding his way through shady ravines and valleys, would have his attention directed to "*the Scotchman hugging the Creole.*" Looking in the direction indicated, he would behold some giant tree primly clasped in the close embrace of one of the parasitical climbers that abound in tropical woods; its trunk covered all over with a powerful network, by which not only is the further growth of the tree obstructed, but its life is gradually and surely eaten out, until, in due time, the stately monarch of the forest falls into decay, destroyed by the apparently feeble creeper that has encircled it in its deadly embrace, and treacherously exhausted its strength and life.

To this class belonged Mr. D., fitly represented by the forest emblem of "*the Scotchman hugging the Creole.*" He was the autocrat of many plantations and cattle-breeding pens, deriving a large revenue from them, to the loss of the proprietors, who, with many others of that once proud and wealthy class, might have been preserved from the ruin which came upon them, if they had exercised the prudence to look after their own interests, instead of leaving them to unscrupulous mercenaries, who cared very little for the losses suffered by their employers so long as they could increase their own gains. He was a magistrate, and also held high rank in the militia; so that, when martial law was proclaimed, to quell the wide-spread insurrection that broke out among the slaves at the Christmas of 1831, he glittered,

by brevet, in the cocked hat and dazzling uniform of a major-general, chief in command over the whole district of country in which his principal residence was situated.

Like most of the order, he led a life of sensual indulgence, gaining a character for hospitality, which, as in all such cases, was exercised at the expense of the absentee proprietors. Their estates furnished the means of indulging the debauchery and intemperance to which the magnates of the plantocracy generally surrendered themselves, whenever they chose to visit the estates under their control. When it suited their pleasure or convenience to look after the interests of constituents, and pay a visit to the estates, they always occupied the "great house" on each plantation, which, with its retinue of slaves for domestic and other worse purposes, was kept for the sole accommodation of these lords of the soil.

Mr. D. himself became the owner of plantation property, and kept his own private residence, a few miles distant from one of the sea-ports on the south coast of the island. There he was surrounded only by his own slaves; and there, during brief intervals which he chose to spend at home, he indulged in the same riotous orgies that usually marked his periodical visits to the estates of his employers.

It was during the Christmas holidays of 1828, that he detected one of his female slaves,—a fair coloured girl named Damsel,—helping herself to a glass of rum from a decanter on his well-replenished sideboard. As he was a man of fierce and vindictive passions, ripened to fearful maturity by the corrupting and brutalizing influences to which he had been exposed while passing through the various grades of slave-driving life, the girl trembled when she beheld her master's eye resting upon her. Though claiming the rank and character of a gentleman, he could be guilty of revolting cruelty towards the unfortunates bearing the form and possessing the noble attributes of humanity, yet systematically plundered of all human rights, because it was their misfortune to inherit from their Creator a darker complexion than their neighbours.

Excited by drink beyond all self-control, this white gentleman, who would show such complaisance and politeness to the gentle sex of his own colour, whenever he was thrown into their society, as to render it difficult to believe that he could ever, under any circumstances, be guilty of cowardly violence to a woman, laid brutal hands upon the offending Damsel. Having, with heavy fist inflicted severe punishment upon her head and face, he rent off, with the fury of a madman, every fragment of clothing that covered the person of the unfortunate girl; who was of an age to feel this outrage upon her modesty even more than she felt the painful bruises his cowardly hands had inflicted upon her person. Not satisfied with this, the drunken tyrant had her taken, just as she was, into the yard, and summoning the driver to his aid he caused her to be laid flat upon her face, and stood by while that terrible functionary stripped skin and flesh from the shoulders downward by a flogging, such as only the muscular, well practised arm of a brawny slave-driver was capable of inflicting. He then ordered that she should be taken, faint and bleeding, and perfectly naked as she was, to the guard-house. And thither she was conveyed more dead than alive.

In those days of slavery, when the white population lived in perpetual dread of slave insurrections, and groundless panics frequently prevailed,—every pillow being haunted with dreams of bloodshed and burnings, and all kinds of nameless atrocities, which it was supposed the down-trodden slaves were constantly meditating,—it was the custom to “keep guard” at Christmas. Three days were by law then given to the slaves as holidays. By slaves under the influence of the religion taught by the missionaries, these three holidays were spent in religious exercises and the interchange of friendly visits. By the rest of the slaves they were devoted to revelry and John-Canoe processions, and music and dancing, and feasting. Some of the white people occasionally lavished considerable sums upon the sets of “Blues” and “Reds,” who strove to outvie

each other in the gaiety and splendour of their adornings. During these Christmas revels the several regiments of militia, all over the island, were wholly or partially embodied and armed, for the purpose of "keeping guard" and suppressing any outbreak amongst the slave population. The whites lived in a state of chronic alarm.

Not far distant from the residence of Mr. D. was the guard-house, and a party of St. Elizabeth militia were assembled there on duty. Thither Damsel was conveyed with her bleeding wounds thick upon her, but without a particle of clothing, and thrust into a cell. Had he not been infuriated and blinded by drink, and altogether incapable of serious reflection, Mr. D. would no doubt have hesitated about sending the sufferer to the guard-house, and thus exposing the cruelty with which he treated his unfortunate slave to the officers and men assembled there from many of the plantations around. But it had become well-known that he was accustomed to behave like a madman in those fits of intemperance in which he very frequently indulged.

Amongst the officers on duty there happened to be some members of the most respectable Creole families residing in that part of the country; men who, while they treated their own slaves with humanity and some even with tenderness, regarded with abhorrence the atrocities too often practised by the hireling upstarts who succeeded in obtaining authority over the suffering children of Africa held in bondage on the estates. Several of these gentlemen were shocked by the outrage upon the poor girl, whom they saw brought among them without a rag of clothing upon her, and her person cruelly lacerated and bleeding; and they united to afford protection and redress to the injured one.

Among those ameliorations of slavery in the colonies that British philanthropy had wrung from the reluctant, powerful West India interest, was a provision for the appointment of a council of protection, to investigate cases of alleged maltreatment of slaves and afford redress to the injured. This "council of protection," so called, was

invested with power to direct the prosecution of offenders, and to compensate cruelly treated slaves by giving them their freedom. Through the interposition of the above-mentioned gentlemen, who represented this instance of cruel oppression to the proper authorities, a council of protection was ordered to investigate the case of Damsel.

Unhappily, as was almost always the case with these tribunals, it was composed entirely of men whose sympathies strongly favoured the oppressor, and whose interests were bound up in slavery, and in maintaining the right which slave-holders and planters claimed of doing whatever they thought proper to maintain their authority over their slaves. The result was that councils of protection, in almost every instance in which they were held, amounted only to a farce and a mockery, and presented a very feeble check indeed to those cruelties in which many overseers and owners of slaves were prone to indulge. The most revolting acts of oppression were uniformly declared by these tribunals, in the face of the clearest evidence to the contrary, to be too trifling to require the adoption of any proceedings to punish the offender. The chief purpose they served, and which they were intended by the colonial lawmakers to promote, was to cast dust in the eyes of the British public by a deceitful show of legal protection to the slaves, while securing immunity to evil doers.

This was the issue in the case of the girl Damsel. A council of protection was called to investigate the complaint of cruel treatment which, under the advice and by the help of the gentlemen who had taken the matter in hand, she made against her owner, Mr. D. Notwithstanding the girl's statement of the brutal treatment she had experienced at the hands of her master, and the evidence of the officers and men, who had seen her brought naked and covered with wounds and blood to the guard-house, the complaint was dismissed by the accommodating planters composing the court of protection; and Mr. D. was declared to have done nothing more than he had a legal right to do with his slaves.

Poor Damsel was handed over to the tender mercies of her owner, who, though not habitually cruel to his slaves when he was sober, was capable, in his cups, of almost any atrocity. This decision did not, however, satisfy those who had constituted themselves the protectors of the injured girl. They forwarded the particulars of the case to the governor; and, as he happened to be one so much under planter influence, and possessing so little strength of character, that nothing satisfactory could be looked for from him, they also reported the whole matter to the Colonial Office, in London. The partiality and injustice of the council of protection were so palpable from the evidence that had been taken, that immediate instructions were given by the secretary for the colonies for the attorney-general of Jamaica to initiate a prosecution of the offender. This was done. The attorney-general did not happen to be a personal friend of the criminal, and was, moreover, an honest man. He performed the duty laid upon him with sincerity and zeal. An upright Christian judge—Sir William Scarlett—was on the bench; who was alive to the responsibility of his position. A jury was found to give a right and conscientious verdict,—a very uncommon thing in Jamaica in those days; and Mr. D. stood convicted as a violator of the law in the inhuman treatment to which he had subjected his helpless slave. Severely reprobating his conduct as unmanly and brutal, and disgraceful to himself and to the country, the court sentenced him to pay a fine of fifty pounds, and also to lose his *property* in the bones and sinews of poor Damsel; who obtained her freedom, as a compensation for the wrongs and cruelties she had suffered at the hands of her owner.

At the end of 1831 there broke out the formidable insurrection among the slaves in the north-western parishes of the island, that gave the death blow to British colonial slavery, and led immediately to its abolition. The insurrection for several weeks created the greatest consternation, and caused much bloodshed; chiefly amongst the poor, unfortunate slaves themselves; and it had the effect of

stirring up the planters to a combined and virulent persecution of religious teachers, which hastened the destruction of the vile and wicked system of slavery, and caused its extinction at a much earlier period than the most sanguine friends of the anti-slavery movement had dared to hope. Wide-spread panic prevailed, which, in this case, was not, as it often had been, utterly groundless ; for this insurrection embraced not less than fifty thousand of the slaves, who had combined to make a desperate effort to obtain their freedom. Many of them had learnt, from newspapers which occasionally fell into their hands, but especially from the unguarded conversation they listened to at their masters' tables, that a large and influential party in England were bent upon ridding the nation of the sin and shame of slavery ; and they resolved, therefore, to strike a blow for themselves. Hence proceeded the insurrection and martial law at the close of the year 1831.

All the available military force of the island was called out to quell the insurgents ; and, while the troops were thus occupied on the land, at all the principal ports round the west end of the island there were stationed ships of war, whose crews were employed wherever their services could be made available to support the movements of the soldiers. The officers of these ships were often entertained and fêted by the wealthy merchants in the towns, or by the planters whose dwellings lay contiguous to the several ports. After the insurrection had been subdued, these ships of war remained for some months at their respective stations, until perfect tranquillity was restored, to guard against any further insurrectionary movements on the part of the Negroes. During this time the officers made acquaintance with the families living within a circuit of some miles ; spending their time very pleasantly, and enjoying the unbounded hospitality for which Jamaica had long been famous.

Amongst those who courted the society of the blue-jacket officers was Mr. D., the gentleman already spoken of. He frequently invited parties of them from the ship lying

at Black River,—as they were able to leave the vessel,—to visit him at his stately and well-furnished mansion, situated a few miles inland, where they were sumptuously entertained, and where they found much amusement, varied occasionally with a little annoyance, in the strange vagaries of their host when he became too drunk to distinguish between his guests and his slaves. On these occasions he would do many absurd things that suggested themselves to his muddled brain, and fall into many laughable mistakes; ordering both guests and slaves about with admirable impartiality. Occasionally he would send the officers back to their ship in a condition, with regard to sobriety, not very much better than his own.

Parties of midshipmen were allowed occasionally to enjoy Mr. D.'s hospitality; but under positive restrictions, on the part of the captain, as to the quantity of wine they were to indulge in; any violation of which, they well knew, would put an end to their pleasant visits and excursions ashore. These mischief-loving youths, never loath to partake of the luxuries of the wealthy planter's table, greatly enjoyed the fun which the drunken freaks of their host afforded them. While they were careful to keep themselves within the prescribed limits, they encouraged him to drink, helping him, after their own wild fashion, with mixed potions, and substituting gin or whiskey for water, until he became helpless in their hands, and would indulge in brutal or lordly pranks as the humour of the moment predominated.

On one of these occasions, four or five fun-loving middies formed the party which the planter major-general carried off with him, in his carriage, from "the Bay," to dine at his house, and return on board in the evening. As the ship was soon to leave the station, they resolved to make the most of the day in frolic and mischief. Arrived at their destination, some seven or eight miles inland, they gave themselves up to amusement in all sorts of wild escapades, to the great delight of their host, who entered into the fun as heartily as themselves. At length the well-furnished dinner table invited their attention; and they did such jus-

tice to the luxurious viands spread before them as hungry denizens of the cock-pit know well how to do. Having satisfied the demands of appetite, the youngsters gave themselves up to the task of helping their willing entertainer into a state of complete intoxication, and extracting from him all the fun which experience had taught them he was, in that condition, likely to afford.

It happened on this occasion that he was disposed to be very lordly in his drunkenness, and to forget all distinction between the frolicsome middies and the half-naked young Negroes that waited about the house and stables to serve the pleasure of the great man. Having drunk himself into a state of utter helplessness and partial blindness, he fancied himself in his bedroom ; and with not a few oaths and curses, addressed to his youthful guests, whom he confounded with his Negro-boy attendants, called upon them to render their services to help him in preparing for bed. "Here, you imp," he says to one of them, "come and take off this boot." "Yes, Sir," was the ready reply ; and entering fully into the fun of the thing, the youngster addressed himself to the task assigned to him. But he found it to be, either from want of tact or strength, a somewhat difficult undertaking. The boot wouldn't come off. Irritated by the failure of the attempt, the drunken man snatched a glass from the table and hurled it at the head of his assistant, who cleverly avoided the missile by dodging ; and then, with a volley of fierce oaths, he summoned him to a renewal of the task. "Yes, Sir, certainly," responded the grinning middy, and, taking a knife from his pocket, he dexterously slit up the leg of the boot and cast it off. Lifting the other foot, the lordly drunkard with a curse commanded the youth, "Take that off too." The boot was readily set free in the same way as its fellow had been. "You, Sir," addressing another of the young officers, and letting fly another curse, "come here and help me off with this coat." "Yes, Sir, certainly," he replies ; and borrowing the penknife from his companion, he speedily disencumbers the drunken man of his coat, slitting it up as the other youngster had done with the

boots. Obeying the imperative mandates of the host, the uproarious youngsters shortly divest him, with the help of the knife, of all his garments excepting his shirt.

By this time the evening is far spent, and the carriage, which has been previously ordered to take the guests back to the Bay, is brought to the door, and the youth who is to be the coachman appears in the room to let them know that all is ready for their return. The inebriate, who sits grinning in his easy chair in a state of maudlin helplessness, has just sense enough left to comprehend the import of this announcement. He has forgotten all about going to bed, concerning which he was so much in earnest a short while ago, and he takes it into his muddled head that he will go with them in the carriage. It is in vain that the middies and the domestics endeavour to reason with him, and prevail upon him to remain at home and go to bed. Rendered furious by anything like resistance to his imperious will, he storms and curses all about him; and bearing down all opposition, insists upon getting into the carriage just as he is, throwing away every article that is handed to him for covering, except his military cocked hat, for which, as the mark that distinguishes his high military rank, he seems to cherish a fond affection.

As time is pressing, and they must be on board at the appointed hour, which is now not far off, the middies cease from the vain effort to turn their host from his purpose, and scramble into the carriage, secretly delighted, no doubt, that the drunken obstinacy of the man has given such an unexpected turn to their frolic. They have not failed to light their cigars before taking their departure; and as they drive along, the helpless imbecile, rolling first to one side, then to the other, swings himself in contact with the lighted cigars, which sets him off in a fresh volley of oaths and imprecations upon "the mosquitoes, whose stings are so sharp." Capital fun this for the thoughtless middies, who enjoy it exceedingly. All the way they go they amuse themselves by making a gentle application of the burning end of the cigar to the naked legs of the poor, helpless,

tormented victim, who, supposing it to be the mosquitoes, pours forth fresh torrents of invective against them at every touch, while the true authors of the pain are convulsed with laughter.

As they draw near the end of the journey, they have to cross the bridge that affords access to the town in that direction. By some dexterous movement the cherished cocked hat gets jerked into the river, to the great dismay of the Negro driver and the indignation of his master, who curses the poor slave lad in his drunken blindness as the cause of the disaster, while it is in truth a freak of the frolicsome middies. By the time they arrive where the boat awaits them, the drunken man has sunk into a heavy sleep. They are sufficiently considerate to borrow a blanket from a neighbouring house, to cover and screen him from the cold land-breeze he will meet on his journey home; and they then commit him to the care of Peter, the driver, who has silently enjoyed the frolic quite as much as themselves. Peter grins almost from ear to ear over the silver coins with which the laughing middies have liberally rewarded his services. They jump into the boat, and in a few moments report themselves on board their ship.

The great man was full of indignation when, on the following morning, he became aware of what had befallen him through his ungrateful guests. For some time he was bent on seeking redress and having the youngsters punished. He was, however, made to see that it would be wise to hush up the matter, as exposure would be sure to bring upon him a flood of ridicule, and make him the laughing stock of the country. Besides, the middies had only obeyed his own imperative commands. The midshipmen's frolic, however, came to be widely known and talked about. Some spoke of "poetic justice," when they remembered the case of Damsel, that was so prominent a few months before; and others regarded it as a "righteous retribution," when they heard how the middies, in their thoughtless mischief, had treated the drunken slave-holder in a way so much resembling, in some respects, his own cruel treatment of his unfortunate slave.

XVI.

BENJIE AND JUNO.

GET up, you mulo, let's be goin',
Let's be scratchin' ob de grabble;
De postman's horn he long done blowin',
And we'se a good long way to trabble.

NEGRO SONG.

IT was several years before the sin and shame of British colonial slavery were done away, and while nearly a million of human beings lay crushed and groaning beneath the iron heel of the monstrous system, that a traveller on horseback was leisurely pursuing his way along the main road towards one of the seaport towns on the north side of Jamaica. It was during the forenoon, when the cool, refreshing sea breeze had come down, modifying the fierce heat of a tropical sun, and dissipating the languor caused by the overpowering sultriness that had prevailed two or three hours before. A few miles back on the road he had traversed, a Negro, mounted on a mule, and leading another of those animals laden with packages carefully covered up with tarpaulings, had passed him, travelling at the rate of some five or six miles an hour. At very short intervals, as he urged his mules onward with whip and spur, the Negro rider blew out loud notes from the cow's horn swinging round his neck. Thus he announced the arrival of the express post, and conveyed to the planters on the estates, and the residents of the villages near which he passed, the gratifying intelligence that the monthly mail packet from England had arrived at Port Royal, and their letters and newspapers from HOME were now travelling to the usual post town, whither they might send and obtain *them*.

Several Negro boys mounted on mules, with leather-bags strapped across their shoulders, had also ridden past him, hastening to the Post Office, and riding as Negro boys love to ride, with headlong speed. At a turn of the road, as he ambled slowly on his way, the traveller came up with one of these sable equestrians, engaged in active strife with the animal he bestrode. Mulo had, all at once, after bringing her rider on swiftly and pleasantly for several miles, suddenly lapsed into one of those sullen, obstinate moods in which that description of animals—at least in the West Indies—is very prone to indulge, and in the most expressive manner of which she was capable entered a caveat against the further prosecution of the journey. She cared nothing whether the master on whose service she had been despatched obtained his packet letters in due time or not. Not so with her rider, a sharp-looking lad with face as black as coal, and teeth outrivalling ivory in their brilliant whiteness, and who appeared to be not more than nine or ten years of age at most. He knew very well that to return without busha's (overseer's) letters would bring upon him the fierce wrath of that formidable and important functionary, and entail upon him a severe castigation. He was therefore by no means disposed to give in to the mulishness of Miss Juno.

When the traveller came up, the contest was at its height, and he waited to see the issue. The lad was making good use of the single spur that adorned one of his naked heels, and vigorously applying the tamarind switch, which was made to do duty for a riding whip, to the sides and neck of his steed, grinning all the time with perfect good humour, as if he enjoyed the sport, and carrying on an animated conversation with the animal, as if she understood every word that he addressed to her. But the more he flogged, and spurred, and chattered, the more energetically did mulo protest against proceeding in the required direction. Taking the bit between her teeth, she ran to the right hand, rubbing her rider's foot against the wall. Then she sidled to the left, tearing the lad's clothes and scratching his flesh in the

logwood fence that bounded the road on that side. She ran backwards ; she whirled herself round and round in numerous circles like a teetotum, and, in reply to the applications of whip and spur, threw her heels into the air, as if bent on pitching her rider forward out of the saddle. She would do anything but go forward. She would go in any direction but the right one. The lad kept his seat and his temper admirably throughout the lengthened contest, while the traveller looked on and greatly enjoyed the scene, both mule and rider being too much occupied to take any notice of him.

At length a truce was called. The Negro discontinued the use of the switch, and the mule ceased her gyrations, but with her fore-feet firmly planted upon the earth in such a manner as seemed to say, "I am determined not to go on." Placing his switch under his arm, the boy, still occupying the saddle, proceeded to hold a colloquy with the rebellious animal. "So, Miss Juno, you no want to carry me to de Bay, to fetch busha's letters from de Post Office?" The mule gave a snort, as if to say, "That is assuredly my unalterable determination." "Berry well, Miss Juno, den we mus' see."

After a moment's hesitation, during which he was apparently thinking over the best means of escaping from the awkward dilemma in which Juno had placed him by her obstinacy, addressing himself to the mule, he said, "You no go, eh? Now, Miss Juno, me bet you one fippenny me make you go!" The mule gave a snort, probably of defiance, but which the boy chose to interpret as the signal of acquiescence. "Berry well, you say done. Me see now wedder me no make you go, and carry me to de Bay. You 'top here one little piece."

He then threw himself from the saddle, and pulling the rein over the animal's head, proceeded to make it fast to one of the logwood bushes close at hand. This done he went to a narrow stream of water that ran across the road at a little distance. There he filled his pocket with a number of clean pebbles from the bed of the stream ; and then he went to a

neighbouring clump of bushes, from which he pulled out several strong green withs, and returned to the mule, who received him with a defiant snort. "Now, Miss Juno," he said, showing his glittering teeth, "me see who sall win de bet." He then filled up both ears of the mule with the pebbles he had brought from the brook, and tied them close with the withs he had procured for the purpose. "Now, Juno," he triumphantly exclaimed, as he gathered up the reins and vaulted nimbly into the saddle, "we see who is de massa, Juno or Benjie." Giving her two or three touches with the spur, Juno began sidling in the wrong direction, evidently as much determined as ever to be fractious, and to go any way but the right one. But, astonished at the strange thundering noise in her ears caused by the grating and rattling of the pebbles, and not knowing at all what to make of it, she threw her heels high in the air two or three times, and fairly gave up the contest, starting off at full gallop, with little Benjie grinning from ear to ear, and almost frantic with delight that he had conquered the obstinacy of Juno and gained his bet.

The traveller slowly continued his journey in the same direction, laughing heartily at this queer scene between Benjie and Juno, and greatly amused with the clever expedient of the Negro lad to subdue the stubbornness of mulo. After a short ride he arrived at the little town, where, after stabling his horse, he recognised little Benjie, occupied with other lads who had come on a similar errand, in a game of marbles, caring very little about the anxiety of their respective masters to get their packet letters.

Curious to know the result of the little interlude he had witnessed, he beckoned Benjie, as soon as he could arrest his attention, to come to him. But Benjie, too much occupied with the business in hand during his contest with Juno to attend to anything else, had scarcely noticed the rider, who was all the time looking on. Not recognising the stranger, he shrank from his approach, as if somewhat dubious concerning the traveller's intentions. Instead of coming forward when he beckoned to him, Benjie

sidled off, and seemed very much disposed to take to his heels. "I have no wish to harm you, my boy," said the traveller; "I only wish to ask you a question about Juno, and give you a fippenny, it may be, if you give me a proper answer."

The prospect of a donation banished the boy's fears, and he came forward as requested. "I want to ask you whether Juno gave you any more trouble after you put the pebbles in her ears?" "How Massa know 'bout Juno and de pebbles?" inquired the boy, with a blank expression of countenance. "O, I was close by, and saw and heard all while you were contending with the mule." "But Massa no tell busha 'bout de stones me put in him ear?" "No, I won't say anything at all to busha. But I want to know about the bet." The little fellow's face resumed all the brightness which a momentary apprehension had banished, as a vision of the angry overseer had flitted before his mind, and again showing his white teeth, he replied, "Me win de bet fair, Massa." "Well, but now you have won it, how can Juno pay you the fippenny? That is what I want you to tell me." "Me make him pay bery well, Massa." "But how?—that is what I am curious to understand." "Massa no tell busha, if me tell Massa?" "No, busha will never know anything about it from me." "Well, den, you see, Massa," his bright black eye twinkling with an expression of roguish cunning, "busha gib' me one tenpenny (sixpence) to buy grass for Juno; me buy one fippenny grass for Juno, and toder fippenny buy bread for Benjie. Dat way Juno pay him bet."

The traveller handed to him the coin by which he had lured him into the conversation; and little Benjie hastened to rejoin his companions, triumphantly exhibiting his gains, and boisterously jubilant over the stranger's liberality.

XVII.

THE QUADROON SLAVE.

HE finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own ; and, having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
And worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.

COWPER.

THE parish of St. Ann, Jamaica, is, as nearly as possible, about the centre of the island, on the north coast. It is right opposite to Cuba, whose lofty mountain tops are often clearly discernible in the early morning, or near sunset in the evening, from the high lands above St. Ann's Bay, although the channel is scarcely less than one hundred miles in width. It is the loveliest of all the parishes of this beautiful land, extending in length upwards of thirty miles, and in breadth nearly half across the colony. Rising abruptly from the sea in some places, and with but little level land between them and the sandy shore in others, the hills and mountains sweep gradually upwards, one range towering above another, until they reach an altitude of nearly three thousand feet, at the top of Mount Diabola, which is covered with magnificent timber, the growth of many centuries. Over one of the lower ridges of this mountain winds the main road that affords the principal means of communication between the northern and southern shores of the island. In crossing it, the traveller often skirts the side of a deep ravine, down which it makes the head grow

dizzy to look. A few sugar plantations are scattered at distant intervals through the parish; some lying near the sea, others spreading over deep valleys beautifully encompassed with forest-covered hills. But a large portion of the land is divided into grazing-farms,—technically called pens,—where large herds of sleek horned stock, kept in by stone walls, are hidden away in the tall, luxuriant, guinea-grass, which often grows nine or ten feet high, entirely concealing the cattle, until, after the lapse of several weeks, they feed themselves into view. On these pens, also, it is the pride of the planters to breed and rear the choicest specimens of horses to be found in this western part of the world. In this region is to be seen the perfection of rural scenery. Stretching away for miles, as far as the eye can reach, the traveller, as he winds through the verdant valleys, gazes upon what appears to be a vast, extended park, or a succession of parks, relieved with patches of woodland and clumps of cedar trees, remarkable for their majestic growth and the never-changing beauty of their foliage. The commodious mansions of the proprietors of these far-stretching fields, generally situated upon some gentle slope, and laid out for coolness and comfort, are seen peeping out from the clusters of trees in which they are embosomed; while the picturesque beauty of the landscape is greatly enhanced by occasional rows or avenues of the tall cabbage-palm, with its smooth, straight, symmetrical trunk, surmounted by a plume-like head of surpassing gracefulness, and always exhibiting, from January to December, that dark verdure on which the eye finds it a pleasant relief to rest. Beautiful in their wildness are some of the scenes of Rokeby and the valley of the Tees, celebrated in graceful poetry by one of Scotland's favourite bards; but tame and contracted are these in comparison with the magnificence of those expansive and enchanting landscapes over which the eye of the beholder ranges as he pursues his way by the smooth, winding, well-kept roads which conduct him through the parish of St. Ann.

But it is in the earlier months of the year, when, in more

northern latitudes, everything wears the bleak, desolate aspect of winter, and the trees, stripped of their foliage, stretch out their naked limbs and branches to the biting blast, that this region of perennial summer exhibits the perfection of its beauty. Thickly studding these rich pasture lands, and skirting the fields into which they are divided for pastoral purposes, are thousands and tens of thousands of orange trees; not the small, stunted shrubs of which so much is made in the boasted Orangery at Versailles, but trees, affording a grateful retreat and shade for the cattle which shelter beneath their branches from the direct scorching rays of a mid-day tropical sun. At one season they are covered with that beautiful white blossom, interesting in its associations above all other fruit or flower blossoms to the youthful, blushing bride,—filling the country around for miles with delicious perfume. In the winter months they are seen laden with luscious golden fruit, exhibiting a delightful contrast to the full, deep green of their luxuriant foliage, and imparting to the country, as far as the eye can scan it, the aspect of an earthly paradise. Some writers have favoured the idea that Hayti, Cuba, and Jamaica were the gardens of the Hesperides mentioned by Hesiod, and that the golden apples he spoke of were the oranges and kindred fruits with which all those islands so richly abound. The traveller, as he rides or drives along the narrow roads which traverse the hills and glades of this highly-favoured parish in all directions, can, without dismounting from his saddle or vehicle, just turn a little to the roadside, and pluck at his pleasure the luscious, ripe, yellow fruit. This the writer has often done; and, as he cast his eyes over the fields, and beheld the countless thousands of these beautiful trees bowing beneath their splendid adorning of green and gold, he concluded that surely nowhere else was there a scene to be found so well adapted to furnish the fable and imagery of the old Grecian poet. It is difficult to conceive that earth can anywhere present a scene of more transcendent loveliness.

But here, amidst these landscape beauties, the foul demon of slavery has held high carnival, and maintained undis-

puted sway. Deeds of darkness and blood have been perpetrated, under the sanction and protection of British law, which put humanity to the blush.

From the steep driving road winding down the hills towards St. Ann's Bay, far below, in a secluded valley, encircled by hills, with the exception of a small opening at the lower end, through thick clusters of bamboo, or aromatic pimento, which fringe and throw a cool shadow over the rough, rocky, heated road, the eye catches an occasional glimpse of extensive cane-fields waving with their luscious produce, and of the yard, cattle-mill, and other buildings of a large sugar-plantation. But little does the stranger dream, as he admires the landscape, of the harrowing deeds of cruelty to which that lovely valley has been a witness. It may be well to make one or two of the scenes which have transpired on that spot rise and pass in review before us, to remind us what great cause of thankfulness we have that the sin and shame of upholding slavery cleaves to Britain no longer.

The overseer of the plantation, in the conscious pride of nearly irresistible power over the lives and persons of the unhappy ones whose toil and sweat give fertility to these wide-spreading lands, may be seen at the open windows of the house. The conch-shell sends forth its loud, hollow, monotonous bellow, to give notice to the slaves on the estate, who have been toiling from the earliest dawn, that the hour for breakfast has arrived. Presently four stout, athletic drivers, each with a long whip coiled about his breast and shoulders, and a staff in his hand, make their appearance upon the scene, accompanied by six of the half-naked field Negroes, who follow them with reluctant steps. The tallies are handed to the overseer, showing the work which has been done ; and the six unfortunates are reported as having come short of what has been required of them. "Put them down," is the order immediately given by the plantation oligarch, without any further inquiry, and without giving one of them opportunity for a word of explanation or defence.

The first, a black man, about thirty-five years of age, has suffered a mule to go astray. He is ordered to strip; and presently is made to lie down on his face, with his back and the lower part of his person uncovered. One of the drivers, a large, muscular man, steps out, and uncoils the long cart-whip, which has a thong nine or ten feet in length, and a short, stout handle, from two to three feet long. Whirling this powerful and deadly instrument of torture rapidly around his head three or four times, by which it acquires great impetus, he then brings it down with all his might across the naked body of the victim. A thick weal, as large as the thong of the whip, immediately rises where the stroke has fallen, while the sufferer writhes like a wounded worm, being held down fast by three or four stout men. Again and again the whip descends, while the victim groans, "Lord! Lord!" as if appealing to heaven against the shocking inhumanity of his treatment. Every successive stroke raises a weal; but, after a few lashes, the skin is broken, and the blood flows freely, staining his clothes and the ground on which he lies. Down comes the instrument of torture again and again, extorting the heart-rending cry at every stroke, "Lord! Lord!" until thirty-nine lashes have been inflicted. Weeping, bleeding, sweating at every pore, and trembling in every limb, the agonized sufferer is then ordered off, utterly exhausted as he is, to his usual occupation, which is to look after the mules.

Next appear two young men about eighteen or nineteen years of age, whose offence is a deficiency in the amount of their labour. Like the other they are compelled to strip, and yield their uncovered flesh to the lash, and are then held down each by four slaves, while a fresh driver in both cases uncoils his whip and administers a similar punishment of thirty-nine lashes. One of the sufferers is a mulatto. His lighter skin exhibits more terrible indications of punishment than the others. A dark livid mark as thick as a man's finger rises upon the skin at every stroke, showing how rapidly the blood is drawn to the spot; and as the punishment goes on the whole back becomes

covered with a large liver-coloured patch. This after a while is broken by the whip falling upon it, and the blood issues forth in a copious stream; doubtless finding a voice and crying aloud to heaven for vengeance upon the atrocious system which thus revels in cruelty and treats human beings, with their noble and immortal nature, as chattels and as brutes.

The three culprits that remain belong to the gentler sex. One of them, for an unexplained reason, is exempted from flogging. But her companions, two young women like herself, who are charged with some deficiency in the amount of labour, are subjected to the same revolting discipline as their male associates. All uncovered, without regard to modesty or decency, they are held down to the earth by four strong pairs of hands; while a fresh driver expends his brutal strength in slashing and cutting their tender bodies with the dreadful cart-whip, which long experience has taught him to use with terrible effect; and loud and piercing shrieks, that seem only to nerve the arm of the driver, and cries of "Lord! Lord! Lord!" fill the air, and are echoed back from the surrounding hills.

All but fainting, and with the blood streaming from their heels, these poor helpless victims of the white man's cruelty are ordered back to the field. The overseer, still but a young man, though old in cruelty and crime, having stood by to witness the whole of this infliction, turns upon his heel and walks into the house, and then to the side-board, to take his noonday glass of punch, with as much *sang froid* as if he had only just paid half a dozen labourers the honestly earned wages of their toil.

These are scenes of almost daily occurrence in that secluded valley, and indeed through all the parish. The echoes of these romantic mountain glades are frequently awakened by the loud crack of the cart-whip, and the piercing shriek or groan of agony which it wrings from the prostrate tortured slave. The cruelty and cupidity of man have converted these scenes of Eden-like beauty into an earthly pandemonium. True, there have been and are

honourable exceptions: for not all slave-owners are monsters of inhumanity, taking delight in the infliction of suffering and torture. It has more frequently than otherwise been the case that the worst deeds of wickedness and cruelty practised through the length and breadth of the land have been wrought by hireling adventurers, caring for nothing but the gratification of their own brutal passions, and indifferent alike to the claims of humanity and to the interests of the absentee proprietors, whose properties in the working of a thoroughly vicious and ruinous system they have been unhappily left in charge.

There is no part of this blood-stained land that has witnessed more fearful scenes of wrong-doing than this beautiful parish of St. Ann, where nature, in her most enchanting manifestations, has been outraged by some of the worst developments of human depravity into which men under the soul-blighting and embruting influences of slavery can descend. Human nature never sinks lower, until it passes beyond the reach of restraining grace into the pit of perdition, than it does in the persons and character of those whose unhappy lot it is to fall under the corrupting influence of this iniquitous system. Debasing as slavery is, it is not amongst its down-trodden victims, the slaves themselves, but amongst such slave-owners as Legree, and other agents of the infamous traffic, that we must look for the most hopeless and shocking specimens of moral degradation. Amongst the slave-drivers of our own colonies in days that are past, and those who existed in the Southern States of America when this sketch was penned in 1862, could be found men more divested of all that is human and more nearly assimilated to fiends, than probably existed in any tribe of savages or cannibals upon the face of the earth.

If cruelty and all bad passions are more rampant in the mountains and valleys of St. Ann's than they are elsewhere in this sunny land, it is owing in no small degree to the fact that the parish possesses, in the person of its rector, a

specimen of the very worst type of the clerical slaveholder. Who with the New Testament in his hand, could believe it possible, if he were not assured by undeniable fact to the contrary, that any man professing to be the minister of the Lord Jesus Christ and a preacher of His loving Gospel could be a slaveholder, perpetrating the most fearful wrong and outrage against his fellow-man of which it is possible to be guilty?

No wrong done to a human being is to be compared in magnitude to that of making him inherit the lot of a slave. Plundered from the moment of his birth of all social rights before it is possible for him to have committed any offence to incur such a penalty; robbed of his freedom, his labour, his time, of the right to receive instruction, of his wife and of his children; dehumanized, and made a chattel and a thing, though possessing man's inheritance of immortality and the lofty faculties which raise him immeasurably above the brute, the slave is subjected to the greatest injustice that can be inflicted by one man upon another. It is a wrong in comparison with which the deprivation of life would be a trifle indeed. And clergymen—men holding the office and receiving the emoluments of ministers of Christ—could do this enormous wrong. Who does not feel the shocking incongruity of such a fact? And who in view of it does not enter into the spirit of Whittier's scathing, burning words, in which he so graphically pictures the monstrous anomaly exhibited in the clerical slaveholder?

“Just God!—and these are they
Who minister at Thine altar, God of Right!
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay
On Israel's ark of light!

“What! preach and kidnap men?
Give thanks—and rob Thy own afflicted poor?
Talk of glorious liberty, and then
Bolt hard the captive's door?

“What! servants of Thy own
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save
The homeless and the outcast,—fettering down
The tasked and plundered slave!”

Such men there are in this land! Men who have professed before high heaven that they were inwardly moved to take upon them the ministry of a Gospel which denounces the vengeance of God against all kinds of fraud and oppression; who feed and fatten upon the revenues of the church; yet sanction and participate in that "execrable sum of all villanies" which is comprised in kidnapping and enslaving men, and robbing them of all that is sacred and dear to human beings.

The rector of this magnificent parish is one of these revolting anomalies—a slaveholding minister of religion. In him is seen a man persecuting and oppressing men and women, "fettering down the tasked and plundered slave," and supplementing the revenues of a wealthy living by guilt-stained profits wrung, by foul oppression, from the lacerated, toil-worn bodies of the children of Africa, that he may revel in luxury and fare sumptuously every day.

He has a residence near the town upon the seaboard where is situated the parish church. He has also a plantation in the mountains, where a gang of wretched slaves, embruted by ignorance and ground to the dust by cruelty, hardship, and toil, tremble beneath the power of the man who claims to be a son and successor of the Apostles of Jesus, but claims also rights of *property* in the bones, blood, sinews and soul of his fellow-man. He is not an uneducated boor like many of the Negro-oppressing caste with whom he is linked, but a man of intellect and education. He is, however, a living illustration of the fact that a cultivated and polished intellect may be united with a soul enslaved and debased by all unholy passions. The proof is before the world in two imposing volumes penned by his hand, that this man possesses mental gifts of a superior order. But it is patent also that, under the embruting influence of slavery, he has sunk to a condition of moral debasement so low that even the poor, illiterate, but pious Negro can justly regard him with contempt and pity.

Skilfully and learnedly has he wielded the author's pen in recording the "Annals of Jamaica." But writing as the

unscrupulous apologist of oppression and cruel wrong, and the malignant traducer of the coloured race, the power of the law has been invoked and its mighty arm uplifted to check the issue of his libellous pages, and cast the poisoned work into the receptacle of those literary monstrosities and abortions which outraged morality and decency pronounce to be too vile and wicked to be suffered to circulate in the face of the sun. Incapable of appreciating what is morally great and good; unable to understand any thing so utterly at variance with the grasping selfishness that has made him a cruel slave-oppressor, he knows not how to believe it possible that a man could devote himself, from pure and disinterested motives, in the face of reproach and persecution, to the self-denying labours of a Christian missionary amongst the slaves. It is therefore no matter for surprise that he has in his two volumes (suppressed by an injunction of the lord chancellor) pandered to the prejudices and ungodliness of the planters, and polluted his pages with filthy libels against the large-hearted and devoted Dr. Coke, which could have emanated only from a mind familiar with all that is base and impure. At the same time he has insulted the moral sense of the world by fulsome adulation of a colonial governor whose long career of libertinism, miserable truckling to slaveholders, cruelty to the Negro, and indifference to the real welfare of the colony, have, notwithstanding the ducal coronet which graced his brow, cast a dark shadow upon his name and memory above all the men who have administered the government of Jamaica.*

* In the "Letters of Legion" addressed to the Duke of Richmond as chairman of the Lords' Committee on the slavery question in 1833, supposed to be from the pen of the late George Stephen, Esq., and containing a masterly analysis and review of the evidence taken before that committee, the following remarks occur concerning this governor, the Duke of Manchester. "Here is a ducal governor, who filled for twenty years that important office in a colony containing nearly half a million of British subjects, and whose especial study it was not only to give assent to every colonial statute, but to superintend its execution, who declares on oath, that he cannot recollect nearly twenty of the most important subjects of legislation that could have

Strange things have been whispered concerning the severities and cruelties practised upon the slaves who are compelled to look to this unfaithful minister as their owner. Inquiries have been suggested in the newspapers regarding the mysterious disappearance of a female slave, of whom no mention can be made to her fellow slaves without drawing tears from their eyes. Reports have circulated somewhat extensively of one poor creature, kicked and thrown with violence down a flight of stone steps, by which fatal injuries were done to the spine ; so that there, upon the spot where he fell, the spirit of the poor slave passed away from the bruised and convulsed body, to bear witness, before the throne of the Just and Holy One, against the murderous cruelty by which it had been prematurely forced away from earth to face the dread realities of eternity. Such enormities as these are, in this slave land where slave evidence cannot be received, easily concealed from the knowledge of all who are legally qualified to give testimony upon such subjects. But they are not hidden from that Omniscient Being whose eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good, and who hath said, " Vengeance is Mine, I will repay." If by any means they are brought to light, there are slaveholding magistrates and unscrupulous juries, who can be relied on to insure impunity to the guilty from that punishment by any earthly tribunal which they have richly merited.

Amongst many wretched beings over whom this Christian pastor exercises the right of property, and whom he daily robs of all the privileges of humanity, is a quadroon girl. This designation denotes that she is three fourths white come under his review ! who confesses that the protection of the slave—the reception of his evidence—the power of purchasing his freedom—the legalization of his marriage—the corporal punishment to which he shall be subjected, and other inferior matters, all may or may not have formed the subject of legislation ; for he cannot recollect even their discussion ! He does not bear these things in mind !!! What a man was this to be the governor in the largest slave colony in the possession of the crown ! My groom would not have been less efficient."

and one fourth black, being the offspring of a Mulatto mother and a white father. The girl, so called, is in fact a young woman between twenty and thirty years of age. But in slavery old men are frequently called boys, and women girls. She answers to the name of Kitty, and is employed as cook in the household of the rector at his country residence. There he ordinarily takes up his abode; the duties of his profession requiring his presence at the Bay where stands the parish church, only once a week, on the Sabbath; and that only when it suits the rector's convenience or inclination to go down. Anxious concern about the religious instruction of the parishioners is not one of the rector's virtues.

It is a Friday morning; the rector is expecting a gentleman to dine with him that day, and the slave-master gives directions to the quadroon girl to have a turkey killed and dressed for dinner. In the course of the forenoon intelligence is received that the guest whose visit was anticipated is not coming. Kitty is then summoned by her lordly owner into his presence, and he requires to know what she has for dinner. With all simplicity she replies, that in obedience to the orders he had given her she has killed and is preparing to cook the turkey. On hearing this he flies immediately into a violent rage, and making use of language too gross and profane for repetition here, inquires, "Who told you to get a turkey?" When the girl naturally replies, "Massa tell me him own self," with many curses he attacks the defenceless slave with the ferocity of a tiger, striking her with clenched fists about the face and head until both eyes blackened and swollen and the blood streaming from her nose, bear witness to the dastardly and ruffianly treatment she has received at his hands.

In self-defence the girl attempts to plead his own positive commands for what she has done, and with tears, mingling with the blood that streams from her face, reminds the exasperated tyrant, "Massa, the bery last ting you tell me dis morning was to kill turkey and dress em for Massa dinner." Incensed with what he is pleased to term her

insolence,—a very favourite word with the slave-driver, and a very convenient excuse for the infliction of all kinds and degrees of barbarity upon the unbefriended Negro,—he seizes her in his strong grasp, and dragging her to the pantry holds her fast against the dresser. There he indulges his ungovernable rage by kicking her with all the violence of which he is capable with his boot-clad feet upon her shins and legs, pommelling her with his fist, and heaping upon her all sorts of execrations and opprobrious epithets. The girl still persists in averring that she had only obeyed his own orders, given to her in the morning, in killing the turkey; and he returns again and again to the task of beating and kicking her, as Kitty afterwards declared upon oath, for “*upwards of an hour.*”

Any one would have supposed that when he looked upon her livid eyes and swollen and battered countenance, and her limbs bruised and scarified by the application of his heavy boots, this meek and pious minister of the Gospel would be satisfied with the punishment she had received as fully adequate to the offence, if Kitty had really made a mistake; or even if she had acted somewhat perversely and without authority in destroying the life of the turkey. But no! The tiger has tasted blood, and his ravenous appetite must be gorged. Is she not his own property, body and soul? And may he not do what he will with his own? The *chattel* has dared to vindicate and excuse what he chooses to find fault with, by appealing to his own orders! The *thing* has been “*insolent*” enough to say, “You told me to do what I have done and what you blame!” It is not to be borne. Slave-holding flesh and blood cannot endure such an outrage! “To dare thus to reply to me! She must and shall be taught a lesson she will never forget.”

It is in vain the trembling, bleeding sufferer pleads for forbearance and mercy. In vain she promises to save her money and buy another turkey to replace the one that has been killed. Drunk with rage and fury, he summons two men to his aid who are also his slaves, and to them he gives instructions to go and cut a quantity of bamboo rods

or switches, which are hard and knotty and capable of inflicting very severe punishment. Arming himself with a stout stick, he hands over the suffering slave to these rough men, with directions to "take her down to the cow-pen, and cut all the flesh off her." She is dragged away shrieking to the cow-pen and stripped of her clothing. Then being tied and laid face downwards upon some rocks, she is flogged with the bamboo switches until all the back part of her person, from the shoulders down to the calves of her legs, is one mass of lacerated flesh and gore.

All this time the Rev. gentleman is standing by directing and urging the men to "lay it on;" and himself occasionally, by way of relieving the vindictive feelings that are raging in his breast, stepping forward and applying a vigorous stroke or two with the stick in his hand to the naked prostrate body of the sufferer. This part of the business, after being continued until the fair-skinned girl has become a revolting spectacle to look upon, is at length brought to a close, and orders are given to "run her down to the pond." She rises from her prostrate position with the help of her torturers, with the blood streaming from both her heels; and weak and staggering reaches the pond, where, as well as she is able, she washes the crimson stains from her person and puts on her clothes.

Enfeebled as she is by the painful ordeal through which she has passed, this operation occupies more time than is deemed necessary or proper by this exemplary rector. He stands at a little distance, looking on, while the victim of his cruelty applies the cooling water to her smarting and bleeding wounds. By the time she has succeeded in putting on the coarse, scanty articles of apparel which belong to her, his small stock of patience is exhausted. Fierce and angry passions are again aroused, and, cursing and swearing, he commences to pelt her with stones, driving her towards the house. When she arrives there, the blood has gushed forth anew from her lacerated back, and is again streaming from her heels; and the back part of her clothes is saturated through and through. But in this state, faint as

she is from the effects of cruel punishment, with blackened eyes and blood prints marking every spot on which she puts her feet, she is compelled to go about the duties which belong to her position in that professedly Christian household.

She has first to carry a kettle of water to her mistress, who has been no party to any of the barbarity inflicted upon Kitty. A gentle and amiable lady, it is more than suspected that she has her own full share of trial and suffering to endure at the hands of the household ruler. As the suffering slave returns from performing her duty to her mistress, she encounters her master again. Not yet recovered from his fierce rage, he salutes her with a kick upon her shins, already bruised and sore from former favours of a similar kind. With a savage oath, ill suited to clerical lips, he seizes her, and twisting her violently round hurls her from him, and bids her go to the wash-house and change her clothes; shame, no doubt, augmenting his irritation at witnessing the sanguinary signs of his cruelty which the clothes and person of the girl exhibit.

Having only two poor suits of apparel in the world, Kitty, notwithstanding what she has been passing through, is not by any means prompt to obey this mandate after she enters the wash-house. The girl is apprehensive that her only remaining garments will be spoiled, like those she has upon her, by being saturated with the blood still oozing from the open wounds which cover all the back part of her person. The master soon follows her into the wash-house to see if his orders have been attended to. Finding that she has not stripped off her blood-stained clothes, again he assails her fiercely with a stick, extorting loud and bitter screams as every stroke falls upon a bruised or lacerated part.

But now he has aroused a master passion in his victim that will be fully a match for his brutality. That cherished suit! It is the only scrap of finery the poor slave possesses. The vanity of the woman is aroused; her instinctive love of adorning is fully awakened; and she will not sacrifice that cherished suit: no, not if her master kills her. How earnestly does she beg that he will not force her to do

that ! How fervently does she plead that she has only two suits,—that other, and the blood-soaked garments she now has on ! Blow after blow falls upon her, given with all a tyrant's strength, showing the determination of the master to make his slave submit herself to his will. But yield she will not. The savage oppressor has found, in the quadroon girl's love of her few cherished articles of adorning, that which is not to be subdued by any punishment he can inflict upon her. Wearied out at length by his own barbarous cruelties, and the girl's stubborn resistance, he turns upon his heel and quits the wash-house, locking the door upon his victim.

After a little while he returns with a coarse Osnaburgh frock in his hand, and commands the girl to put it on, and give up to him the blood-stained garments she has upon her person. Seeing now an opportunity of saving that other fondly cherished suit, she yields. Her master standing by in utter disregard of modesty and decency, she strips off every article of apparel she has upon her person, and arrays herself in the one coarse robe he has handed to her. This done he snatches from her head the handkerchief with which it is tied up in turban fashion, and compels her to take up and carry to the kitchen the crimsoned garments ; and with his own hands consigns them to the flames, standing by until they are entirely consumed.

Kitty is now compelled to set about cooking the dinner. But as the rector continues to follow her about the house and beat her cruelly with a stick, she seizes upon an opportunity which offers, and makes her escape from the house, leaving her master to get his dinner as he can, and to eat it with such appetite as he may. The fugitive is soon missed, and parties sent in pursuit. They are not very anxious to find the missing one ; and she contrives to elude their search until the darkness of the night affords her more effectual means of concealment. She then makes her way to the house of a neighbouring gentleman whom she knows to be a magistrate, and shows to him her wounds and bruises, and relates her tale of woe.

If it arouses a momentary feeling of indignation in this gentleman, to hear that a minister of religion should exhibit such an utter abnegation of all that is humane and Christian-like, it fails to awaken any surprise. The rector's character is too well established as the hard, callous slave-holder and the brutal task-master, for any individual case of cruelty to cause an emotion of that kind. Possibly he may think it is a case that deserves exposure and punishment. But the prudence of the slave-holder suggests that such a procedure would give a triumph to the saints and the anti-slavery party in England, who are earnestly labouring to effect the downfall of the system, and "rob the planters of their just rights." *They* will eagerly seize upon a case of this kind, and proclaim it through the world as another illustration of the atrocious character of colonial slavery.

Such a course cannot be thought of; for the sake of the country the matter must be hushed up and kept as quiet as possible. And then there are those missionaries who have taken up their abode in the parish! If they should happen to hear of this case of cruelty, the consequences may be very inconvenient, as they will not fail to make the most of it. By no means must it be allowed to get abroad. So Kitty finds, apparently at least, a sympathizing friend in Mr. Raffington, who desires her to remain where she is for the night, and then instructs her to meet him on Sunday morning at Nutshell, another estate in the vicinity; promising that he will see the rector in the interval, and ascertain what can be done about the case.

Sunday morning arrives, and Kitty, who has found shelter amongst her slave acquaintances, proceeds to meet Mr. Raffington at Nutshell. She is informed by that gentleman that her master the rector has consented to sell her if she can meet with any one who is willing to purchase her. The rector's friends have probably represented that as the most effectual means of hushing up the unpleasant business, and preventing the knowledge of his barbarity from spreading abroad in the island.

On hearing this she proceeds to the residence of a Mr. and

Mrs. Smith in the same neighbourhood, and, giving them a detail of the treatment she has experienced, beseeches them to deliver her out of the hands of the Rev. oppressor who owns her, by becoming her purchasers. They consent to do so. But before any steps can be taken in the matter she falls again into the power of her master, who has sent parties out in search of her. By them she is forcibly conducted back to the scene of her former sufferings.

Brought again into the presence of the cruel persecutor, of whose tender mercies she has had such bitter experience, he gives directions for her hands to be firmly tied behind her, and that she be put in close confinement under charge of the watchman. From her gaoler she learns that it is her master's intention to have her sent to Rodney Hall.

Rodney Hall is the workhouse of the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-Vale. Not a place of refuge for the poor and indigent, as the designation would seem to indicate to English ears; but a place of punishment for slaves, where cruelty and murder can be practised upon unfortunate Negroes to any extent with impunity; and where they have been practised to a fearful degree. The horrors those dreadful walls have witnessed will never be unfolded until the great day shall declare them when all secrets shall be revealed. Many and many a poor wretched slave has died there in horrible torture beneath the deadly lash. There is scarcely a slave in all the country around who does not tremble at the threat of being sent to Rodney Hall. For it is well understood that whoever enters there must leave all hope behind.

Terrified beyond expression at this new prospect of suffering and misery which has been presented to her, Kitty crouches down in a corner of the room in which she is a prisoner, and watches with intense anxiety for the moment when the keeper to whose care she has been consigned shall be overcome by sleep. Finding at length, after a lapse of time that has appeared to her almost interminable, that he has gone off into the regions of forgetfulness, she sets herself *silently*, but with all the address and energy of which she is

capable, to get rid of the bonds by which her limbs are confined to prevent her escape. After some time and by great effort, to her inexpressible joy, she succeeds in slipping one of her hands through the tight cords with which they are fastened behind her. The other is soon at liberty also. It is the work of a few minutes to get rid of the bonds by which her legs have been secured; and creeping softly from the room, leaving her gaoler fast asleep, she gains the open air. With all the fleetness of which her bruised, ulcerated, and stiffened limbs are capable she again leaves behind her the abode of her master. Hours elapsed before the watchman who had her in charge ceased to lift his wakeful eyes to ascertain if his prisoner were all safe; dreading, as he did, the consequences of want of vigilance on his part. And after he slept some time passed away before Kitty could wriggle her hands free of the hemp which firmly secured them; so that it is near the dawn of the morning when she finds herself once more at liberty. .

During her hours of confinement she has had time to deliberate upon the course that it is best for her to pursue. The custos, or chief magistrate of the parish, has the reputation of being humane to his slaves, and a just and upright magistrate. She resolves to go and claim his protection from the cruelty of her own master. She can travel but slowly, and knowing that she will be pursued if any intelligence of the route she has taken can be procured, she thinks it best and safest to avoid all dwellings and public roads, and prosecute her journey as much as possible across pathless fields and through by-paths and woods. It is therefore late in the afternoon, just before sunset, that, fainting with hunger and fatigue, and smarting and aching in every joint from the terrible punishment inflicted by her owner, she presents herself at the residence of the Honourable Henry Cox.

Although surrounded by slavery influences and himself a slave-holder, this gentleman is not so thoroughly embruted by the system as some of the magistrates and magnates of this renowned parish; especially those who have been the

associates and boon companions of the rector. Kind and considerate towards his own Negroes, he has a heart sufficiently susceptible of humane and tender impressions to be shocked at the cowardly barbarity which could abuse and mangle a weak and delicate woman as in the case now presented to his notice.

Kitty is at once admitted to the presence of the custos, who listens with kindly sympathy to the details of the cruelty of which she has been the sufferer; which are amply confirmed by the wounds and bruises that every part of her person exhibits. He afterwards declared on oath "he had never seen a woman treated with such severity. She was very much injured." Six days have elapsed since the punishment was inflicted, but livid circles about her eyes, bruises all over her face, and scarified wounds covering her person from her neck to her ancles, all attest the heartless cruelty of the rector towards the poor defenceless quadroon girl who has the misfortune to be his slave. A strong feeling of indignation is stirred up in the mind of the magistrate, that one in the rector's position should so forget his manhood, and disregard what is due to that sacred office the emoluments of which he receives.

Amongst the concessions which the anti-slavery agitation in England has wrung from the reluctant pro-slavery legislature of Jamaica in behalf of the oppressed slaves, there is a provision for convening a "council of protection," to take cognizance of cases of cruelty and oppression, and determine whether or not the slave-oppressor shall be prosecuted for any alleged cruelty; and also whether the slave who has been injured shall be compensated for the injuries he has suffered by giving him his freedom. It is true this "council of protection," so called, is not unfrequently the very opposite of what its designation would denote; adding to the injustice which has already been perpetrated, and with which it professes to deal. It is made up of local magistrates and vestrymen, who, to a man, are slave-holders themselves, and some of them of the very darkest type of slave-oppressors; and there is scarcely a

shadow of probability that any oppressed slave will obtain redress from such a tribunal, no matter what cruelty or injury may have been inflicted upon him. For it is the interest of every man composing the court to throw a shield of protection over the slave-oppressor rather than over the slave.

There is, however, one advantage. A council of protection serves to give some degree of publicity to the dark secrets of the prison house of slavery. Perhaps none are more fully aware than the custos of the difficulty of obtaining redress for the injured by such means. But, unpromising as it is, the council of protection is the only avenue through which the rector's injured bondwoman can approach the seat of justice and appeal for redress. The custos, with due regard to justice, resolves to avail himself of it on her behalf.

No small degree of consternation and indignation is exhibited by the rector and his friends, when the necessary measures are initiated by the chief magistrate of the parish to form a council of protection for investigating the complaint of the quadroon Kitty Hylton against her master, and to secure the attendance of all the parties concerned and the witnesses who are competent to give evidence in the case. When the appointed day arrives, the rector and some of the witnesses do not appear, severe indisposition being alleged as the cause of their absence. Resolved not to be baffled in his purpose of bringing the case to a hearing, and well aware that the alleged indisposition is only a pretext on the part of the Rev. defendant and his friends, to avoid the inconvenient exposure that must inevitably result from the hearing of the case before the council of protection, the custos adopts measures to bring the case to an issue. A later day is fixed by the chief magistrate, and the witnesses are again and more formally summoned to give their attendance. Kitty, under the direction of the custos, is sent to the workhouse, to remain and find shelter there, without being put to work with the penal gang, in order that she may not be under the necessity of returning to her owner's plantation until the proposed investigation shall have taken place.

When the day comes, all the parties are present. Kitty's statement is given, and in all its leading points is corroborated by members of the rector's household. The magistrate to whom the sufferer first made her complaint, and also the custos, depose to her being so terribly lacerated and bruised when she came to them, that they had never, in all their experience in slavery, beheld a female in such a condition before. Two other gentlemen, who examined her nearly a week after the punishment, describe the livid appearance of her face, and the shocking marks of cruelty which her person exhibited at that time. The rector himself admits having punished her "for insolence;" denying only some of the minor and non-essential portions of the girl's allegations.

But the council, less concerned about the interests of truth and justice than they are to bolster up the atrocious system of human slavery, now tottering under the vigorous assaults made upon it in the British Parliament, proves itself to be a council of protection to the oppressor instead of the slave. They give their votes in a considerable majority *against* the prosecution of the evil-doer; thus shielding him from the consequences of his wickedness, there being fourteen against four. The custos and three others have the moral courage to record their protest against their pastor's brutality, by voting for a prosecution to be instituted against him, and for placing the whole matter in the hands of the attorney-general.

One beneficial result of the investigation is that the injured quadroon girl obtains her freedom. Through the interposition of friends who are scandalized by the cruel treatment she has received, the bonds that bind her to the heartless man who claims her as his property are severed; her emancipation is secured; and she is for ever placed beyond the cruelty of the oppressor of whom she truly said, "The minister 'most kill me.'"

Another result of this council of protection is, that the cruelty of the rector to his slave, becomes widely known. Although none of its proceedings were allowed to be reported

in the colonial newspapers, yet it is impossible to prevent their obtaining a good deal of publicity. The rector and his friends have done all in their power to hush the case up. But notwithstanding this, the revolting facts by some means come to the knowledge of the energetic members of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society ; and soon all England rings with the cruelty of the Jamaica clergyman. A report of the case is forwarded by the secretary of that body to Sir George Murray, the secretary for the colonies ; who, with prompt humanity, directs the governor of Jamaica to order a re-investigation of this revolting affair, with a view to the vindication of outraged justice.

The governor, though an Irish peer, is but a feeble specimen of noble manliness. Having no mind of his own, and sadly lacking in truly noble qualities, he is but a pliant tool in the hands of an artful, slavery-loving secretary named Bullock, who, under the embruting influence of the system with which he is identified as a slave-holder, has become almost as much a mere animal as the creature whose name he bears. He is also the boon companion of the St. Ann's rector, being a neighbour, and often sharing the revels of his pastor. It is no difficult matter for this worthy pair to prevail upon the poor weak nobleman, who writes himself governor of Jamaica and its dependencies, to deprecate all further inquiry into the case, "because of the clamour it is calculated to raise amongst the enemies of the colony."

But the colonial secretary is not thus to be turned from his purpose. Nor would the excited state of public feeling in England on the slavery question suffer the business to be shelved in this way, even were Sir George Murray disposed to allow it. Buxton, Lushington, Brougham, and others of their anti-slavery associates have the case in hand ; and no colonial secretary may withstand the influence which these illustrious men can bring to bear upon him in relation to the subject of slavery. "My Lord," the head of the Jamaica government, is peremptorily ordered to proceed with measures to investigate the alleged maltreatment of Kitty Hylton. Very much to their chagrin and vexation, the

magistrates and vestry of the parish are assembled by the custos, and the despatch of the colonial secretary laid before them.

There is an old saying, "Though you may bring a horse to the pond, you cannot force him to drink." Under the pretext that this is "an unwarrantable attempt on the part of the home government to interfere with and coerce the colonies," the meeting indignantly refuses to take any further cognizance of the rector's barbarous treatment of his slave. Further, they adopt and advertise in the newspapers a series of resolutions breathing insolent defiance of his majesty's government, and rabid hatred of the Anti-Slavery Society, at whose instigation, they affirm, the colonial secretary has been induced to interfere in the matter. This is no more than might be expected from the bold unscrupulous men who for the most part compose the magistracy and vestry of St. Ann's parish; than whom no such cruel oppressors of the Negro, or virulent persecutors of religion and its faithful ministers, are to be found in the wide-spread dominions pertaining to the British crown.

Another resource remains. The magistrates of the parish, had they not been blinded by prejudice and passion, might have shown some regard for justice, and wrested a powerful weapon out of the hands of the opponents of slavery in England, by initiating a prosecution against the man of violence, who had brought dishonour upon the parish and outraged humanity by such barbarous treatment of his unfortunate slave. But these men having with short-sighted policy refused to do this act of right and duty, it is still in the power of the government to bring the clerical violator of Divine and human law before the tribunal of justice. Accordingly, in obedience to instructions from the colonial office, the evidence as given on oath before the council of protection is placed in the hands of the attorney-general, for his opinion to be given as to the legal grounds it furnishes for submitting the case to a jury at the suit of the crown.

The gentleman who fills the office of attorney-general

of Jamaica at this juncture happens to be one whose character for ability and official integrity stands high in the community. Strenuous attempts are made by the rector and his friend Bullock, in association with an infamous newspaper editor named Bruce, who had been cashiered from the army for dishonourable conduct, to obstruct the course of justice, by cajoling or bullying the attorney-general into giving an opinion adverse to a prosecution. But either that gentleman stands in salutary dread of the influences working so powerfully across the water, and the rigid scrutiny to which his proceedings and opinions will be subjected by some of the acutest intellects of the age; or else, which we prefer to believe, he has too much public virtue and self-respect to allow himself to be made a tool of villany by the unscrupulous clique that has surrounded him for that purpose.

To their great dismay the attorney-general announces his determination to institute a criminal prosecution of the offending rector. Immediately the venal newspaper press of the island begins to pour out volumes of abuse against him, and he is denounced as an enemy of his country and the agent of the anti-slavery party at home, which in proslavery estimation is the lowest depth of infamy. Appeals are made to the prejudices of those who may be jurors in the case, calling upon them, regardless of their oaths and of justice, to shield the criminal from what they are pleased to designate the "*persecution of the saints*;" and making it out to be an act of true patriotism to stain their souls with the guilt of perjury.

The result is what might be expected. The grand jury many of whom are the personal friends of the rector and the sharers of his vices and revels, do not even give themselves the trouble to examine a single witness on the merits of the case, but at once ignore the indictment sent in to them by the attorney-general. Thus a third time are the ends of justice defeated, and a red-handed oppressor shielded from the just punishment his cruelties have deserved.

The proceedings, however, have not been in vain. A deadly

blow has been dealt to the unhallowed system of human chattelism, of which this rector is one of the pillars and defenders. The publicity which has been unavoidably given to this case of oppression has let in a flood of light upon the atrocities perpetrated in the colonies under the sanction of British law; and they are shown to be inseparable from slavery. The utterly defenceless condition of the Negroes, in the hands of such callous and hardened men as the rector of St. Ann, has been clearly and painfully made manifest. And it has been shown with what impunity almost any crime may be perpetrated by slaveholders against their unfortunate slaves, through the connivance of local magistrates and jurymen who have no scruple about the sanctity and obligation of an oath. And all through England masses of people are stirred up to demand the abolition of the atrocious system that is fraught with such misery and wrong to multitudes of human beings.

Those whose memory will carry them back so far, will not forget the prominence which was given to the rector of St. Ann Jamaica, and his murderous treatment of his quadroon slave Kitty, at the first Anti-Slavery Meeting ever held in Exeter Hall, in 1831, at which the writer was present. If they listened with him to the soul-moving eloquence and the withering sarcasm with which the character and conduct of that pretended successor of the Apostles were held up by such men as Buxton, Lushington, Sheil, O'Connell, Sir James Mackintosh, Daniel Wilson, John Burnett, and Richard Watson, and to the loud scorn and execration of the indignant multitude who crowded the spacious hall, comprising all classes, from the peer to the peasant, they would justly conclude that even at the hands of men the cruel slave-oppressor did not altogether escape the punishment due to him. To an educated man, bearing the character of an Episcopal clergyman, it was a bitter punishment to have such obloquy associated with his name by the wise and talented, and great and good, of the mother country.

A mighty impulse was also given to the spread of the

anti-slavery sentiment, by the exposures made in this case of the real condition of affairs in the British slave colonies. It excited, to a degree that was irresistible and uncontrollable, that storm of public indignation against what was more and more felt every day to be a national shame and a national crime, before which the monster evil fell to rise no more. Nor did the pro-slavery rector, who was equally the persecutor of religion and the oppressor of the Negro, escape a terrible punishment in this life, as we show in another of these narratives. Where human justice had been evaded and set at nought, Divine retribution followed. Horror thrilled through thousands of hearts, as they listened to the tragic details of that fearful catastrophe, which brought incurable sorrow to the home, and crushed the heart, of the clerical oppressor of the quadroon slave. (See Narrative entitled, "Driving away the Rooks.")

XVIII.

DRIVING AWAY THE ROOKS.

THE sun of justice may withdraw his beams
Awhile from earthly ken, and sit concealed
In dark recess, pavilioned round with clouds ;
Yet let not guilt presumptuous rear her crest,
Nor virtue droop despondent ; soon these clouds
Seeming to eclipse, will brighten into day,
And in majestic splendour he will rise,
With healing and with terror on his wings.

BALLY.

“**I**f you would get rid of the rooks, you must destroy their nests.” Such is the text and conclusion of a violent and inflammatory address, delivered to a large assembly of planters and slaveholders in the court house of the parish of St. Ann, on the north side of Jamaica. They are met together to uphold the tottering system of slavery, and to consult on the best means of getting rid of missionary labourers from the colony. Under the restraints imposed upon them by the instructions they have received from the missionary authorities at home, these servants of Christ take no part in the discussions on the slavery question, which are now so actively carried on both in England and the colonies ; yet the influence they exert in preaching the Word of Life, and giving instruction to the slaves, is rapidly undermining the system that makes man the property of his fellow-man, and degrades him to the condition of a chattel. Nor are those who are interested in the maintenance of slavery unaware of this. The unhallowed system can only be made permanent, and their interest in the limbs and labours of the stolen children of Africa conserved, by

shutting them up in unbroken night, and confining the exercise of those illimitable and immortal faculties with which the Almighty Creator has endowed them to the wielding of the hoe, and the culture and manufacture of the sugarcane. No light of knowledge may be suffered to dawn on their minds, no religious influence to reach their souls, redeemed as they have been with an infinite price, lest the dollars and cents invested in the human cattle should be sacrificed, and the slave-holders should lose the privilege of living in comfort and splendour upon the unremunerated toil, the forced labour, and the blighted, wasted energies, of the masses whom they systematically plunder of rights more precious than any other earthly possession.

There has been a wide-spread insurrection amongst the slaves in a neighbouring district of the island. The favourite slave of a respectable family conceived the idea of effecting the liberation of the three hundred and fifty thousand of his race held in bondage within those shores. He had himself never felt the extreme bitterness of the condition of a slave; for he had never been subject to the harassing, wasting toil of the cane field, or the brutal, sanguinary cruelty which fell to the lot of many around him. He was born to an inheritance of slavery, because he was guilty of the crime of having a slave mother. She was, however, a favourite domestic in her master's household; and her lively boy, black as polished jet, became the pet and plaything of the family, bearing his owner's name, and treated with as much indulgence as any of the troop of blooming white girls whose sports he shared on almost equal terms. As he grew up to manhood, the same kindly treatment was continued to him, and his master had him taught a trade by which he might earn, without drudgery, the means of living and of comfort; for he was one of the few slave-owners possessing courage to disregard the selfish policy of the slave-holding class, which forbade, in all its degrees, the culture of a slave mind.

Samuel Sharpe had been taught to read; and he not only possessed a form which might have served a sculptor as a

model of manly grace and beauty, but he exhibited mental powers of no common order ; and, as a member of the Baptist communion, had obtained a considerable knowledge of holy Scripture. Though experiencing none of the cruelty so often practised upon those in bondage, he felt the degradation and wrong of being a slave, held as the property of another man, and liable like a horse to be sold and bought ; and, in his intercourse with the thousands that composed the Baptist churches, his soul was stirred within him when he learnt the cruel oppression and merciless suffering to which multitudes of them were subjected at the pleasure of brutal overseers and drivers. He read the newspapers, and became acquainted with the discussions going on in the mother country regarding the abolition of slavery, and the efforts put forth by the churches of Britain to rid the nation of the guilt and shame of upholding such a monstrous system of wrong. He heard at his master's table, as well as at numerous public meetings which were held all over the island, the fierce denunciations of the slave-holding fraternity against those who were making vigorous efforts to deprive them of their property in the bodies and souls of their fellow creatures. And he listened with swelling heart to the avowal of their determination to resist the parent government in this matter, and to transfer the island to the American States, in order to secure the perpetuation of the slave system. He therefore resolved to strike a blow for the freedom of his race.

With consummate skill and secrecy Sharpe laid his plans and chose his companions in the undertaking ; and at Christmas, 1831, the whole of the western part of the island was panic-stricken by a wide-spread insurrection amongst the slaves. Sharpe's plan was simply passive resistance, without injury to life or property. "Bucra" (the Negro designation for a white man) "may kill some of us," he said, addressing a meeting of slaves held in secret, "and I for one am willing to die for freedom ; but dey cannot kill us all, and slavery will be done away."

The insurrection was suppressed with all the horrible

atrocities which distinguish the saturnalia of martial law. Sharpe, with many hundreds besides, perished on the gallows; the land was drenched with blood, and order was at length restored. But the blow for freedom had been struck. The plan laid down by Sharpe was not carried out; but the result he aimed at was achieved. That insurrection and the events that followed gave the death blow to the system; for it demonstrated that it could not be sustained except at the cost of much blood. Before two years had passed away, the decree of the imperial government had gone forth that the crime and curse of British colonial slavery should cease to exist, and this, the darkest stain on the national escutcheon, should be wiped out for ever.

Hundreds upon hundreds of slaughtered Negroes slumber in their bloody graves; and the bones of many others, left unburied and cleaned by the rapacity of the John Crow vulture, are bleaching under the fierce rays of a tropical sun, when the meeting takes place to which reference has been made. With few exceptions those who compose it are fresh and red-handed from the scene of slaughter. In this part of the colony planters and slave-holders have, for several years, distinguished themselves in the persecution of missionary teachers; and under the influence of the rector of the parish, who has acquired an unenviable notoriety for cruelty to his own and other men's slaves, the missionaries and their churches have been assailed with the fiercest opposition. Consigned one after another to a loathsome dungeon reeking with unwholesome miasma, one missionary has already sunk into the grave, his young life cut short by persecution; and another has been compelled to seek the restoration of his health, broken down by the same cause, across the sea. It is no difficult matter, therefore, for a vicious press to induce the planters in this neighbourhood to believe and act upon the improbable assumption that the missionaries have been the instigators of the Negro insurrection, and that they are the concealed agents of the Anti-Slavery Society in England. Day after day the columns of certain newspapers teem with abuse of the missionaries. The planters are urged to deeds

of violence, and called upon to unite for the purpose of destroying all missionary institutions, and driving every missionary teacher from the land. Powerfully wrought upon by such representations, and with such views and purposes filling their minds, these men have come together.

More than one violent harangue has been addressed to the meeting; and by one man especially, whose standing in the parish has given him a considerable degree of influence, the British government and the British churches, the Anti-Slavery Society, Wilberforce, Buxton, Brougham, Lushington, and, above all, the missionaries, have been denounced as the enemies of the colony in strains of unmeasured vituperation, as leagued together to rob the poor injured West India planter of his property and his rights. The speaker being a man of intelligence and of some intellectual culture, and one whose oratical powers, of no mean order, have been frequently exercised in the local parliament, the effect of his address has been powerful; and the passions and prejudices of his hearers being wrought up to a high degree of excitement, they are ready for any lawless procedure that will lessen the power of their opponents, or tend to the security of the cherished system of slavery.

He is followed by one whom, if we look only at the office he fills, we should hardly expect to see in an assembly called together for such a purpose; for he is the rector of the parish, a minister of the Gospel of peace and love. But, alas! he is a slave-holder himself, and that not of the mildest type. His name has only lately resounded from a thousand platforms in Great Britain in connexion with a case of flagrant maltreatment of a female slave, stirring up feelings of horror and indignation in all who heard it, and affording a sad illustration of the brutalizing tendency which the system of slavery manifests in all who are unhappily mixed up with its administration. He is a man of learning, and of more than ordinary intellectual power; but, debased by contact with slavery, his sense of right and justice has been perverted; and he has become a panderer to the slaveholding interest, and the defender of their unholy claims. His

talents, worthy of a better cause, are prostituted to the advocacy of rights founded in robbery and murder, and involving the habitual violation of the fundamental principles of that religion of which he is a minister, and also to the utterance of libels upon the innocent and the good which bring down upon him the ban of the superior courts both of law and equity in the mother country. Perhaps it may be that those who fall from the greatest height sink to the lowest depth, as a simple matter of cause and effect. But however that may be, certain it is that in all that assembly there is not one who has manifested such envenomed bitterness against missionary teachers, or has been so active and violent in opposing their labours among the slaves, as himself; and beyond doubt the persecution of these men of God, and of the slave members of their churches, some of whom have been done to death by cruel treatment, has been mainly, if not entirely, owing to the malign influence exercised by him. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise when, rising from his seat, he follows in the train of foregoing speakers, and denounces the missionaries as the most dangerous enemies of the country, and the fomenters of rebellion amongst the slaves; calling upon the excited, eager mass of persons around him to be up and doing, and save the country from the fate impending over it, by driving out the men who, to use his own words, "are tampering with and corrupting our slaves." He concludes an earnest inflammatory appeal, which has aroused the worst passions of his hearers to almost uncontrollable violence, by borrowing the sentiment of John Knox, uttered by him concerning the overthrow of the monastic institutions. "The worst and most dangerous of your enemies," he says, "are amongst you; they are in your midst; they are in daily intercourse with your slaves, tampering with and corrupting them. For the sake of all that is sacred and dear to you; for the sake of your families and your property, you must drive them from your midst: you must get rid of them. And let me give you a hint; a word to the wise is sufficient:—'If you would get rid of the rooks, you must destroy their nests!'"

The effect of this sinister advice, given by one who professes to be a minister of Christ and a preacher of the ever blessed Gospel, soon becomes manifest. It has entered into not unwilling ears; and the corrupt newspapers in the interest of the planters are speedily found relating, in exulting strains, the exploits of the St. Ann's heroes, who, after doing their part in putting down the insurrection of the slaves, are destroying "those dens of sedition, the missionary chapels," all over the north-west part of the island.

For several weeks scarcely a day passes that there is not some account of a Christian sanctuary burnt to ashes, or levelled with the ground, by the hands of sacrilegious violence. The newspapers also abound with boastful letters from the actors themselves, who trumpet their own achievements, in depriving the poor slaves of the religious instruction which constitutes the only alleviation of their wretched and hopeless condition, as if they had accomplished some laudable undertaking of which they might justly be proud. A man named Innis has gone in open day to the chapel at Ebenezer, in the mountains of St. Ann, and, applying a firebrand to a heap of dry leaves and wood collected for the purpose underneath the building, has burnt it down, and there is not a post or rafter of it left. At Falmouth, a body of the St. Ann's planters, assisted by others of the planting fraternity in the neighbourhood, and aided by the loan of ropes and blocks from the sugar ships in the harbour, have pulled down both the Wesleyan and the Baptist chapels in the town. As both were substantial erections, it has been an undertaking of great toil and difficulty, and has occupied several days to effect it; but the work has proceeded unchecked by the local authorities; and the chapels and all other buildings associated with them are now heaps of ruins. The chief merit of this good work is claimed by and conceded to the men from St. Ann's, who began the demolition, and have toiled at it without intermission, except for necessary rest, until its completion. At Ocho Rios a planter, named Taylor, heads the ruffianly band who destroy the missionary sanctuaries in that place. And

so it goes on from week to week, the St. Ann's planters every where taking the lead, in accordance with the advice given to them by the rector, until eighteen mission sanctuaries, devoted chiefly to the religious instruction of the slaves and the neglected free coloured population, have been destroyed by violence, together with several missionary residences and other buildings. It is the proud boast, reiterated again and again in the newspapers by the "St. Ann's heroes," that "all along a range of coast extending over seventy or eighty miles, and stretching far into the interior, they have not left a single sedition shop standing, nor a house in which the sedition mongers can find shelter."

The friends of slavery in other parts of the island are strongly urged, by a partisan press, to imitate "*the noble example*" of the St. Ann's planters," until some of the editors are reminded, by those who are friendly to the missionaries, and regard with indignation what has been done on the north side of the island, that there is a possibility of the coloured people being stirred up to retaliate; and in such a case, it is intimated, the newspapers and editors that have laboured to bring about such results will not be forgotten. This suffices to produce a remarkable change in the tone of these papers. The inflammatory appeals already put forth have produced an effect, and there are not wanting, on the south side of the island, those who would gladly respond to them, and emulate the example of the St. Ann's chapel-destroyers, were it safe to do so. But it is soon discovered that such proceedings are not likely to pass with the impunity which has marked their progress in the north. There the free coloured population are few, and thinly scattered, and could have no hope of making head against the overwhelming influence and numbers of the planters. But in and around the city of Kingston there is a formidable body of intelligent coloured and black men, all of them free, and many of them wealthy. These owe much to the labours of Christian missionaries, and hold them in the highest esteem. They read with strong feelings of indignation the accounts which issue from the press, from day to

day, concerning the demolition of Christian sanctuaries ; and avow their determination to prevent a repetition of the sacrilege on their side of the island. They also proceed to such demonstrations for the protection of the chapels as prove that they are in earnest, and make it manifest that civil war will be the result, if any such deeds of violence are attempted as those which the government has countenanced, or at least tolerated, without a single effort to rebuke them, in St. Ann's and Trelawny. Induced by the apathy of the authorities to combine in large numbers for the protection of property, they refuse to disband, until the authorities pledge themselves to protect all missionary property from unlawful violence.

The poor weak man, boasting a title of Irish nobility, who is entrusted with the administration of the government, is either too listless to interfere, or too much influenced by a cowardly fear of the planters to lift a hand in discouragement of the deeds of violence which day after day form the principal topic of the island newspapers. His sympathies are no doubt with the wrong-doers. For weeks these violent and unlawful doings go on with his full knowledge of all the details ; yet not a word proceeds from the chief magistrate of the land to forbid them, until civil war becomes imminent, and a collision of classes is brought on which, should it once break into open violence, is likely to end in bloodshed, and perhaps in a signal revenge of the injuries and degradations heaped upon the black and coloured race by the dominant class. This threatening aspect of affairs at length moves the authorities to interfere, and the assurance is given that all missionary property shall be protected from further damage. Thus a great danger is averted.

The feeling manifested on the south side of the island amongst the free black and coloured people, who constitute the chief strength of the island militia, is not without effect elsewhere. In some of the principal towns in the north-west, the chapel-destroyers find themselves confronted by men whom it may be dangerous to provoke. An agent from

St. Ann's, one of the wealthy planters of the parish, was endeavouring to stir up several persons of his own class to destroy a Christian sanctuary at Montego Bay, which stood near the house in which he was lodging. With much self-complacency he was pointing out to them how it might be done, and how the planters had acted in the district from which he came. A coloured man who had listened to him, suddenly stepped up, and tapping him on the shoulder, directed his attention to a double-barrelled gun standing in a corner of the room. "Mr. M., do you see that gun? It has a brace of balls in it. There are more all around the neighbourhood prepared for the same purpose, and loaded. There are persons on the look out night and day, *as I am doing*; and I can tell you that the man who approaches that building, to lay violent hands upon it, will have an ounce of lead in his brain before he is aware. If you are wise, you will speedily clear out from this neighbourhood." The planter returned home without loss of time, and the evil was arrested in that locality.

The hostility to the missionaries and their labours is, however, by no means modified amongst the dominant class. Under the influence of the rector of St. Ann, who instigated the chapel-destroyers to their evil work, and who exults abundantly in what they have accomplished, a wide-spread combination is formed under the designation of the "Colonial Church Union." The avowed objects of this association are, to carry on a crusade against all missionary agents, to drive them from the island, and so conserve the interests of the slave institution. Many willingly, and some through fear, give in their adhesion to the persecuting league,—for a complete system of terrorism has been established,—until all the planters, and nearly all the white men of the colony, are included in this formidable "union." Not a few missionaries are consigned to loathsome prisons by planter magistrates, in order to silence them; and some, treated with brutal violence by planter mobs, have only escaped with life through the prompt interposition of free black and coloured men; blood having been shed, and life

sacrificed, on these occasions. One planter, who had joined with a mob to break into the dwelling of a missionary, and put him to death after a barbarous fashion, paid the penalty of his folly with his life. The assailing party were driven back by the vigorous arms of a few coloured men, when this unfortunate man fell, through mistake in the partial darkness, into the hands of his own party, who, supposing that they had got the missionary into their power, dealt upon him such severe blows as to fracture his skull before they discovered their mistake. After he had lingered for some time in great suffering, never able to resume his employment, the wounds he had received brought him prematurely to the grave; his dying hours being cheered by the prayers and counsels of one of the missionaries whom he had sought to destroy.

For some months the Colonial Church Union rules the colony, and all other authority is virtually superseded. The magistrates are compelled to do its bidding, and use their authority according to its designs; every jury box in the land is under its control; and the feeble governor, and the officers of the government, all yield a willing, or unwilling, submission to its dictates. In some parts of the island, where the missionary sanctuaries have been left standing through fear of collision with the free black and coloured men, the magistrates, acting under instructions from the Colonial Union, have closed them and suspended religious services, scattering the congregation and imprisoning the minister. The missionaries, threatened with violence, or brutally assailed by fierce mobs, who break into their houses at night, apply to the magistrates for the protection and redress to which, as British subjects, they are entitled; but are told, "We dare not interfere." They then state their grievances to the governor, as the chief magistrate and representative of the sovereign, and are informed by him, "I cannot help you. You must, if you are aggrieved, apply to the courts of justice." They know well that this will be in vain; yet they carry their complaints before the courts through every

obstruction which official hostility can interpose; producing abundant witnesses both to prove their grievances and to identify the aggressors. But the grand juries are composed of the men who are leagued together in the Colonial Church Union for the purpose of wronging them, and, to a man, stand pledged to obey the behests of the conspirators who have superseded the laws and usurped the government of the colony. The consequence is that every bill of indictment is ignored; and the injured missionaries, who see their places of worship lying in ruins, and all their rights ruthlessly trampled down, are made to feel that, in a British colony, under the British flag, and under a British governor, there is for them no law. They can look for protection and redress only to "the righteous Lord who loveth righteousness."

Such a state of things may not, however, long consist with the honour of the British crown; nor will the churches of the mother country endure in silence this triumph of clerical and planter intolerance. The curse and shame of slavery begins now to be felt by British Christians as it has never been felt before. The nation wakes up to the enormity of the evil. A storm of indignation is aroused against slavery and the slaveholders such as never swept over the country at any former period. The British government—the most potent in the world—is constrained to bow before it; and the law for abolishing British slavery, carried by triumphant majorities both of Lords and Commons, is recorded on the statute book. The world beholds the spectacle, unparalleled in history, of a repentant nation voluntarily giving back from its treasury some of the gains of wrong-doing, letting the oppressed go free, and setting a noble example of justice and reparation to the world, by washing its hands from all further participation in a cruel system that originated in the dark days of barbarism and religious error.

Some months before the act abolishing slavery passes through parliament, the feeble man who occupies the seat of power at the king's house is recalled. A nobleman of different

character takes his place, who is selected as well qualified to initiate the new era of freedom about to commence; and the reign of anarchy soon passes away. The Earl of Mulgrave, on his arrival, finds the island prostrate at the feet of the Colonial Church Union; planter mobs superseding by lawless violence the administration of law and justice, and thousands of the people arbitrarily deprived of religious ordinances. It takes him a little while to make observations and acquaint himself with the condition of public affairs, and then he begins to act. A proclamation is published, denouncing the Colonial Church Union as an unlawful conspiracy against the rights and liberties of British subjects, and calling upon all who hold commissions, either civil or military, under the crown, to detach themselves from the illegal combination, under penalty of his majesty's displeasure. This document, posted in public places, and advertised in the newspapers, creates great consternation amongst the conspirators, while it gives much joy to the oppressed. But the whole planter community is on foot to resist such "*a tyrannical interference with their rights as colonists.*" "Is not the island ours? shall we not do what we will with our own? shall it be endured that these seditious corrupters of our slaves shall be protected by the government in interfering with our property?" Meeting after meeting is held, and the conduct of the government is denounced by the colonial church orators with much fierce and fiery declamation; and the more robust adherents of the exploded union, urged on by the St. Ann's rector, who has the address to keep himself out of sight in the matter, defy the governor, and pour contempt upon the royal proclamation.

But the contest is of brief duration. With a promptitude and firmness contrasting strongly with the listlessness and reckless disregard of duty manifested by his predecessor, the noble earl presents himself at every post of danger. The men of violence more than once find themselves, in the performance of their lawless doings, suddenly confronted by the governor, and see the chief magistrate in

their midst when they believe him to be a hundred miles distant. By a policy as just as it is wise, and with a zeal honourable alike in its forbearance and in its courage, shrinking neither from fatigue nor from danger, his purpose is soon accomplished. Militia officers who refuse obedience to their captain-general are superseded, and find their commissions cancelled; magistrates who daringly violate the law in their own persons, are dismissed from the office they have abused and dishonoured. In a few weeks the persecuting association melts away like snow in the sun, and peace and order are restored throughout the island, the forerunners of a day, shortly to dawn upon these sunny isles, when liberty shall be proclaimed to the captive, and the opening of the prison door to them that are bound.

But the matter is not suffered to rest here. There is a Book which says concerning those who "take counsel together against the Lord, and against His Anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us,—He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall He speak to them in His wrath, and vex them in His sore displeasure. Yet have I set My king upon My holy hill of Zion.—Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron, and dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." It is against Him these men have conspired. It is the spread of His truth they are leagued together to oppose. It is against places consecrated to His worship, and the preaching of His Gospel, that they have dared to lift the hand of sacrilegious violence, and lay them even with the ground. It is to prevent the light of His Word reaching the souls for whom Christ died, in order that they may shut them up in heathen darkness, and keep them groaning under the iron yoke of oppression. "And shall not the Lord visit for these things?" Yea, assuredly, if there be any truth in the threatenings which His Word records, and any meaning in the lessons of human history. It is a strife with God which these men have been carrying on; and, "Woe unto him that striveth with His Maker," is the warning which the Bible proclaims, and history

illustrates by a thousand impressive facts. They have evaded the penalties imposed by human laws upon wrongdoers; but they may not so easily elude the justice and power of Him, the sceptre of whose kingdom is a sceptre of righteousness. Even in connection with this life it may be seen, in Jehovah's dealings with these men of violence, how "He ordaineth His arrows against the persecutors."

In the same newspaper columns in which their sacrilegious exploits were blazoned forth in proud bravado to the world, the names of these evil-workers are to be inscribed as passing away from earth in rapid succession, to appear before the just Judge of all the earth. General readers perceive little in these records beyond the ordinary course of earthly events, and the accidents which frequently chequer with their shadows the every day history of human life. But those who know the association these men have had with the dark deeds of the past, and who are accustomed to consider the works of the Lord, and regard the operations of His hand, in the light shed upon them by Divine revelation, see, in the tragic circumstances attending the swift removal of so many of these persecutors from life, the fulfilment of the Divine word, "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished." And, as they drop in rapid succession into the grave, cut off by "*accident*" or by suicide, or otherwise borne swiftly from life in the midst of their days, even the surviving partakers in their evil deeds discover something remarkable in it; so that one who had been prominent and active above many of his fellows, and who lived long enough to afford evidence that he repented of the evil, acknowledged, as he contemplated the mournful end of many of his associates, "The hand of the Lord is in this."

And truly the hand of the Lord is in these occurrences, however the sceptic or the worldling may curl his lip in haughty scorn and cry, "Fanaticism!" If it be true that a sparrow falleth not on the ground without our Heavenly Father, these erring heirs of immortality are not swept away from life, with all their stupendous accountability attaching to them, without His intervention. Nor is the manner of

their removal from earth, any more than the death itself, the result of mere chance or accident. It is the ordering of that Providence which with unerring wisdom controls with regard to every human being the issues of life.

Mr. I. is a man who has been one of the most active in the demolition of Christian sanctuaries. He is the proprietor of a small property in the interior of St. Ann's, and one of those who listen with excited feelings to the sinister eloquence of the rector, when, like Ahithophel, he urges upon his hearers counsel largely impregnated with the wisdom of the Old Serpent. None enters upon the unholy work with more active zeal than he. Amongst the first to lay violent hands upon a chapel distant from his own house, he labours with untiring energy, pouring out abundant oaths and curses, until the building, which has only just been completed at considerable cost, is a ruin. In several other undertakings of a similar kind, he is one of the most earnest workers; denouncing the missionaries with an intensity of bitterness and profusion of blasphemy and profanity quite characteristic of a Jamaica planter. Returning home, he finds that a missionary sanctuary quietly hidden in the mountains, and not very distant from his own house, has not been destroyed. His hand it is that applies the torch and commits it to the flames; and the little place of worship, where many a toil-worn slave has received the only consolation his unhappy lot admitted of, disappears from the scene of rural beauty of which it was the principal ornament. Only a few months elapse, and the announcement of his death appears in the newspapers. But it is not stated there, though it is a fact well known in the neighbourhood, that the unhappy man, having become involved in difficulties, has sought to get rid of his troubles by suicide. The hand that was sacrilegiously raised to destroy the house of God has been lifted against his own life. He is found dead with his throat cut, the weapon with which he had committed the deed still clasped in his hand.

Mr. T. is a planter, the overseer of a large sugar plantation in St Ann's, a man of bold daring character, fearing

neither God nor man ; just fitted for such ungodly work as that marked out by the rector ; and he enters upon it with all the enjoyment of which such a rough and turbulent nature is capable. No hand is more energetic than his in fixing and hauling ropes by which places sacred to the worship of God are pulled down and desolated. No shout rises higher than his as the flames burst forth which consume the missionary chapel or dwelling house ; and wherever any thing of the kind is going on, he is sure to be there. He heads the party which destroys the mission station nearest to his own dwelling, affecting no concealment ; and he continues at the congenial work until every building upon it has disappeared,—the very materials being carried off to be used elsewhere, a goodly portion of them falling into his own possession. Loud is the exultation of this man when, through a large district of country, not a “sectarian place of worship” is left standing ; louder still is his boasting joy when brother planters on the grand jury, disregarding all the evidence which clearly identifies him and his fellows as law breakers and chapel-destroyers, and equally disregarding the solemn oath they had taken to do justice, ignore the bills of indictment, and shield the men of violence and blood from the penalties of the laws they have violated. A few months roll away, and the newspapers report “*the sad accident*” which has deprived the colony of this valuable member of the community. He is looking about a building in course of erection on the plantation of which he is the overseer, when he inadvertently sets his foot upon an old rusty nail pointing up from a piece of timber. Being a heavy man, it pierces through his boot, and penetrates the flesh amongst the sinews of the foot. Disregarded as a trifling matter, no importance is attached to the apparently slight wound. But in a day or two there is inflammation ; then follows gangrene, producing lock-jaw and death. The chapel-destroyer, in the very prime of lusty health and vigour, has dropped suddenly into the grave, to be followed very shortly by several others who were of the party he had led on to destroy a mission station, five of whom pass

away to appear in the presence of the Just and Holy One with the guilt of self-murder upon their souls.

There is Mr. L. He has headed a party of ruffianly men in surrounding a missionary's dwelling, within whose wooden walls the missionary and his family were sleeping; and under cover of darkness they have riddled the peaceful habitation with musket balls, firing a succession of volleys into it, with the diabolical purpose of destroying the unoffending inmates when they had retired to rest. He also has been active in the demolition of Christian sanctuaries. His name, too, soon appears in the records of mortality; for with the weapon he had used in the attempt to assassinate a peaceful family, he scatters his own brains, and thus passes away from among the living.

There is Mr. H., a minister of religion and the rector of a large parish, who had not scrupled to take an active part in destroying mission chapels, and to enlarge his own library with the plunder of a missionary study. He is a profligate and blasphemer of the worst type. This man is swept to an early grave in a duel which he forces upon his most intimate friend. Foremost in deeds of violence and persecution, he had plotted the secret murder of a missionary in the mere wantonness of a cruel disposition which delighted in shedding blood. He had made an open boast of "the excellent fun it was to get a crack at a Nigger, and see him toppled over with a bullet in his black carcase." He does not find that there is much *fun* in it, when a bullet cuts short his own wicked career before he has passed his prime, known only as a man in whom, notwithstanding the sacred office from which he derived his living, there was an utter abnegation of every good quality, and a fearful proficiency in whatever is debasing and vile.

There is Mr. M., a wealthy proprietor, who has been a sufferer to a large extent by the Negro insurrection, all the valuable buildings of his plantation having been burnt by the insurgent Negroes. He perhaps has a better apology than many others for the deeds of violence and sacrilege in which he has been induced to become an active participator;

for he was led to believe the improbable story that the missionaries instigated the slaves to make that effort to seize their freedom which has led to such sacrifice of life and property. He has been spending the day with a large circle of friends in trials of skill with rifles and pistols, and indulging freely in the use of beverages of which there is never any scarcity when Jamaica planters congregate for any purpose. The whole party, animated and gay, are assembled in the drawing room after dinner, discussing the occurrences of the day, when a young man who has accidentally joined the party, takes up from the table on which they were laid, one of the pistols which have contributed to the sport of the noisy revellers. Not aware that it is loaded, and little accustomed to such articles, while he clumsily examines it the pistol explodes. The fatal contents are lodged in the person of the owner of the mansion, inflicting a wound which in a few brief hours lays him low in death, making his blooming young wife a widow, and two or three little ones fatherless.

There is Major C., the servile tool of dominant intolerance, who at the bidding of a persecuting faction has abused his authority as a magistrate to hinder and suppress the worship of God, sending missionaries to prison for preaching the truth, and acting as a leader in the destruction of houses of prayer. He also is singled out as an early example of retribution. He is returning as morning dawns from a gay party, where the night has been spent in dancing and dissipation, and the wine has circulated freely. Being less steady than usual, in consequence of what he has imbibed through the night, he falls heavily against some stone steps that are in his path. No serious results are at first apprehended from the accident, as he is able to rise and pursue his walk. But internal injuries have been received, and before the day wanes to its close, he has ceased to be numbered with the living.

Mr. B. has his life prematurely brought to an end by restive mules overturning the vehicle in which he is travelling. M. M'C. is found dead in his bed with a ghastly

wound in his throat ; but whether inflicted by his own hand or by the hand of an assassin, cannot be determined. Mr. H., one of the most prominent and malignant, as he is one of the most influential, of all the persecuting faction, is smitten by the hand of death at his own festive board, surrounded by men of kindred spirit ; and he retires from the hilarious assemblage he has been feasting, only to stretch himself upon the couch from which he will never again rise in life. Mr. L. suddenly disappears from the aristocratic circle of which he has been for many years one of the most influential members ; and the fact soon transpires that he is a defaulter to a large amount in the public office he has filled ; and public funds and private interests suffer largely from his betrayal of the trust confided to him. Reduced to poverty, and with a dishonoured name, he sinks into despondency ; and presumptuously opening for himself a way to the unseen world, he is laid in a suicide's grave.

So does God's providence work. His hand is manifestly lifted up to vindicate and sustain His cause ; and one after another, as " His arrows are ordained against the persecutors," the men of violence disappear from life, furnishing most impressive illustrations of the words of the Psalmist : " I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not : Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.....The transgressors shall be destroyed together : the end of the wicked shall be cut off." (Psalm xxxvii. 35-38.)

Several years have passed away, and a large number of those who were once banded together to break up missionary institutions, and drive missionaries from the land, are slumbering in the dust, while some have seen the error of their ways, and look back with regret upon the deeds of violence and wrong into which they were led by following evil counsel. In several instances men of this class, admonished by the fate which has overtaken so many of their co-operators in an evil work, have contributed to rebuild the Christian sanctuaries they assisted to destroy. " Do you remember having met with Mr. S. before ? " This inquiry

is addressed to a missionary by a fellow-traveller, as they are riding away from a sugar-plantation, whither they were driven for shelter by stress of weather the night before; and where, as the bad weather continued, they have been compelled to pass the night, experiencing at the hands of the gentleman in charge of the property all possible kindness and hospitality. "No," the missionary replies, "I am not aware that I have ever seen him before; but certainly his attention to our comfort has been somewhat remarkable. I do not remember that I have ever experienced so much kindness at the hands of a stranger." "You may not remember him, but he knows you very well. Do you remember when a mob of white men broke into your house at Falmouth, and nearly succeeded in setting you on fire?" "Yes, I shall not easily forget that." "Well, Mr. S. was one of that mob. He told me all about it after you had gone to bed. He recognized you the moment we rode into the estate, and expressed to me the pleasure it afforded him to have the opportunity of making some atonement for the past by receiving you as his guest. He was ashamed to speak of it to you; but I have no doubt he intended me to mention it, as he called me back, and begged me to repeat the invitation he gave you, whenever you pass this way, to make his house your home."

Nor is this the only instance of repentant kindness shown to the same missionary by those who took part in the outrage. The evil days are gone. The unholy and oppressive system which these deeds of violence were designed to support has been superseded by the intermediate institution, designed, by a well-meant but mistaken policy, to prepare the way for unrestricted freedom, and the former things are passed away. After lying desolate for several years, while the missionary labourers have resumed their toil of mercy and love in tents or hired houses, and in some instances under the shade of the wide-spreading cedar or broad-leaf, the destroyed chapels are beginning to rise again in larger dimensions, and increased in number. *Thousands* flock to hear the Word of life, who never heard it

before; religious agencies are multiplied, and the persecutions of past years have resulted in giving an impulse to the cause of truth and religion in the land, such as it never felt before.

There is one of the persecutors remaining who in the evil days that are past occupied a large space in the public eye, and as yet gives no sign that he has come to a better state of mind. He was the chief of them all; the main spring, originating and controlling the whole movement on the part of the planter interest which has wrought such tragical results for the actors themselves; but has so signally failed in the object and purpose to which it was directed. There is the master mind, whose lofty powers were prostituted in planning malignant mischief for other hands to execute, and upon whom rests a large share of the responsibility attached to many a deed of persecuting violence and wrong, in connexion with which he has not openly appeared. His were the lips that uttered inflammatory counsels, and urged upon the persecutors to get rid of the rooks by destroying their nests. Bitter thoughts have doubtless frequently occupied his mind, when he has seen how completely all his subtle schemes have been blighted and brought to nought; and that the bad system, founded in unrighteousness and blood, to which he linked his interests, and which he laboured to uphold with zeal and talents worthy of a better cause, has crumbled to the dust. But in the seclusion of his own pleasant parsonage he is almost forgotten, as an object which the swift progress of events has left far behind, and almost out of sight. There are some, however, who remember the important part he played in the scenes of which Jamaica has been the theatre who think of the terrible sufferings which persecuted slaves have endured at his instigation, and know how largely the razing or burning of Christian temples and the desolation of missionary houses have been the work of his active brain. When they look around and see the wondrous way in which retribution has been dealt out upon the minor actors in these evil works, and how the lightning-blast of the Divine dis-

pleasure has fallen upon them in rapid succession, it seems to them one of those inexplicable mysteries of providence which baffle all human comprehension that the head and chief of them all, the guiltiest and most bitter persecutor of the whole, has been left unscathed. It may be that in this instance, as in the case of the chief of the persecutors in other days, the Divine wisdom has purposes of mercy which transcend all human thought. Now, as then, it may be that it is in His designs to make him a chosen vessel, an instrument of good to others. But it is a matter which belongs to God alone, and none may without presumption say concerning it, "What doest Thou?"

The time comes when the mystery is solved, and a stupendous catastrophe, that makes all ears tingle throughout the length and breadth of the land, proclaims as with a trumpet voice, that, although evil-doers are endured with much long-suffering, they are not forgotten of God.

One after another many of those who followed his pernicious counsels have dropped into the dust; and perhaps with modified and chastened feelings he may have pondered the tragic circumstances which clouded their latter end. But, however this may be, no outward indications of it have appeared that human eyes could read, until the tragedy occurs that lays all his pride in the dust, and forces from him the acknowledgment that the hand of God has been lifted against him in visitation of his sins.

His dwelling is beautifully situated upon a lower range of the lofty hills which rise abruptly, one height above another, at the bay named by Columbus Santa Gloria, and looking down upon the rock-enclosed harbour where he suffered shipwreck. A little to the right is the narrow cove in which his ships lay when the celebrated navigator, in his extremity for want of supplies, practised upon the kind-hearted, ignorant aborigines, provoked by the treacherous and cruel conduct of the Spaniards to leave the strangers to their own resources, that memorable deceit concerning the eclipse of their favourite planet, he

moon, by which he induced them to yield a ready compliance with all his demands. The scene whereon the eye rests from the hill upon which that residence is situated, is grand and beautiful. To the east stretches for several miles a plain covered with the luxuriant growth of the sugar-cane, and dotted with the sugar-works of several plantations. On the hills which bound the plain, to the west and south, are to be seen, the comfortable mansions of the more wealthy proprietors, beautifully embowered in groves of cedar or the fragrant pimento tree, whose rich dark green foliage contrasts most agreeably to the eye with the lighter and more brilliant green of the guinea-grass pastures. The landscape is enlivened and adorned with groves or avenues of cocoa-nut or cabbage palms, their leaves waving like majestic plumes in the breeze, and diversified occasionally with specimens of the giant ceiba or cotton tree, whose massive wide-spreading branches afford a grateful shelter to the panting cattle from the fervid rays of the vertical sun. Looking northward, and stretching east and west as far as the eye can reach, there is the broad, deep channel across which, although the distance is not less than from ninety to one hundred miles, through the clear pellucid atmosphere of these tropical regions, may often be seen before sunrise and near sunset the towering peaks of the mountains of Cuba,—a land still cursed with the worst horrors of slavery, and containing more than six hundred thousand human beings held in bondage, and doomed to a life of hopeless, unrequited toil. To the westward the land scene is limited by the hills rising in some places almost abruptly near the shore, on which lie a succession of valuable sugar estates extending to Runaway Bay; so designated from the fact that Don Sasi, the last Spanish commander, who opposed the English in taking possession of the island, made his escape from this spot in a canoe, leaving the party he commanded to their fate. And he alone reached the shores of Cuba alive.

At the foot of the hill, and partly on its slope, lies the little town called St. Ann's Bay, with wharves and stores

stretching along the shore. Cocoa-nut trees in great abundance, and the rich foliage of the orange and star-apple, the plantain and the banana, overshadowing and partly concealing the dwellings of the inhabitants, impart grace and beauty to the landscape. Immediately under the eye ships ride at anchor in the harbour, surrounded by land and reefs, and accessible only by one or two narrow channels. The view calls up interesting memories of the great navigator, as it was here he first approached the shores of Jamaica; and here he passed through some of the most painful scenes of his chequered life, arising out of the treachery and misconduct of his Spanish associates. The whole scene, as far as the eye can reach from the Cloisters—for such is the name that pleasant residence bears—is lovely, and fraught with interest from its association with the past. But it is destined to be invested with deeper and more painful interest, as the scene of a terrible calamity bringing sudden desolation and untold agony and woe to the secluded home which overlooks the landscape just described.

Lovely in their favoured situation, the Cloisters are graced by the presence of four beautiful girls, the daughters of the gentleman who owns and occupies the place. The house may not be called a mansion, for it contains only just sufficient accommodation for the family, and it is old, and getting somewhat out of repair. But intelligence and refined and cultivated taste preside there,—womanly taste, whose magic influence invests all within and without the dwelling with grace and beauty, and converts it into a paradise of joy. These lovely Creole girls, beautiful as Hebe, though varying in the character of their loveliness, and all in the bloom and freshness of earliest womanhood, have but recently returned from Europe. There a father's fondness has lavished upon them the advantages of the most finished education he could procure; and loving and amiable, as they are graceful and accomplished, they are well fitted to call into exercise all the pride and *fondness* of a parent's heart, as indeed they do. He is a

proud man ; but most of all he is proud of the sweet girls who have come to shed light and gladness upon the home in which, for several years past, he has had many gloomy and bitter thoughts. The fountains of love and tenderness in that seared heart of his are broken up ; he lavishes upon these bright and attractive objects all the idolatrous fondness of which he is capable ; and almost forgetting in their charmed circle, that there is any higher joy to aspire after, he looks forward, as he contemplates the bloom and freshness and sparkling gaiety of those loved ones, to the sunshine of many happy years. Nor does he think for a moment of the possibility that all this brightness may fade like a dissolving view, and the objects of his heart's idolatry sink away from his embrace, as if the whole were a dream, himself waking up to the bitter reality of desolation and woe.

It is a lovely morning, glad with tropical light and beauty. In the harbour at the foot of the hill on which that bright home reposes, at a short distance from the shore, are several large merchant ships resting upon the untroubled surface of the quiet bay, whose waters glisten like molten silver in the slanting rays of the morning sun. They are waiting to collect the rich freight of sugar, as it is manufactured on the several plantations around, and to convey it to the shores of Europe. One of these vessels is gaily decorated, the flags of all nations streaming from her masts and stays ; for a gay party has been invited by her captain to partake his hospitality, and take breakfast on board his ship. The boats are in requisition, manned by hardy tars in holiday attire ; and, as the guests appear upon the wharf, they are speedily conveyed to the ship. The gentlemen ascend the side ladders ; the ladies, placed in a chair, and carefully wrapped about with the Union Jack, are hoisted over the ship's side to the deck. A lively and brilliant party it is that is assembled on the quarter-deck, where a thick canvas awning, stretching from side to side, affords ample protection from the sun's fervid rays, while it gives free admission to the gentle refreshing breeze, which at this early hour comes down from the land. The guests are numerous, including the principal members

of several families residing within a few miles of the Bay. But gayest among the gay, and loveliest among the lovely, are the sweet belles of the rectory, who, with their father, are there, and who form the principal centre of attraction on that ship's deck. On their cheeks is the rosy bloom brought from Europe, which has not yet had time to fade away under the paling influence of the tropics; and the vivacity of the more temperate zone has not yet given place to the languor engendered by long residence in a more ardent clime. All who look upon these lovely girls, and mark their exuberance of gaiety and their lively sallies of wit and repartee, partake the enjoyment, and pronounce the father of such a troop of blooming maidens a blest and happy man. No one has any premonition of the dark cloud of woe that is even now enwrapping them in its folds; and in which a large portion of that laughing group shall disappear, to be seen no more on earth for ever.

A bountiful and dainty repast is served beneath the awning upon the deck; and all is festivity and enjoyment, intelligence and refinement being handmaids of the well selected company. The sea is smooth, for only a slight breeze ripples the surface outside; and within the bay the water scarcely moves at all, except as the large waves roll sluggishly in and gently break upon the shore. A few clouds in the distant sky indicate the possibility of a shower later in the day; but they furnish no reason why the proposal should not be entertained to get the ship's boats round from the stern of the vessel, where they are lazily riding on the water, and take a pleasant sail about the bay. It is not a time of the year when storms occur; and the idea of possible danger in that well-sheltered harbour does not present itself to any mind. Amid fun and laughter the ladies are again swung over the sides; the sailors, whose lusty arms, with a hearty, "Yeo, heave O," hoist them into the air, and then let them gently down to the boat, entering into the fun with as much gusto as the gentlemen themselves. At length all are seated, the smart-looking captain exulting in the triumph of the *manœuvre* by which he has succeeded in getting the belles of

the party, the four charming sisters, into his own boat,—an arrangement which separates them, for the time, from their father, who would gladly have taken his seat with them, only that an equal division of the party amongst the several boats consigns him to another. The usually quiet harbour resounds with laughter and merriment as the sails are hoisted, and the boats speed away from the ship.

For some time they sail about the bay, casting out lines with treacherous bait to lure the denizens of the deep ; with what results none can say. Whether it was that the captain, whose practised eye should have scanned the heavens with the care almost instinctive in the sailor, was too much occupied in interesting converse with, and waiting on, his lovely charge, certain it is that neither he nor any one else observed that the scattered clouds had been attracted into one small compact mass, and, charged with wind and rain, were driving down upon them in a squall ; which, in its comparatively narrow course, might, without due care, place them in jeopardy. So contracted is its width that it reaches not the other boats ; but right upon the captain's boat the miniature tempest sweeps with terrible fierceness ; and before the sail can be let loose the boat turns over, fills, and sinks, and all who were in it are struggling in the water.

A few minutes and the squall has passed over, but those in the unfortunate boat have found a watery grave. The captain, who was steering with the four sisters, and six others, have all disappeared from life. The other boats hasten to the fatal spot with all possible expedition, but it is too late. Not one of those whom the greedy sea has engulfed can be found ; nor are they ever seen again. Eleven human spirits have suddenly passed within the veil that separates time and its concerns from the eternal world. Whether the victims sank down to find a resting-place amongst the reefs near which they disappeared, or whether hungry sharks, which frequent the bays and harbours of these western isles in great numbers, especially when ships are anchored there, seized them as their prey, must be left to

the revelations of that day when the sea shall give up its dead. But they are gone. The lively, laughing, joyous party have all passed away from human ken; and the sparkling wit, the sweet melody, and the pleasant jest are hushed in the silence of death. To more than one family, sorrow and desolation have been brought home by the shocking catastrophe, the news of which soon spreads gloom over all the land.

But who shall describe the feelings which rend the heart of the bereaved father, as he looks on from another boat, and beholds his life's joy swallowed up in a moment before his eyes? It may not be. No words can depict the agony of that stricken heart, or express an adequate idea of the great and crushing sorrow that presses upon his soul. These daughters, graced with the charms of youthful beauty, the accomplishments of a refined education, the attractions of a sweet and amiable disposition inherited from a mother of meek and quiet spirit, and, above all, adorned with a sincere regard for religion, were not only admired and loved by the father, but, as he afterwards confessed in great bitterness of spirit, were *idolized* by him. He suffered them to occupy that place in his heart which no creature or creatures ought to fill; where God, the Great and Good, alone should be enthroned. And in proportion to the pride he has felt in them and the all-absorbing love he has lavished upon them, is the utter prostration of spirit which he feels when he sees the idols shattered; and that upon which he trusts for happiness, and upon which he has built all his most cherished hopes, sinks out of sight for ever. He is conducted to his desolated home, so lately full of sunshine and joy, now dark, cheerless, wretched, beyond all that language can describe. Friends surround him, but he refuses to be comforted; and like a stricken worm he lies writhing and groaning in affliction and helplessness, till weeks and months have passed away, the world one wide scene of desolation all around.

Time, that lessens the acuteness of the sharpest grief, brings some mitigation of his heavy burden of distress; but *what* is far better, he is led to turn his thoughts inward

upon himself, and backward upon the past. The views and feelings which have influenced his life are greatly modified, as he regards them in the surroundings of that chamber of sickness and sorrow; and he begins to perceive that the past with him has been a mistake,—a sad, mournful mistake. Amongst those who have stepped forward to show their sympathy with the heart-stricken man, and to express their sorrow at the terrible calamity which robbed him of his children, are those who have largely suffered at his hands, and, through his pernicious counsels, have had *their* homes desolated, and *their* sanctuaries laid waste. It is no time now to call up the remembrance of such wrongs, when the God-smitten man so greatly needs the condolence of all loving hearts, and the richer consolations of Divine grace. A grateful, courteous reception is given to men from whom once he would have turned away in bitter scorn; and he listens attentively while they speak of a Heavenly Father chastening in love, and of heart-rending afflictions, which wring each tender fibre of the heart, coming as messengers of Divine benignity to whisper in the erring sinner's ear, "My son, give *Me* thy heart." He joins with them, too, in those breathings to a throne of grace, which, though expressed in no canonical words, are well adapted to a case of overwhelming grief, for which no forms of prayer he has been accustomed to are appropriate.

Months speed away before the bereaved one is able to lift himself upon the bed of suffering on which he has been cast, scathed, shattered, and stripped as with the lightning stroke of heaven; but he comes forth at length a subdued and greatly changed man. The towering pride of intellect, of station, of intolerance, has been smitten to the dust. The veil which selfishness and worldliness had drawn before his eyes, and over his heart, rendering him insensible to the just claims of others, and producing an indifference to human suffering at which he now stands amazed, is rent asunder. He now perceives and humbly acknowledges, as he looks upward from his prostration, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good."

But he is not to resume there those duties which belong to his office. He feels that to be beyond his power. Not there can he remain, where every object would but recall perpetually the memory of his lost ones, and revive the pangs of that visitation of God which blighted all his earthly joy. Not there, where so many years have been awfully misspent, where sacred duties have been neglected, where deeds of crying wrong have been done, which may be repented of, but cannot be repaired. Not there, where sad, bitter, agonizing memories would be called up by every varying scene upon which the eye could rest, and shame and humiliation would meet him at every turn. No; he must seek another home. Far away in some distant sphere he will exercise that sacred office, of all the duties and responsibilities of which he has hitherto been so regardless. And so it is determined, no doubt after anxious deliberation and prayer; for, scoffer as he has been, he has at length learnt to pray. The living he has held through so many years is resigned, and preparations are made for his departure from the island. But before finally separating from those amongst whom he has lived and suffered, as he is yet too much bowed down under his affliction to meet them in person, he addresses a farewell letter to his parishioners, full of pathetic and penitential acknowledgments. This affecting address serves to show that he has turned to God in his distress, and justifies the hope that the concluding portion of his life will be more worthily and usefully employed than the years that are past. It also affords conclusive evidence that he, as well as those who, awe-struck and sorrowful, looked upon it from around, has been constrained to recognise in the startling, crushing calamity that swept away his cherished ones, the hand of a righteous God, lifted against him in just retribution.

We may not give this touching appeal in full; but a few extracts will serve to show the chastened and altered views with which the man of violence has been brought to look upon both the past and the future:—

“In the expectation of soon quitting these shores, I feel

constrained thus to address you, whose claims upon me are increased by a conscious neglect of many important duties as rector of this extensive parish ; and coming from one who not only tells you that he deeply laments his many failings, but who stands before you a terrible example of God's awakening judgments, my words may not, perhaps, fall unheeded on the ears of all.....

“ When all around looked fair and smiled, a dark and mysterious providence, which neither men nor angels can at present penetrate, sent death in one of its most terrific, unexpected shapes amongst the happiest of our domestic circles, cut short the brightest days of many a thoughtless heart, and summoned eleven beings suddenly before their great Creator.....

“ Nature will be heard, and even says we do well to weep for those on whom death comes thus suddenly in days of youth and hope. O ! what a strange and melancholy change have they experienced ! Instead of the cheerful light of day, the unbroken darkness of ocean's strange unfathomed caves now covers them until the last great day ! Instead of the fond caresses of parents, friends, and children, the horrid monsters of the briny deep are now their sole companions ! Their earthly hopes have died ; all their expectations for this life have perished !.....

“ Such complicated misery, a more than ordinary share of which falls to my single lot to bear, has, I confess, bowed my spirit to the very dust. With unwonted weight the heavy burden hangs upon my soul. In the agony of my heart, when told of the compassion of my Saviour, I have wickedly said, ‘ Such compassion will not suit my case. I need more than pity. My misery admits of no relief. My children are all taken from me, and no miracles now rouse the slumbering dead : how then shall I be comforted ? Nothing is left for the desolate but to mourn and die ? ’ Yet, alas ! what a limiting of God's power, what a questioning of His equity is this !.....

“ Who that has been deeply tried has not experienced the weakening, disheartening effects of long-continued sorrow,

something of the selfishness and despondency and sloth and aching for sympathy, with that unconquerable proneness to look for human aid which nature connects with all mental grief? Yet, if there be a creature in the universe who has reason to trust in God and to hope in His mercy, it is myself, a poor inhabitant of earth whom affliction has stopped in his thoughtless career, whom sorrow has taught to pray, whom adversity has led to Christ. Let one, then, who feels that he has but carelessly tended you as your pastor, now serve you better as a beacon, standing before you a wretched instance of the uncertain hold we have of all our earthly comforts.....

“Remember the dear departed who have been removed hence for our warning, and the trembling victim by whom you are now admonished. Think of my punishment. Blest with the fleeting comforts of the world, I was trusting in their stability, secure, I thought, in my own resources. I did not remember that it was God who lent me what I was so blessed with. They were placed by me between my soul and the Saviour. I prized the gift so much that I forgot the Giver. So, to reclaim an apostate heart, He returned in an unexpected moment and took them again all away.....

“Does this look like the work of chance? No; it was the fearful work of an offended God. To vindicate His Name, to compel all beholders to see that He was its author in the awful case before us, He struck such a blow as mortal arm could scarcely have inflicted; so rapid, so destructive, so unaccountable, that unbelief itself must be compelled to ascribe it to His omnipotent arm. In a moment, under the serenest sky, with scarcely a cause apparent, eleven happy beings in the bloom of youth and health are separated from their parents, husbands, and children, smile in their death, and sink beneath the waves. Take heed, then, my friends, how you attempt to push God out of His own world. I once tried to do so; you see what I got for it: the destruction of all my comforts, and that, too, in a manner so striking, so unexpected, that though I saw them go, their *loss still seems but the illusion of a dream.* He rushed

upon me in an unexpected moment of thoughtless enjoyment, came with the suddenness of lightning and with the violence of a hurricane; and scarcely had the waves closed over my children when I felt my 'sins had found me out!' He took my four children from me when they had just become most dear; when I most required their aid; when I was clinging to them as if indeed the world would be a blank without them. In the sweet possession of them I had experienced much of God's mercy; in their loss I am now taught the last lesson that foolish man will learn on earth, —God's sovereignty."

Many rejoice over these outpourings of a bleeding heart; for they show that the Lord's hand has not been laid upon the sufferer in vain, and that he has been driven by the terrors of the Lord to shelter within the wings of the Divine mercy, whither no sinner ever repairs in vain. And this is the last that is known of him in the colony where he has wrought and suffered so much of evil. He disappears, to be seen there no more. But his course may be traced in two quarters of the globe for many years—more than a quarter of a century; never, however, by any deeds that appear to be unworthy of his changed character or of the sacred office he continues to fill; until he finds his resting-place in the dust somewhere in one of the western counties of England. His spirit, it is refreshing to believe, was absolved, regenerated and purified from all earthly influences, before passing to the better land to be for ever with that exalted, loving Saviour who, through the fires of much painful affliction, had drawn him to His own feet. Somewhere on the coast in the west of England a large boulder is to be seen, consecrated years after the occurrence by a father's enduring love, to be a memorial of the four lovely girls lying far, far away in their lonely watery grave. On this stone the chisel has inscribed a record of the catastrophe which left that parent's heart so desolate and forlorn; but which proved to be in Jehovah's inscrutable wonder-working providence, the crowning mercy of a sin-chequered existence, and the opening of the portals of life to a misguided and perishing soul.

When the humbled man takes his departure, the desolations which he helped to create are being repaired, the waste places restored. Already several of the razed sanctuaries have been rebuilt ; and others are rising out of the ruin caused by violent hands. This is the case in the little town which calmly reposes at the foot of the hill upon which the rector's dwelling, embowered in beautiful trees, resounded so lately with the joyous laugh and lively song of the fondly cherished daughters so suddenly snatched away, and commanding a full view of the placid bay beneath whose waters, uncoffined and unknelled, they and their fellow sufferers await the resurrection morn, when "the greedy sea shall yield her dead." Arrangements are going on to rebuild the house of prayer which for five years has been a heap of ruins. Meanwhile the word of life is preached, and the worship of God carried on, beneath the folds of a canvas tent, supplied by the liberality of Christian friends beyond the sea. This is erected in the adjacent burial ground, where repose the ashes of two missionary servants of the Cross, who finished their labours here during the recent persecutions, which the Divine interposition has now brought to an end.

But as yet no arrangements are in progress to restore the missionary dwelling in the town wantonly destroyed by fire ; a building which ruffianly hands once pierced with volleys of bullets, hoping to destroy the unoffending inmates, and to which other evil hands afterwards applied the firebrand, sweeping it quite away. Grass and bushes now cover the site it formerly occupied, and the missionary family make the best they can of a little cottage, neither commodious nor healthy, which has been hired, until more suitable provision can be made. And after a while the opportunity arrives. "The Cloisters," which is the rector's own private property, is announced to be for sale. The cool and healthy situation it occupies, far above the unwholesome influences which abound below, and render a residence near the sea so unhealthy for Europeans, marks it out as a most desirable location for the Mission house. After due deliberation, it is resolved to effect the purchase.

It has to be done quietly and warily; for there is yet enough of the old persecuting spirit left in some quarters to render it probable that opposition will be made to any attempt to have those premises conveyed for missionary uses. But a friend comes forward to transact the business; the purchase is completed, and the missionary family takes possession of "The Cloisters" as a home. There is one missionary on the committee to which the management of this business has been confided,—the writer of these pages,—who has marked with wonder and gratitude, and not unfrequently with awe, the hand of the Lord in what has come to pass. As he moves about those grounds at "The Cloisters," he recalls deeds of cruel severity which have been enacted there. Proceeding from room to room, thoughts are awakened in his breast of the unhallowed combinations that have been formed and the schemes of evil which have originated beneath that roof. And then, as he looks abroad on the splendid panoramic scene that hill commands, his eye resting first upon the restored sanctuaries beneath, and then upon the spot where the sea engulfed its prey, and filled with desolation and grief the home of him who had made others desolate, he sees how easy it is for the Ruler of all things to make the devices of opposers and persecutors to be of none effect.

But that which impresses his mind above all is the striking manifestation of retributive providence in the fact of his being upon that spot, and for such a purpose, to take possession of that property, and adapt it to missionary uses. This is the residence of the man, and here he had his nest for many years, who, in bitter opposition to those who were doing the Lord's work, suggested the evil counsel, "Get rid of the rooks by destroying their nests." Out of that very door he passed to the meeting where his evil counsel prevailed. By a wondrous series of providential dealings, terribly fraught with judgment, but richly mingled with mercy, a Divine hand has humbled the offender, driven him from his own nest, and sent him forth a wretched wanderer. Now God has given the nest to those whom the proud man

scornfully denounced as rooks, and who were left shelterless by his means. These despised ones are made to occupy the very apartments where, encouraging only thoughts of evil, he nestled with his young, and from which Jehovah in righteous anger took them to perish before the doting father's eyes. Yes; the Holy and the Just One has acted in righteous retribution in giving to the injured the nest of him who caused them to be cast out of their homes, and left without a shelter, by giving the Ahithophel-like counsel, "If you want to get rid of the rooks, you must destroy their nests."

N.B. "The Cloisters" has been the residence of the Wesleyan mission family at St. Ann's Bay for nearly thirty years.

XIX.

FATHER AND SON.

How terrible is passion ! how our reason
Falls down before it ! while the tortured frame,
Like a ship dash'd by fierce encount'ring tides,
And of her pilot spoiled, drives round and round,
The sport of wind and wave.

BARFORD.

IT was a melancholy termination to a very bad life," was the remark of a friend to me, referring to a paragraph in the columns of one of the Jamaica newspapers which he then held in his hand. This was not long after the time when the apprenticeship system had superseded, in that land, the cruel system of bondage which was so rapidly diminishing the slave population as to threaten the extinction of the oppressed race in a very few years.

The person to whom this remark applied had been a prominent actor in those events which marked the history of the colony at that period ; especially those that had reference to the maintenance of slavery and the persecution of Christian missionaries. And now, in the prime of lusty vigorous life, like many others who had lifted up unholy hands against the cause of Christ and sought to hinder the spread of His truth, he had suddenly dropped into the grave by a casualty which to those who regarded not the work of the Lord, nor considered the operation of His hands, was only an accident. But to many who knew the man and his history, and remembered how the face of the Lord is against them that do evil, the occurrence wore a different aspect, and was regarded as one of the instances of providential retribution in which the hand of the Lord had, within a few brief months, swept away from life many

of those who had banded together to persecute His servants, and to banish religion and Christian instruction from the land.

The Hon. Philip B. began life in Jamaica as a journeyman stonemason; having emigrated from England to find employment where he hoped to meet with less of competition, and a more liberal remuneration of his toil, than in his native land. He was not disappointed. A white man and a skilled artizan he soon found employment on the estates of a large proprietor as a head mason, with a slave gang placed under his direction. In the course of time, partly by looking well after his own interests, and partly by marriage with a lady entitled to property, he became himself the owner of slaves, and a landed proprietor on such a scale as enabled him to mingle with the proud magnates of the country, and take his place in the legislative assembly. There he was always to be found giving his support to measures of intolerance and oppression; while he gave himself up to the licentious and vicious habits sure to prevail in a country where slavery has its home.

Possessing but a slender portion of ability, he could in public life only follow the leading of others; and was invariably found devoting such influence as he could wield to the side of evil. For some years every act of the Jamaica legislature that was calculated to increase the burden of oppression under which the toil-worn slave was made to groan, or that was intended to interpose obstacles to the benevolent labours of the Christian missionary, was sustained by his vote. All the seditious movements of the planters, and their threats of renouncing their allegiance to the British crown, were warmly seconded by him. He resisted to the last the reasonable and equitable proposal to remove the legal disabilities under which the free coloured and black population had always been oppressed and degraded, and refused to yield to those who, notwithstanding their complexion, were in numerous instances vastly his superiors in moral worth and intellectual power and acquirements, equal rights and privileges. He was a member of the legislative committee which by suppressing and garbling evidence,

had sought to fix upon missionaries the charge of instigating the Negro insurrection of 1831-2 occasioned in truth by the seditious folly and violence of the planters themselves, and destined in the wise and good Providence of God to give the death-blow to human slavery in the British empire. He was always the weak, willing tool of oppression and intolerance; a man whose public life was truckling and time-serving from the beginning to the end.

He had one son possessing a claim to legitimacy, and of the orthodox European complexion, whom his father destined for the church, with a view to his being ultimately installed in one of the snug rectories of the island, and possibly in a well-endowed archdeaconry to which, backed by his father's influence as a member of the colonial legislature, he might not unreasonably aspire. While the son was absent from home receiving his education, his mother died. During her life-time the husband and father had, outwardly at least, paid some regard to the decencies and proprieties of wedded life; but when the grave closed over her remains, all restraint was cast off, and Mr. B. gave himself up again, as he had done before, to the vicious and demoralizing practices which always accompany slavery. When the son arrived at his old home in holy orders, it was to find a state of things prevailing under his father's roof that gave a rude and painful shock to the more refined and honourable sentiments awakened within him during his educational course, amid the elevating and hallowing influences of a Christian land.

He shut his eyes, as far as possible, to the faults of his sire, and interfered only with gentle remonstrances when rude and noisy revels, and the excesses of a brutal intemperance, rendered it impossible to look on in unbroken silence. These were listened to at first without resentment; but, on repetition, were spurned as an impertinent interference with matters that did not concern him, and gradually led to angry altercation. Frequently he had to withdraw from his father's table to avoid being associated there with one, the presence of whom he could not but regard as an insult to the memory of a

mother whose virtues and tender love were his most cherished recollections. He hoped that his silent withdrawal from such a presence would be a sufficient protest against the outrage to propriety it involved, and that it would avail to correct the evil, little apprehensive of the fatal consequences to which it was destined to lead.

On one of these occasions, when he rose to leave the untasted morning meal, his father interposed, and commanded him to resume his seat. He begged to be excused, and, with all respect to his father, stated as his reason for wishing to withdraw that it would both compromise his self-respect as a minister of Christ, and dishonour the memory of his virtuous mother, to eat at his father's table with such a companion as he had thought fit to introduce there. Exasperated beyond all self-control by this plain dealing on the part of his son, Mr. B. struck a violent blow at the mouth from whence the reproving words had issued, causing a copious flow of blood; and followed the young man with bitter curses and reviling, as he retired, without a word of reply, to his own room. It was a fatal blow; not to him who received, but to him who gave it. The father found, after his son left the room, that in his blind fury he had injured his own hand against the teeth of the young man, and that blood was flowing from the wound. As it was merely a scratch, he thought nothing of it. But after a few hours the slight wound began to exhibit an angry appearance, and the inflammation increased and spread up the arm. Medical treatment was resorted to but it failed to check the progress of the evil. Vicious excesses had corrupted his blood, and all the appliances of science were baffled. Gangrene, mortification, death, came on in rapid succession, and in about three days after the fatal altercation, the immortal spirit passed to its unseen and unchanging destiny: and another was added to the long catalogue of those remarkable *casualties* through which so many of the wrong-doers of those days were swept, in the midst of life and strength, to an early grave by a violent death, giving fearful significance to the impressive record of *Holy Writ*, "He ordaineth His arrows against the persecutors."

XX.

THE KIDNAPPED NOBLE.

THUS spurn'd, degraded, trampled, and oppress'd,
The Negro exile languish'd in the west,
With nothing left of life but bated breath,
And not a hope except the hope in death,
To fly for ever from the Creole strand,
And dwell a freeman in his fathers' land.

MONTGOMERY.

THE manstealer under the Jewish law was counted worthy of death. How strange and how fraught with shame it is that for several centuries manstealing should have formed one of the most important elements of British commerce; and that which comprised "the execrable sum of all villanies" should be sanctioned and protected by the powerful flag of the first Protestant country in the world!

It was manstealing, sanctioned by British law, that founded and built up the enormous fortune of Beckford, the possessor of Fonthill Abbey, and enabled the proud man in wealth and luxury to rival even the powerful occupant of the British throne. No wonder that his great wealth soon wasted into abject poverty; for *He* had breathed with blighting breath upon it, who breaketh in pieces the oppressor; and who hath declared that "treasures of wickedness profit nothing."

In like manner other aristocratic and wealthy families of England have sunk into comparative obscurity and indigence, since the time when the public conscience of Britain was awakened to rise up and wipe from the national escutcheon the foul blots of the slave trade and colonial slavery. The ample revenues that enabled them once to revel in luxury

and splendour were largely derived from the wickedness of man-stealing, and the forced, unrequited toil of the scourged and fettered slave; and they were as foully stained with crime and blood as ever were the gains of the highway plunderer and the midnight assassin. When all their prosperity was blighted, it was only the fulfilment of the Divine counsel which declares, "Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished."

Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. The faithful delineation of real occurrences will sometimes produce a picture which the boldest writer of romance would scarcely venture to indite, if it were the mere creation of his fancy. The legitimate boundaries of truth are sufficiently comprehensive to contain much that is wonderful and apparently improbable. The vicissitudes and sufferings of many a life in the realm of slavery would rival, in startling incidents and thrilling interest, those tales of the imagination which have harrowed the feelings and powerfully stirred up the sensibilities of a multitude of persons, who never knew what it was to drop a tear of sympathy over the real sufferings of fellow creatures enduring a lot of constant anguish and woe. The following narrative contains nothing of the merely imaginary: it is a tale of real life.

When the writer first arrived in Jamaica in 1831, there was in the society at Wesley chapel, Kingston, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Peter Duncan, a black man known by the name of Edward Donlan. He was a slave belonging to a builder in large business in the city, whose name was Anderson, and who had the reputation of being a kind and indulgent master. Mr. Anderson held a large ownership in the sinews and muscles of men, women, and children. His extensive business required that he should have several large slave-gangs to fill the various departments of labour comprehended in the numerous building contracts into which he entered. Edward Donlan, though Anderson's slave, belonged to none of these labouring gangs. He was neither carpenter nor mason, *nor* was he an artisan of any kind. He occupied the

position of a clerk or accountant, and kept all the books pertaining to the business, which his master, who had risen from a humble position in life, was unable to keep himself. It was one of those cases in which the slave was in intellectual power and acquirements superior to the man who claimed him as his "*property*."

Donlan was for some years united to the Methodist Society, and was one of the most steady and consistent members of the class to which he belonged. Every Sabbath morning at an early hour he might be seen in the chapel, earnestly and humbly listening to the Christian counsels addressed to him by his class-leader. His skin was of the darkest African type,—a pure jet. From his eye gleamed the light of an intellect whose powers had been awakened and developed, as they only can be, by a process of education. But there was always to be perceived about him an air of sadness approaching to melancholy. He was scarcely ever seen to smile, and moved about with a degree of sedateness and gravity that appeared to indicate a load of sorrow always resting upon the mind. During religious worship he sat and listened with devout attention, but seemed not to join in the singing ; or, if he did so at all, it was in a very quiet and subdued manner. His sorrowful deportment, combined with the superior intelligence indicated both in his countenance and conversation, could not fail to arrest the attention of those whose pastoral duty required them, once in every quarter of the year, to speak with him on matters relating to the welfare of his soul, and give him religious counsel and advice. When questioned concerning his former history, he unfolded a tale of painful vicissitudes that sufficiently accounted for the gloom and sadness by which he was generally characterized. Born of parents who occupied an exalted position in his native land, he had fallen into the hands of the man-stealer ; and, forcibly borne away from friends and home, he had, after suffering all the horrors of the middle passage, been consigned to the misery and degradation of slavery in a foreign land.

The African name of Edward Donlan was Abou Becr

Sadiki. He was born at Timbuctoo, and brought up in Geneh. His father's name was Kara Mousa, *Scheriff*; the latter word denoting, "of a noble family." His grandfather lived in the country of Timbuctoo and Geneh, and was the son of Ibrahim, the founder of his race in the country of Geneh. His father had four brothers, named Aderiza, Abdriman, Mahomet, and Abou Becr. After the death of his grandfather, these uncles of his disagreed among themselves and were scattered in different parts of Soudan. Aderiza went to the country of Marsina, where he dwelt for a little time; after that he removed over the river and dwelt in Geneh, and married a daughter of Maroulhaide Abou Becr. Abdriman went to the country of Cong, and married the daughter of Samer Ali, the lord of that land. Mahomet went to the country of Gonnah, and married the daughter of the king of Gonnah. Abou Becr remained in the country of Timbuctoo. His father, Kara Mousa, frequently travelled to the country of Cassina and Bournoo, where he married. He returned with his wife to Timbuctoo, and there Abou Becr Sadiki was born.

Great attention was paid to his education when he was a boy. When he was about two years old, his father thought much about his brothers, and grieved over the family dissensions that had caused their separation; and he resolved to visit them, and renew the friendly intercourse so painfully interrupted. Accompanied by a numerous retinue of servants, the family of Kara Mousa first took their journey to Geneh. From thence they proceeded to Cong, and thence to Gonnah, where they took up their abode and remained for the purposes of trade. In Gonnah the servants (slaves) gathered a quantity of gold for their master; for there is a great deal of gold obtained in that country, from the wilderness down to the river-side, also from the rocks. They crush the stones to dust, and put them into a vessel of water, when the gold separates and sinks down, and the dust floats. Then they purify the metal and make it ready for use. During his residence in that country his father collected a large quantity of gold and

silver; some of which he sent to his father-in-law, Ali Aga Mahomed Tassere, in the country of Bournoo and Cassina. He also sent, as a present, horses, mules, and rich silks obtained from Egypt.

While they were residing in Gonnah, his father caught the bad fever and died, and was buried there. All this took place while he, Abou Becr Sadiki, was a young child: and these particulars concerning his family he obtained from his uncles. After his father's death he returned to Timbuctoo. He acquired the knowledge of the Alcoran in Gonnah, where there were many teachers for young people. The names of the several masters from whom he received instruction were Abondonlaki, a son of Ali Aga; Mahomed Wadiwahoo; Mahomed Ali Mustapha; Ibrahim son of Yussuf, a native; and Ibrahim son of Abon Nassan from Footatoroo. These were all under the direction of a head master, the son of Ali Aga Mahomed Tuffosere. It was thus he had received an education such as only the members of noble families could aspire to, and which was intended to prepare him to take his place amongst the highest class of people in his own country. Instead of that he had been violently torn away from his home, and sunk into the miserable condition of a slave, subject absolutely to the will of another, and not able to call his time or his body or his soul his own.

About five years after the death of his father, he felt a strong desire to go to Gonnah, and visit his father's grave. His teacher, who had himself and several other youths in charge, not only gave his consent, but volunteered to accompany him on the journey to Gonnah, and also to take with him his other scholars, all of whom belonged to noble families, to bear them company. After much fatigue they arrived at Cong, and from thence went on to Gonnah, "where," he said, "we stopped two years, as we considered the place a home, and we had a good deal of property there."

About two years after their arrival in Gonnah, the teacher had occasion to take a journey to Agi, leaving all his pupils in the care of Abou Becr Sadiki's uncle at Gonnah.

Very shortly after his departure, a war unexpectedly broke out between Abdengara, the king of Buntuco, and the king of Gonnah. The latter monarch being worsted in the conflict, Abdengara's army, after great slaughter, took possession of the capital or chief town of Gonnah. Some of the inhabitants of the captured town fled, and endeavoured to make their escape to Cong; but they failed in the attempt, and were captured by the victorious party. Amongst the unfortunate ones was Abou Becr Sadiki, with several of his fellow students. The prisoners were treated with great harshness by their conquerors. Abou Becr Sadiki was stripped, and firmly tied with a cord to prevent his escape; and then, with a heavy load which he was compelled to carry, was marched with others of his fellow captives into the country of Buntuco. From thence, with many unhappy ones like himself, he was taken to Cumasi, where the king of Ashanti reigned. Subsequently he was conducted first to Assicuma, then to Agimaca, which is the country of the Fantees, and from thence to the town of Dago, by the sea-side. All the way, in these long journeys, he had to travel on foot, bearing a heavy burden on his head, and a still heavier one on his heart: for it was a very great sorrow to him thus to be torn away from his own country, and from all his beloved kindred and friends.

At Dago he was "sold to the Christians!" What a sad dishonour to Christianity that men, bearing this sacred designation, should touch a traffic founded in robbery and murder, and comprehending within itself all kinds of crime and wickedness! Yet so it was! "Sold to the Christians," to be degraded, plundered, flogged, and worked into the grave, has been the sad fate of untold millions of Africa's children! Poor broken-hearted Abou was purchased on the coast by the captain of one of the slave-ships, and delivered over to the care of the sailors, with others who shared his wretchedness. The boat immediately pushed off, and he was soon on board one of those floating hells over which for so many years waved the ensign of Britain, protecting the most *horrible* wickedness that perpetrated on this sin-stained globe.

The slave ship! Think of a vessel built for quick sailing and without the slightest reference to the comfort of the poor creatures she is to receive as cargo! Then think of six or seven hundred human beings huddled together, without any regard to the distinction of sexes, and so closely stowed that there is no possibility of their lying down or changing their position night or day. They are carried in this way a voyage of two or three months' duration, their only relief being the death of, perhaps, a fourth of the cargo, and the removal of their dead bodies,—cruelly and foully murdered,—thus affording to the survivors a little more room to move their cramped and wasted limbs.

It was into one of these horrible receptacles of stolen human cargo that this youth,—for he had not yet ripened into manhood,—born of the noblest in the land, was received. It is not at all surprising that one who became acquainted with the sufferer and his history after he had spent thirty years in wretched slavery, and who took a lively interest in measures to obtain his freedom from bondage, and get him returned to his own native Africa, should express himself in such language as the following:—

“Without going into any discussions of an anti-slavery description, by what name under heaven that is compatible with moderation, that is musical to ears polite, must that system be called by, which sanctioned the stealing away of a person like this, as much a nobleman in his own country as any titled chief is in ours, and in his way, without disparagement to the English noble, as suitably educated for his rank? Fancy one of the scions of our nobility, a son of one of our war-chiefs—Lord Londonderry for example—educated at Oxford, and, in the course of his subsequent travels, unfortunately falling into the hands of African robbers, and being carried into bondage. Fancy the poor youth marched in the common slave cofle to the first market place on the coast. He is exposed for sale. Nobody inquires whether he is a patrician or a plebeian: nobody cares whether he is ignorant or enlightened: it is enough that he has thews and sinews for a life of labour without

reward. Follow him to the slave-ship. He survives the passage, and has seen the fifth part of his comrades perish on the voyage. He is landed on some distant island, where he is doomed to hopeless, interminable slavery. The brutal scramble for the slaves has ceased; he is dragged away by his new master; but not before he is branded with a heated iron, which may only sear his flesh, while the iron brand of slavery—the burning thought of endless bondage—enters into his soul.”

After three months of inconceivable wretchedness at sea, the vessel to which Abou Becr had been consigned arrived at Kingston, Jamaica; where the horrible traffic in human beings was still flourishing. It fell to the lot of the poor youth Abou to become the slave of Mr. Anderson, the builder, who never treated him with harshness or cruelty. But his soul was always bowed down to the earth with the sense of unutterable degradation and wrong,—wrong to which he could see no termination in this life. There was no prospect before him but of incessant misery and suffering and unrequited toil, until death should bring the only relief that appeared to be possible.

In his intercourse with his fellow slaves, Edward Donlan—for such was the name that had been bestowed upon him by his owner—discovered that some of those with whom he was associated derived great comfort, in their sorrowful and degraded condition, from attending upon the ordinances of religion at the Methodist chapel. Hearing them sing the hymns they learnt there, and speak of the grand truths proclaimed by the ministers, first induced him to go and hear for himself the preaching of which others were so frequently talking in his presence. He had learnt the English language sufficiently to enable him to understand what he heard from the pulpit better than many others; and he did not hear in vain. His mind and heart were brought under the influence of Gospel truth to some extent; and he united himself with the church, enjoying a comfortable hope of rest and life in the better world to come.

But he never came so much under the power of religion

as entirely to overcome the sorrow induced by the great and terrible change that had come upon him, and banish the fondly cherished recollections of his native land, and the kindred and friends from whom he had been so cruelly severed. He was very punctual in attending religious ordinances whenever his enslaved condition permitted him to do so; and he always entered devoutly and intelligently into the services of the sanctuary; but he was the reverse of demonstrative in all things that pertained to religion. It was only when he was questioned by his class-leader or minister, that he spoke of his religious views and feelings. Then he would dwell upon the great comfort which religion brought to his wounded spirit, and tell how he was looking to heaven as the rest from toil and trouble which God hath prepared for them that love Him. Speaking once in sorrowful accents of his unhappy lot as a slave, he said, "I have none to thank but those that brought me here. But praise be to God, who has every thing in His power to do as He thinks good; and no man can remove whatever burthen he chooses to put on us. Nothing shall fall on us except what He shall ordain. He is our Lord, and let all that believe in Him put their trust in Him."

On another occasion, speaking of his parents and kindred, and referring to their Mussulman belief and practice, he said, "They do not drink wine nor spirits, as it is held an abomination so to do. They do not associate with any that worship idols, or profane the Lord's name, or do dishonour to their parents, or commit murder, or bear false witness, or who are covetous, proud, or boastful. They were particularly careful in the education of their children, and in their behaviour. But I am lost to all these advantages. Since my bondage I am become corrupt; and I beg Almighty God to lead me into the path that is proper for me; for He alone knows the secrets of my heart, and what I am in need of."

Soon after, he came into Mr. Anderson's possession it was discovered that he was not the dull, ignorant being that many of his companions in bondage were. At first

he was put to perform any menial duties in which his services happened to be required about the premises of his master; but accident brought to light the fact that the young African was very skilful in the use of the pen, and clever in all questions of figures, solving difficult arithmetical problems with great facility. He was observed to be frequently engaged in writing; but it was in characters that none about him could understand. When he had learnt to speak the language of the country he had been brought to, and could enter into conversation with those about him, although he volunteered no information, yet, in answer to inquiries addressed to him, it became known that he had been a person of some consideration in his own country, and had been favoured with educational advantages of a superior kind.

The master into whose hands he had fallen was a rising man in the country. His business, small at first, was assuming greatly enlarged proportions. Unable himself, having been favoured with slender advantages of education in his early days, to do much in the way of book-keeping, he soon began to avail himself of the superior knowledge and ability possessed by his slave, Edward Donlan; and the management of all the books and accounts pertaining to the business gradually fell into his hands. Although he understood the English language, and could speak it correctly, he could not so readily write the language; but perfectly familiar with Arabic, and able to write it in beautiful style, he adopted the plan of keeping all his master's books and accounts in that language. For many years the slave knew far more of the details of the business than the master himself. The books were sometimes exhibited to strangers as a curiosity, and many marvelled at their beauty; regarding with pitying eyes the dark, sorrowful-looking man who was capable of such handiwork. When the accounts had to be sent out to parties indebted to the firm, it was an easy matter for the slave-clerk, with the assistance of an amanuensis, to turn the Arabic into English. Thus, for thirty years, the large growing business went on, perfect confidence existing between the master and his slave.

For all this faithful and valuable service what did the young African noble receive in the way of remuneration? Just what was given to those who had no ability for any thing but to wield the hoe,—a poor comfortless shelter in the Negro quarters, a suit or two of coarse garments in the year, and a bare supply of the commonest kind of food: in fact, the wages of a horse, just what was absolutely necessary to sustain life and keep him up to the duty that his master's interests required at his hands. True, Mr. Anderson did not superadd to all this, as many slave-owners did, the frequent application of the scourge and the gyves, and the interposition of his authority to keep his slave from obtaining religious instruction, and hinder his praying and breathing his sorrows to the throne of God. Nor did he do this with any of his slaves. Therefore Mr. Anderson enjoyed the reputation of being a kind and indulgent slave-master. If ever it was true in all the world, it is true of even the best of slaveholders, "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

For thirty long years, poor kidnapped Abou Becr Sadiki cherished fond remembrances of the sunny home from which he had been stolen, and nursed his sorrow in secret. Few can understand how dense was the darkness resting upon that wounded spirit through all this protracted period,—darkness somewhat lessened by the blessed hopes inspired by the Gospel that he heard at the Methodist chapel, where it was his chief delight to attend. At length the time came when a new and cheering light began to fall across the path that lay before him. The Christian philanthropy of Britain had risen, in its irresistible might, to assail the stronghold of the oppressors, and the cruel system that plundered and wasted nearly a million of human beings, under the sanction of British law, was tottering to its fall. Under the powerful impulse of public opinion, King, Lords, and Commons had agreed to sweep away for ever the curse that constituted England's greatest sin and shame. Whispers about freedom, the utterance of which had hitherto been regarded and dealt with as a capital crime, began to circulate freely; and soon there was rejoicing

through all the land, when it could no longer be concealed that the day of redemption was drawing nigh, and that the time had been fixed by the government at home, when liberty should be proclaimed throughout the land, and slavery, after a few years of probationary servitude, should be finally done away.

To Abou Becr, these glad tidings of great joy to multitudes appeared to bring but a small degree of gladness; for hope had almost died within him. His spirit, bruised and crushed beneath the weight of woe that had been pressing upon it for thirty years, seemed to have lost every thing like elasticity, and to be incapable of rising from its prostration. He remained quiet, passive, and gloomy, as he had been before, amid the preparations for the great event of emancipation which gladdened so many hearts around him. But the Lord, in His gracious Providence, was raising up for him an active and powerful friend.

Amongst other arrangements considered needful for the proper carrying out of the important act for the abolition of colonial slavery, was the appointment of stipendiary magistrates, to be sent out from England, by whom the new law should be chiefly administered. A considerable number of gentlemen were selected for this purpose, whose position in life, character, and education, marked them out as suitable for the important trust that was to be confided to them. It would occupy too much space, and scarcely be in accordance with the design of this paper, to tell how many of these excellent and noble-minded men were worried out of life, or compelled to quit their office in disgust, by the vile conspiracies of the slaveholding faction. Facilities for annoying and worrying the stipendiary magistrates were designedly afforded to evil-minded men, by the pro-slavery colonial legislature, in framing and passing the local abolition act. They were compelled to pass the law to abolish slavery, or forfeit all claim to a share of the compensation money. But in doing it, they studied to render the position of the new magistrates as difficult and disagreeable as possible, and interposed as many obstacles as they could to impede the new

magistrates in the performance of their duty. Some of these men who gave noble promise of usefulness speedily sank into the grave, worn out by perplexity, disappointment, and trouble; leaving families to mourn their loss. Others, unable to endure the unceasing worry and opposition, and the vulgar insolence to which they were exposed, soon relinquished their appointments, and returned home in chagrin and disgust.

Amongst the latter was Dr. Madden, the accomplished author of a book of "Travels in the East," who had accepted the appointment in the hope of being useful to a suffering class of his fellow-men. Dr. Madden was a gentleman and a scholar, a man of talent and research, who had travelled extensively both in Europe and in the East. As the most important of all these magisterial appointments in Jamaica, Dr. Madden had been selected by the governor, because of his distinguished abilities and acquirements, to be the stipendiary magistrate at Kingston, the commercial capital of the colony. But he found the position one of great difficulty, and was exposed to so much insult and opposition, which the law gave him no power to hold in check, that, after filling the office one year, he resigned it, and returned to England, to the regret of all who were concerned in seeing justice done to the long oppressed race. After his return from Jamaica Dr. Madden published a series of letters, written during his residence there, in two volumes, entitled, "Twelve Months' Residence in the West Indies." The letters are written in a lively, and attractive style, and give varied information concerning the West Indies; particularly of Jamaica and his connexion with that island. The publication, now out of print, possesses value, as showing the condition of things and the state of public feeling in Jamaica, when the memorable Emancipation Act began to take effect.*

It was during Dr. Madden's administration in Kingston, that Mr. Anderson presented himself at the office of the special magistrate, accompanied by Edward Donlan, for the

* See Note at the end of this paper.

purpose of having his slave sworn as a constable on his master's property, in accordance with the new law that was about to substitute the apprenticeship of the Negroes in the stead of slavery. Dr. Madden, being himself an Oriental scholar, was surprised to see this grave-looking Negro, in whose external appearance there was little to distinguish him from many others who came on a similar errand, except an unusual sobriety and an air of intelligence not common to them, signing his name in well-written Arabic; not as Edward Donlan, the name given by the master, but "Abou Becr Sadiki." The interest he took in all Oriental matters, and the unusual circumstance of one in Donlan's condition being acquainted with Arabic, and able to write it in very superior style, induced the magistrate to enter into conversation with him, and question him concerning his former history. His intelligent replies satisfied Dr. Madden that he had before him a case of more than ordinary interest; but he could not there, upon the bench, and surrounded by a busy, bustling crowd, enter so fully into the matter as he resolved to do at the earliest opportunity.

The following day Donlan, at the request of Dr. Madden, attended upon him at his own house, and gave him all the particulars of his former life, as recorded substantially in the preceding pages. Afterwards he gave him his history written in Arabic, a translation of which, by Dr. Madden, was subsequently published in several of the island newspapers. The doctor, who had conceived a great friendship for the kidnapped Donlan, said concerning him, "He became a frequent visitor at my house in his master's leisure time. I found the geographical part of his story quite correct; and I soon discovered that his attainments as an Arabic scholar were the least of his merits. I found him a person of excellent conduct, of great discernment and discretion. I think, if I wanted advice on any important matter, in which it required extreme prudence and a high sense of moral rectitude to qualify the possessor to give counsel, I would as soon have recourse to the advice of this poor Negro as any person I know."

Among the provisions of the law changing the state of the slaves to that of apprentices for a term of years, there was an arrangement which gave the apprentices a right, on a fair valuation, of buying out the unexpired term of their bondage. It was an objectionable part of this arrangement that it was not left to the special magistrates, but local planter and merchant magistrates were to be called in to assist in the appraisement. This was a cause of endless trouble and difficulty; for, open as they were to all sorts of local influence, and able to interpose the most unreasonable obstacles, it was very seldom that these cases could be brought to a fair and equitable settlement. Moreover, the arrangement was such as to make all the excellences of character and conduct belonging to the apprentice work for his disadvantage. A worthless slave or apprentice could get his liberty on comparatively easy terms; but the good and faithful found that their excellent qualities were made by a crude and unjust law the chief barriers to their freedom. The better the slave the more valuable he became to his employer, and the larger the sum required for his liberty.

Dr. Madden became so interested in his slave friend Donlan, that he resolved to effect his immediate freedom, and assist him to return to the home from which he had been so wrongfully torn away. But this difficulty stared him in the face. He knew that Donlan's services were invaluable to his owner, and expected that a very high valuation would be put upon the unexpired term of his servitude; thus making the very qualities that fitted him for freedom the chief obstacles to his gaining it. But he thought it likely that when the circumstances of Donlan's case came to be publicly known, many kind-hearted persons would respond to the appeal which he determined to make on the slave's behalf, and come forward with subscriptions to assist him in the accomplishment of his benevolent purpose. Some endeavoured to discourage him by reminding him how invaluable the slave's services were to Mr. Anderson, and that it was scarcely possible that he could for any amount of remuneration speedily obtain a clerk to fill Don-

lan's place in the counting house as efficiently as he filled it. All this would have to be considered in the appraisal. Others told him that some years before an attempt had been made to purchase Donlan's freedom without success. The Duke of Montebello, when he visited Jamaica, had chanced to become acquainted with Mr. Anderson's slave-clerk and his history, and would have paid a large price for his liberty. But no price he could offer would induce the owner to give up his "property." And although the duke endeavoured to avail himself of the powerful influence of the Colonial Office, to his great chagrin and disappointment, he failed to accomplish his benevolent design of restoring the kidnapped one to his friends and home. The grasp of the slaveholder on his stolen property could not be unloosed.

All this was disheartening. But Dr. Madden was not a man to be easily turned from any purpose on which he had set his heart. The slaveholder might be greedy, and have influence to succeed in getting a heavy price put upon the liberty of his bondman. But that was all. He could not now, as in the case of the Duke of Montebello, absolutely refuse to let him go on any terms. The hard grip of the owner upon the unfortunate slave was so far relaxed by force of law, that a golden key could now set him free, whether the master was willing or not. After a few weeks' delay, Dr. Madden, with some misgivings as to the reception he should meet, but determined in his purpose, presented himself at the residence of Mr. Anderson. He frankly stated what his views and intentions were with regard to Donlan, and expressed his desire to negotiate with the master a private bargain for the slave's release.

It is to the credit of Mr. Anderson, as it was very much to the satisfaction of his visitor, that he would not aggravate the injury of having held Edward Donlan in slavery, through about thirty years of unrequited toil, by the further wrong of exacting a large sum to let him now go free. When the doctor expressed his wish to negotiate for Donlan's release, that he might return to his own country,

the owner said, " You need say no more on the subject, Sir. The man is valuable to me ; his services are worth more to me than those of Negroes for whom I gave three hundred pounds. But the man has been a good servant to me,—a faithful and a good Negro,—and I will take no money for him. I will give him his liberty." Dr. Madden pressed him to name any reasonable sum for his release ; but he persisted in refusing to receive anything in the way of indemnity for Donlan's services.

I do not wish to detract in any degree from the generosity of this act of Mr. Anderson, which was greatly lauded at the time, and by Dr. Madden himself, as a singular act of liberality. Multitudes of slave-owners, in that gentleman's position would have stood out resolutely for the utmost value of Donlan's services to him, as an apprenticed labourer, for the several years during which the law bound him to his master. And Mr. Anderson kindly abandoned his claim, and exacted nothing ! But this fact has to be viewed in the light of another, by which its generosity appears to be somewhat diminished. From the time that Donlan was kidnapped from his home and brought a fettered slave to Jamaica, Mr. Anderson, knowing well that he was buying stolen property for a sum of money, not very large, as he bought him untried and unseasoned from the slave-ship, exercised the force of a wicked and oppressive law to make Donlan his slave, and compel him, without any choice of his own, for thirty years to employ all his energies of mind and body for his (Anderson's) benefit without wages or reward. For three decades of human life he had, without scruple, plundered the poor Negro of his liberty, time, and labour, and all that is dear to man ; and he now abstained from further plundering him of a considerable amount of money, that he may be suffered to go free from his service, and enjoy the liberty which is the natural and inalienable right of every man. Many of Mr. Anderson's compeers would have acted otherwise. It was a kind and degree of liberality quite unusual with them. But I confess I am not sharp-sighted enough to discover much of real generosity in the

act. It seems to me to be on par with the generosity of the highway plunderer, who robs his victim of all he has about him, but abstains from the further injury of depriving him of his life.

The day following that on which Dr. Madden had the interview with Donlan's owner, was appointed for completing the act of manumission at the public office of the special magistrate. It had become known in the city that "Mr. Anderson's finely-educated slave, who kept his books so well in Arabic," was about to be emancipated; and a large number of persons of different classes and complexions assembled to witness the ceremony. The scene was one of great interest. On the bench were Dr. Madden and another magistrate. Beside the bench stood the Negro, of exalted rank in his own country, in the act of receiving his liberty after being so many years subjected to the horrors of slave-life. Near him was a venerable and pleasant-looking man, with the snows of sixty years scattered upon his head, prepared to do an act of tardy justice to one who, through half the term of his own life, had been faithfully serving him with his might. The papers, which had been carefully prepared under Dr. Madden's own inspection, were produced. After a brief address from the bench on the interesting case which had called them together, Mr. Anderson stepped forward and affixed his signature to the important documents; and Abou Beer Sadiki, amid the plaudits of the deeply interested spectators, stood forth a free man, to receive the hearty congratulations of many who had long been acquainted with the excellent character and abilities of Mr. Anderson's Negro clerk.

On the next day a full account of these proceedings was published in the daily newspapers, together with a translation of the history of himself, which the liberated slave had written in Arabic. Accompanying these, there also appeared a short, forcible appeal from Dr. Madden to the liberality of the Kingston public, setting forth the excellent character of Donlan, and inviting assistance on his behalf. In a few days *he had the satisfaction of placing twenty pounds in the hands*

of his Negro friend, the fruit of this appeal. The good doctor did what the master should have done, who had derived such large profit from the services of the slave. "When thou sendest him out free, thou shalt not let him go away empty."

The kindness of the benevolent magistrate did not end here. Through his interposition means were obtained for sending back the much wronged man to the home he had through all his suffering career been yearning after with intense desire. After bidding a loving farewell to his Christian friends and associates, he took his departure from the land of his bondage. After some months had elapsed we heard of his safe arrival at Sierra Leone, and of the love and gratitude he cherished for those who had befriended him during his slave-life in Jamaica. It was stated that he had experienced abundant kindness in that British colony on his native shores, which he had reached on his homeward route; and he trusted in the Lord to direct his course, and bring him safely to the end of his toilsome journey. He spoke also of being about to set off into the interior of the continent on his way to Timbuctoo. That was the last we heard of Edward Donlan, or Abou Becr Sadiki. Whether he reached his home in safety, and never found an opportunity of communication with his former friends, or perished by disease or enemies by the way; or whether he fell again into the hands of lurking men-stealers, and was borne away across the sea to some slave-land,—Cuba, Porto Rico, or Brazil—there to languish out the miserable remnant of a strangely chequered life, in more cruel bondage than that from which he was redeemed,—we cannot tell. Probably we shall never know what became of the loveable liberated Negro, until that great day when all secrets shall be revealed.

NOTE.—One of Dr. Madden's letters concerning Jamaica was written in rhyme, a sort of parody on one of the productions of Lord Byron. It was addressed to Dr. William Beattie, and we produce it as showing how Jamaica appeared in Dr. Madden's eyes in 1834.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I beg leave to ask you,
 Know you the land where pimentos and chilis
 Are emblems of tempers as hot as the clime,
 Where the blaze of the sun quite darkens the lilies,
 And bleaches the roses of youth in their prime?
 Know you the land of mosquitoes and jiggers,
 Of Sambos unchain'd, and uncombable niggers;
 Where the innocent cockroach exhales a perfume
 But a little less fragrant than ‘ Gul in her bloom ;’
 Where the breath of the sea-breeze comes over the sense
 Like the blast from the mouth of some furnace intense;
 Where oysters, like cabbages, grow upon trees,
 And cows * even browse in the depths of the seas;
 Where the hue of the cheek, from the sallow Mestee,
 To the yellow Mulatto, though varied it be,
 In beauty may vie with the tint sweetly tann'd
 Of a Venus from China just newly japann'd;
 Where the climate is hot, and the nights may be cool,
 But the fevers are rife, and the graveyards are full;
 Where the butter is soft and as melting in June
 As the hearts of the languishing maidens Quadroon;
 Where caloric abounds both in water and wine,
 ‘ And all save the spirit of *rum* is divine.’
 Where the cocoa and yam are the choicest of fruit,
 And the voice of the grasshopper never is mute;
 Where the land-crab in highest perfection is seen,
 And the fat of the turtle is the brightest of green;
 Where the mutton, too often manufactured from goats,
 Is killed the same day it is thrust down our throats;
 Where the man who is thirsty may drink sangaree,
 Till his liver is spoil'd, as at home he'd drink tea;
 Where no one of character, be who he may,
 Can ever eat less than two breakfasts a day;
 And no man of courage but laughs at the thought
 Of his stomach presuming to cavil at aught;
 Where the *coup de soleil* is a true *coup de grace*;
 And the fever called yellow's a knocker of brass
 On the door of the tomb, where one enters to-day,
 And to-morrow, forgotten, is left to decay;
 Where the freedom of trade is a thing that's gone by
 And the dear name of Guinea recalls but a sigh;

* The monati, or sea cow.

Where liberty flourish'd, and every man white,
Might once lick his nigger from morning till night ;
But now where the Newcastle doctrine's unknown,
And no man can do as he likes with his own ;
Where Buxton the wretch, and Macaulay the sinner,
Are duly reviled every day after dinner ;
Where ' the saints ' by the boasters are curs'd most devoutly,
And the Whigs by the planters are rated as stoutly ;
Where a paper the amplest encouragement claims,
Which calls its opponent the vilest of names ;
Where lips have no language sufficiently ill,
To lavish on Mulgrave for passing the bill ;
Where loyalty waits on each governor landing,
But has not a leg at departure for standing ;
Where the extraction of sugar doth clearly explain
Why the blacks are considered descendants of Cain ;—
In a word, where in all things both buckras and blacks
Are by fits and by starts either rigid or lax ;
And in faith, as in politics, never, it seems,
Are content if their notions are not in extremes ?
'Tis the clime of the West ! 'Tis the island of palms
'Tis the region of strife and the country of psalms !
'Tis the land of the sun, all whose fierceness prevails
O'er the gravest discussions and the simplest details !
'Tis the home of our hopes for the African race,
'Tis the tomb of the system that brought us disgrace !
And wild are the words of its mourners, who rave,
And would roll back the stone that is placed on its grave."

XXI.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Is there one whom difficulties dishearten,—who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who *will* conquer? That kind of man never fails.—JOHN HUNTER.

See first that the design is wise and just ;
That ascertained, pursue it resolutely.
Do not for one repulse forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

DURING the troubled times which followed the reign of terror in Jamaica called martial law, in 1831-2, and before the abolition of slavery by which it was shortly followed, the exigencies of the mission required my removal from the north side of Jamaica to a station on the south side; where the missionary had been disqualified by sickness, and compelled to remove to a more genial locality.

It was a time of fierce persecution; and the fiery trials through which we had been called to pass had greatly endeared pastors and people to each other as sufferers in common, so that the time of parting was to both fraught with deep regret. While I was occupied in packing my books for the journey, a gentle knock upon the door of my study announced a visitor. When told to "come in," the door slowly opened, and a Negro woman of middle age timidly advanced. In her I recognised one who was well known, in the society at that place, as a person of deep and earnest piety. She was a slave belonging to a family that cared little about religion, and who did not scruple to throw many hindrances in her way with regard to attendance upon

religious ordinances. They designedly arranged her duties so as to keep their dependent fully occupied, and leave her only very few and brief opportunities of attending to the religious duties she loved so well. But the fervent, unobtrusive piety of the humble slave-woman, and the clear, intelligent statements of Christian experience she gave at her class-meeting, and in the lovefeasts of the society, had caused her to be well known in the church she belonged to; and the meek and quiet spirit she exhibited on all occasions, and her successful efforts to win souls to Christ, had procured for her in more than an ordinary degree the respect of all who were acquainted with her. Betsey Taylor was the name she bore. Her features were plain and coarse, exhibiting much of the true African type; but were rendered almost beautiful with the radiancy of the settled peace and love that ruled the heart within. There was the stamp of heaven upon that coal-black face.

Within a few months past the missionaries in that locality had been consigned to a loathsome prison for preaching the Gospel, or assailed with brutal violence and their lives placed in jeopardy by ferocious slaveholders. Some of the sanctuaries of God had been shut up by magisterial intolerance, and others pulled down or burnt to ashes by planter mobs. And in these seasons of sore trial none were more prompt to sympathize with the persecuted pastors than Betsey Taylor, or more ready to tender such expressions of regard as could be conveyed, by offerings of fruit, &c., to the ministers who had been God's instruments in bringing her to the enjoyment of religion, which was to her more precious than rubies, and greater gain than fine gold.

When I lifted my eyes to the opening door to greet my visitor, it was Betsey's pleasant homely face that I saw beaming upon me. "Good morning, Betsey," I said, as she entered the study. "Good morning, minister," she replied. "Me come to ask one favour, and hope minister will not think me too bold."

Betsey had so far profited by her position as servant in an opulent white family that she spoke less broken English

than most of those who were in similar circumstances around her. "It will afford me pleasure, Betsey," I replied, "to render you any service in my power. What is it you wish me to do for you?" "I very sorry that minister is going away, and I shall be very glad if minister before he go will give me one book that minister use himself. I shall keep it always for 'member minister." "I should like to give you something as a keepsake, Betsey; but I do not think a book would be the best and most useful thing; for, unless I am under a mistake, you could not make any use of it, as you have never learned to read." "True, minister, but please God I intend for learn to read; and if minister will give me one book, minister will see, when he come back this way, that I able for read him."

I inquired of her how she was going to learn to read, and from what quarter she hoped to obtain help in her undertaking. In answer to my inquiries I gathered from her that she had no time to go to the Sunday school; nor would the family that owned her permit her to do so. It was very seldom she could get time to attend the chapel services, and she was often prevented from going to her class. Nor had she any hope that any person in the family that held her in bondage would afford her the slightest assistance; as, in accordance with old-time prejudices, they did not approve of slaves being taught to read. I was curious to find out what means of instruction she expected to avail herself of; but could only get the information that "if minister would give her the book she would learn for read it."

Although she mentioned no particular book, I could perceive that Betsey's desires pointed to one of the books used in the chapel services; either the Hymn-Book or the Bible, beyond which she had probably no idea concerning books at all. She seemed to think it very desirable to be able to use her book when she went to the house of God, and comfort herself with its truths in her own humble room.

I had on hand a quarto Bible which I could spare for the purpose. Reaching the precious volume from my book-

shelves, I said, "Here, Betsey, is the Book of books, God's own word, which He has given to make us wise unto salvation in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and as you tell me you are determined to learn to read it, I shall have great pleasure in making you a present of it. I trust it will be a great comfort and help to you all the days of your life." "O minister," she said, as tears of gratitude rolled down her sable cheeks, "I so thankful. I never forget minister, and never forget to ask Massa Jesus to bless minister as long as me live." I handed her the book, which she received with a deep courtesy; and as she left the room I heard her exclaim with emotion, as she hugged her treasure to her bosom, "Me rich for true."

Two or three years had elapsed before a long and wasting illness, produced by the poisonous malaria of St. Thomas-in-the-East, caused me to revisit that part of the island for a change; hoping that, amid the beautiful scenes, the remembrance of which was fondly cherished, and the kind attention of loving friends, I should recruit the physical energies which repeated and lengthened attacks of fever had wofully impaired. During the time I had been away from that part of the island great and important changes had occurred,—changes which the most sanguine scarcely imagined could have taken place so soon. The system of human slavery which seemed to be so firmly established, that many years must elapse before it could be uprooted, had been swept away by the voice of an indignant nation. Liberty had been proclaimed through all the land, and Britain's bondmen had passed into that intermediate state of apprenticeship, which was to precede their absolute freedom,—the happy result of the sanguinary proceedings and vindictive persecutions I had witnessed when I was in the same neighbourhood before.

One of my earliest visitors, after landing from the schooner which conveyed me round the west end of the island was Betsey Taylor, who came laden with oranges, grapes, and a variety of other fruits, as a grateful offering to her afflicted minister, and a face glowing with pleasure that she was once more permitted to look upon him again. In

the same tray that contained the fruits, nicely covered up with a snowy napkin, there was Betsey's cherished Bible; which she had brought for the purpose of showing minister that she had fulfilled her promise of learning to read. She evidently expected that I should request her to give auricular demonstration of her newly acquired accomplishment. And I was myself curious to ascertain what progress she had made in learning, amid the difficulties and discouragements that surrounded her in her enslaved condition. "Well, Betsey," said I, "it affords me the greatest satisfaction to know that you have been able to accomplish your purpose in learning to read. I confess I hardly expected that, situated as you were, you would be able to carry out your design; and I shall be glad to hear you read a chapter in your Bible, that I may judge how far you have succeeded." "I thought minister would like for hear," she replied, "and so I brought the book." Betsey having fixed upon her nose a pair of spectacles with large round glasses not remarkable for their elegance, she proceeded to read, under my direction, several of the Psalms, and chapters from various books of the New Testament. This she did with a fluency and correct pronunciation, and an evident appreciation of the meaning of what she read, that excited my astonishment; and from which I concluded that she must have obtained the help of some kind instructor who had taken great pains with her. "I am really very much rejoiced, Betsey, to find that you can read so well. You must have obtained help that you did not expect; I should like to know who has been your teacher." "O, plenty people help me, minister;" and then she proceeded to enlighten me concerning her course of study in her own simple style, by a relation which afforded me equal surprise and pleasure.

Her time, it appeared, had been no more at her own disposal after I went away than it had been before. She had never been able to go to the Sunday school, and none in the house of her bondage would afford her the slightest aid, but rather scoffed at the desire she expressed to learn to read her Bible. Nor could she find any time, so entirely was she

occupied in her unrequited servitude, to go to those who would cheerfully have given her the instruction she desired. But "where there is a will there is a way;" and Betsey was bent upon finding it. And she did find it. Betsey had set her heart on gaining the ability to read God's own Word for herself. What had been done by others might be done by her, and she was determined to try and try until she had accomplished her purpose. By the energy of a determined will she overcame all obstacles, and triumphed where a multitude would have been baffled and given up in despair.

First of all, after getting the Bible, she went with the first coin she could call her own to a store where, amongst all kinds of merchandise, they sold books for children, and requested to be supplied with a book "for learn for read." She was first offered a spelling-book, but she had not sufficient money to purchase that; for the price was a "maccaroni," (a shilling,) and she had only "one fi'penny," a coin that amounted to threepence in English money. The fi'penny was ultimately invested in a small primer, which she was told was the proper book for a beginner to learn to read; and the seller kindly pointed out to Betsey where she was to commence. Happy in its possession, Betsey departed with her new treasure, and at once on her way home commenced the process of study she intended to pursue. She could of herself make nothing of the strange-looking things called letters, which she was told must first be learned. Fixing her regard upon the first of the lot, she cast her eyes around, and discovering some person in the street, that she thought could give her the desired information, she went up to him, and dropping a respectful curtsy pointed to the capital letter A, and said, "Please, Massa, tell me what that 'tan' for?" Having received the information she sought, she pondered it well until the letter became quite familiar to her eye, and she was sure she would know it again wherever she met with it. She then proceeded to the next, and mastered that in a similar way. And so Betsey went on, always placing the book in her bosom whenever she went out into

the streets, and appealing to any one she met who was likely to aid her with, "Please, Massa, what dat 'tan' for?"

The alphabet both large and small was soon mastered, and then Betsey went on to the more formidable task of putting the letters together in words; laying the public under contribution in this as she had done before, and seldom meeting with a rebuff. Shrewd and intelligent, and anxious to learn, she soon began to understand the power of the letters; and in a much shorter time than many took to gain this elementary knowledge who were favoured with the advantages of efficient instruction, but not so much in earnest to learn as Betsey, she surmounted the difficulty, and began to spell out chapters in her treasured Bible. Thus it was that when I returned to the neighbourhood, after the lapse of somewhat less than three years, Betsey could read her Bible with perfect fluency, and found it to be a source of inexpressible comfort and profit. She also showed me her Hymn-Book, which she rejoiced in being able to use, and assured me that these two books were her daily study and her greatest earthly joy. She had been able also to read several other books which kind friends had lent to her, by which she had been greatly aided and strengthened in her Christian life.

At the termination of the apprenticeship system Betsey obtained her entire freedom, and was soon in more comfortable and prosperous circumstances than she had ever been before. Her superior intelligence and devoted, active piety commended her to the notice of the pastors of the church as a suitable person to fill the office of class-leader. She was accordingly appointed, and was very useful in bringing many young persons of her own sex to Christ, and helping them in their Christian course. In this capacity she was greatly respected by all who knew her, both white and black.

Several times, when on distant stations, a small basket came to me containing jars of preserved fruit and pickles; but without any note to indicate whence they came, and for some years I knew not to whom I was indebted for these

anonymous favours. But having to travel to the north side of the island, where Betsey resided, for the purpose of taking part in the opening services of a new chapel, the grateful Negro woman came to see me; and then I discovered, from several questions she put concerning them, that these gifts had been forwarded by her, in token of the fervent gratitude she cherished towards the donor of the precious volume, which had been her greatest earthly treasure, and on which she based the hopes of life and immortality that filled her with unspeakable joy.

XXII.

BLIGHTED LIVES.

BEWARE the bowl ! though rich and bright
Its rubies flash upon the sight,
An adder coils its depths beneath,
Whose lure is woe, whose sting is death.

STREET.

No finite mind can justly estimate the amount of evil and ruin that is wrought by intemperance. People stand aghast when the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday are abroad; accomplishing their terrible mission upon the earth, and when they hear of multitudes dropping into the grave; the old, the middle-aged, and the young, the rich and the poor, all alike disappearing before the invisible foe. They lift their hands in horror when the statistics of the sanguinary battle field, succeeding the announcement of "the glorious victory," are unrolled before their eyes, and they read of tens of thousands that have thus been cut off in the vigour of youth and the prime of lusty manhood; swept away, with all unholy and vengeful passions raging in their breasts, and without opportunity afforded for preparation, into the presence of the awful realities of eternity. They shudder when they read of thousands more strewn in masses upon the blood-sodden ground, mangled and helpless, to languish, it may be, through hours of untold anguish, and then sink unpitied into the grave, feeling how miserably empty and vain is the honour that is gathered upon the field of mortal strife,

"Where men like fiends each other tear,
In all the horrid rage of war."

But our world is cursed with an evil more terrible than either of these, more wide-stretching in its destructive sweep, and more constant and unintermitting in its work of havoc and death ; an evil, too, that destroys both soul and body together, gorging incessantly with marred and ruined millions of the most precious and favoured works of the Divine Creator's hand the ever-craving maw of hell and the grave. Pestilence slays its thousands ; war, deadly war, sweeps away its tens of thousands ; but intemperance kills, both for time and eternity, more than both of them together. No wonder that Addison, in one of his impressive and instructive allegories, in which he describes the king of terrors seated upon his throne, giving audience to those who represent whatever causes disease and death and ruin and destruction among men, in order to weigh and determine their respective claims to be appointed prime minister to the grisly monarch, describes him as deciding in favour of Intemperance with her fiery, bloated countenance, and her train of dancing bacchanals. Of all the agencies of death that are at work in this sinful world, there is none equal to intemperance for spreading disease and misery in the earth, and sweeping away the children of men to an untimely grave. Go where you will, to any country under heaven, the evil is there. Amongst all classes of society, from the ruler on the throne to the lowest grade of subjects, it is at work. It lays low the mighty in the dust ; it blights the noblest intellect ; it withers the bloom of beauty, subverts all moral excellence, undermines all principles of virtue, wrecks the fairest character, blasts the finest promise of usefulness and eminence, and scatters broadcast the seeds of disease and suffering and death in all directions. The pestilence rages with terrific energy for a season ; and when it has gathered a large harvest of victims, sweeping through many lands in its terrible range, it is then heard of no more, perhaps through a long interval of years. There are seasons when the gates of the temple of Janus are closed, and war's sad ravages are suspended amongst the nations of the earth : savage passions are hushed : the lust of ambition and dominion is restrained, and men find other occupation than that of shooting,

stabbing, mangling, and slaughtering each other, multiplying widows and fatherless children, and filling happy homes with sorrow, bereavement, and poverty. But this ruthless enemy of the human race, intemperance, works at all times and in all parts of the world. Night and day, and every day, from the opening of January to the close of December, with an energy that is never exhausted, an appetite for destruction that is never satiated, this prime minister of death, this purveyor for the grave, gathers its hecatombs of victims and sweeps them away from life; while it imparts fearful intensity to all unhallowed passions, debases and brutalizes the immortal nature of beings made only a little lower than the angels, and produces a catalogue of crimes and evils amongst those who are bound to each other by the most sacred ties of kindred, at the contemplation of which fiends rejoice and angels weep.

Within the tropics the danger of forming intemperate habits is greater than in a milder clime. There is a more rapid exhaustion of the fluids in the system by increased perspiration, requiring a more frequent supply to meet the demands of nature; and if recourse be had to beverages of an alcoholic nature, it requires but little sagacity to see that danger is hidden there. It is also the natural effect of a tropical climate to produce a degree of lassitude, of which the denizens of cooler regions are unconscious, except occasionally, when the fierce heat of a Midsummer day brings them a temporary experience of those relaxing influences which are constantly felt, in a greater or less degree, within the torrid zone. One of the effects of alcoholic drink is to counteract the lassitude for a brief season, and produce a considerable degree of artificial excitement and energy, which, for the time, is exceedingly grateful. But the effect is temporary and soon passes away, followed by a reaction which augments the physical relaxation natural to the climate, and seems to call for a renewal of the grateful restorative. Here also danger lurks unseen and unsuspected; and it is one of the easiest things possible to glide insensibly into the practice of using dangerous stimulants, until a habit is formed not easy to be shaken off; until all the faculties of

man's noble nature are ensnared, bound as with fetters of iron, and the poor victim finds himself helpless in the grasp of a fiend, who seldom relaxes his hold till the destruction of both body and soul is accomplished.

Here lies the greatest danger of Europeans within the tropics. That poisonous influences, destructive of health and life, proceeding from the rapid decomposition both of vegetable and animal matter, often load the air, especially in the less favoured localities, is true; but the death of vast numbers in tropical countries has been ascribed to the effects of climate, that was in fact the result of using stimulants, which shortened life in various ways, even when there were none of the ordinary calamitous results of habitual drunkenness. The man whose business carries him to torrid regions will be wise to use no stimulants of the alcoholic kind,—the Christian missionary above all. Mingling with many cheering scenes of holiness and usefulness, which a review of nearly forty years spent in bright glowing regions of tropical beauty present to him, the writer's memory dwells upon others of different character,—dark, cheerless, mournful—examples of ruined greatness, blighted piety, and blasted life, which often bring a shadow over his spirit, and constrain him to admonish every youthful missionary, and every young man whose providential course leads him to the ardent regions of the tropics, to stand entirely aloof from all danger, from all possibility of being ensnared by the demon of intemperance, by a total disuse of all alcoholic beverages.

“O, minister! Mrs. P. begs you to come over, for Mr. P. has had a fit.” Such was the message brought by an intelligent coloured girl, one Wednesday afternoon, as a young missionary sat at dinner between four and five o'clock, in one of the most pleasant towns on the north side of Jamaica where he exercised his pastoral charge surrounded by the grand scenery which, all along the northern coast, distinguishes that beautiful isle of the western sea. In this neighbourhood it had been his lot to witness the horrible atrocities that distinguish a season of martial law, when, casting off all restraint, men gave themselves up to the

performance of deeds of cruelty and wrong more worthy of fiends than of human beings. But these days are passed; liberty has been "proclaimed through all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof;" and ministers of Christ now exercise their unchallenged right to spread the saving truths of the Gospel amongst the emancipated children of Africa; the Head of the Church crowning their labours with His smile and blessing, and none daring to make them afraid. For a multitude of the persecutors who once banded together to drive all missionaries from the land, and to shut up the slaves in unbroken night, in the vain hope of retaining them in perpetual bondage, and who waged war with God, laying violent hands upon His sanctuaries and levelling them with the ground, are now slumbering in the dust, furnishing impressive illustrations of the truth, "He ordaineth His arrows against the persecutors."

Amongst those who have been gathered into the little growing church under the missionary's care is an intelligent female, black but comely, of polite and graceful manner, and as much entitled to be spoken of as a lady as many of fairer hue to whom that honourable designation is properly applied. She is the wife of a white man who has come from a distant island to fill a government situation in the town. His office gives him a respectable status in society and a comfortable degree of emolument. The time has come when complexional prejudices are so far modified that the marriage of a white man with a coloured woman is no longer the strange and anomalous occurrence that at one time it was, unfitting him for holding a public office, and shutting him out from the more aristocratic circles of colonial society. Not a few of the most influential men in the land have set public opinion at defiance in this respect, and married the mothers of their coloured families, giving their children, who in many instances have received a liberal and refined education, those advantages of legitimacy which a wise provision in the new marriage law enables them to secure on their behalf. This, however, has not been a *marriage* of that class; for both were young, and they are with-

out a family. It has been a marriage formed on moral grounds. Brought to God through the fearful scenes which she witnessed in connexion with the desolating hurricane of 1831, and experiencing the blessedness and the power of the spiritual life, the black girl's companionship was not to be obtained according to the immoral customs that prevailed in the colonies before religion stepped in to rescue, refine, and elevate degraded womanhood. The white government official proffered honourable marriage to the dark-skinned object of his affections. And the marriage was a happy one for a while, and would have continued so, had not Mr. P. unhappily been seduced into the deadly drink snare, and contracted the sad habit which ruins multitudes for both worlds, and brings desolation, poverty, and woe into thousands of families.

Mr. P. respected religion, and, with his wife, attended its public ordinances frequently; but not being gifted with the firmness that steadily resists temptation, he was easily prevailed upon by associates, with whom he was unavoidably brought into contact in the course of his official duties, to share their indulgences, which often were not confined within the limits of moderation.

The progress of destructive vice is much more rapid in some cases than in others. Slowly, and by almost imperceptible degrees, some men glide into the habit which finally overcomes them, and lays a giant grasp upon all their faculties; whilst others sink swiftly into ruin, and are mastered almost without an effort to resist the evil which is enslaving to destroy them. So it was with Mr. P. He rushed rapidly to destruction, giving himself up without restraint to a course of indulgence which could only have one swift and fatal result. When the missionary who has been referred to first made their acquaintance, he ascertained that it was about two years since Mr. P. had given himself up to the habit of excess; and already he had become a confirmed inebriate, with whom intoxication is the usual condition. He is seldom to be found entirely sober, though he manages to get through his official duties so as to avoid

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bed ; but the wretched man is in a state of insensibility ; and the twitching of the features, the convulsive jerking of the limbs, the changing countenance, and the trembling of the whole frame, denote that more is the matter than the effects of simple intoxication. This becomes still more evident when, arousing a little from the temporary unconsciousness into which he has fallen, he sends forth shrieks and cries of agony ; and crouching in mortal fear, now on one side of the bed, and then on the other, and trembling with horror till the bedstead shakes and trembles too, he tells those who crowd around him that the room is full of devils who are come to carry him away. It is now the terrified wife sends off to request that the minister will be kind enough to come to her immediately, and the message reaches him in the form already described.

It is a fearful spectacle upon which his attention is fixed. Shriek after shriek reaches his ear as with his companion he ascends the stairs. On entering the room they see the miserable victim of alcohol stretched upon the bed, held down by several persons whom the poor wife has been compelled to summon to her aid. The countenance is livid, —almost purple ; the eyes, glaring hideously, seem ready to start from their sockets ; inexpressible horror is stamped upon every feature ; and large drops of perspiration, oozing out from every pore, bear witness to the terrible excitement that is raging within, and must soon exhaust the vital energies, for no human strength can long endure such a degree of tension. “O, Mr. B.!” cries the sufferer with startling energy, the moment he catches sight of the missionaries entering the chamber, and turning towards them with an expression of agonizing entreaty, “Do save ! O, do save me ! There they are ! Don’t you see them ? O, do save me from them ! Do save me !” It is a pitiable scene to look upon, that man laid prostrate by the destroyer in the prime and vigour of lusty, youthful manhood,—for he could scarcely be more than thirty-two years of age, and was built on a powerful model,—and raging in the paroxysms of the most aggravated type of *delirium tremens* ! In the

softest tones of sympathizing friendship, both ministers endeavour to soothe the sufferer, and represent to him that the objects of his fear have no reality, and are but the creatures of a disturbed imagination. But it is all in vain. To him there is awful reality in them. His eyes roll in terror to every part of the room, as he shrinks, first in one direction and then in another, from the fearful objects which that abused brain invests with shape and substance and life, and which no other eye beholds. The blood of those present seems to curdle and their flesh to creep, as with terrible earnestness he rejects all remonstrance, and in pitiable agony implores them to save him. Both the missionaries successively engage in prayer, holding each a shivering hand as they kneel at the bedside; and he clings to them as a drowning man will cling in his extremity to any substance he can lay his hands upon; but he evidently takes in nothing of the meaning of those words which are addressed to the throne of mercy on his behalf. His eyes, straining with affright, are rolling wildly, now to the right, now to the left, now up, and now straight before him. Shrinking, as though he would push himself through the mattress, all his faculties are occupied in following about the room the creatures of his disordered fancy. And O! it is a hard thing to pray at a death scene like that! We may not place any limits to the boundless love and mercy to sinners of the infinitely gracious God; but what hope can there be that prayer will be heard, that mercy can be exercised, in a case like that?

It is, however, our duty to pray; and earnest and importunate and attended by many tears are the supplications that go up from that death chamber; and hearty is the Amen that now and again drops from the lips of those who kneel around, as the missionaries plead with the Friend of sinners for the dying man. Dying he is, and the veil is already dropping that is to shut out from him all the scenes of this life for ever. He has been somewhat less violent since the ministers of religion appeared at his bedside, and his cries for help have been less agonizing; but there is no *indication* that he has for a single moment realized the idea

which has been presented to end urged upon him, of looking to the Almighty Saviour for help. His shattered faculties are incapable of such exertion as would enable him now, at this last hour, to turn to the Crucified, and lay his sins at the footstool of Mercy. The imagination, dominant over all the other faculties, is revelling in horrors. It has peopled the death chamber with spectres and goblins and horrible shapes from another world; and as these appear to him to flit about and grin and mock his misery, and threaten to fall upon him and bear him away, he can think of nothing else. Soothing remonstrance, entreaty, prayer, all are lost upon him; and the awful words of inspired truth come with irresistible force upon the minds of some who look upon that thrilling spectacle: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." It is almost impossible to avoid the conviction that this is the case with that poor, ruined, wretched victim of a vicious habit, whose spirit, without one ray of hope dawning upon it, is trembling upon the confines of another world. A terrible scene is the chamber of the dying, when there is no peace of God to sustain, no hope of eternal life to bless and cheer the soul that is passing to an unchanging destiny.

Two or three hours have elapsed since the ministers of religion entered the room, and the hour is at hand when the public service of the sanctuary requires their presence. But it is difficult to get away. "Don't go! don't leave me!" shrieks the dying man; and he clings to them with the energy of despair. They remind him that it is the usual evening for public service, and promise to return immediately after its close; but he holds on with all the tenacity of which his fast failing strength is capable. Again they kneel down for a few moments, and commend the sufferer to God in prayer, and depart, purposing to shorten the service, and hasten back to do what they can to alleviate the horrors of the scene they have unwillingly quitted. Knowing that patients of that class do sometimes rally from a condition of great apparent extremity, they have no apprehension that the end is so near as the event shows it

to be. The service occupies but an hour; and without losing a moment, as soon as it is ended, they hasten to the house of mourning. But the curtain has fallen, and the tragedy is closed. They are surprised, startled, shocked, as they enter the house, to receive the intelligence that the spirit, with all its dread accountability attaching to it, has just that moment fled to the presence of its maker.

They enter the room; and a senseless heap of clay is all that remains of the man they left there so lately. The trembling of the limbs has ceased: the straining eye-balls have shrunk back into their sockets, and the lids are closed over them: the livid purple features of the countenance, lately so fearfully agitated, have settled in the stillness of death, and a friend is tying a white cambric handkerchief round the head, to support the fallen jaw. From the moment the ministers left the room, the loud shrieks of the sufferer re-commenced; and pointing here and there, all round the room, to the frightful creatures of his imagination, he crouched from one side of the bed to the other; and would have thrown himself off it, had he not been forcibly held down. In agony most distressing to behold, he continued to call upon those around him to save him from them, until his strength became exhausted. At length, convulsed and shaking in every part of his body, he sank into a state of comparative quietude, gasping, and his eyes staring and rolling about the room, until a short time before the ministers returned to the house; when all the powers of life suddenly collapsed; the spirit passed to its destiny; and the life so sadly abused,—such a woful mistake,—came to an end. There was one, at least, of those who looked upon that mournful scene, who turned away from it realizing, as he had never done before, the awfulness of a life blasted by intemperance, and resolving that his example and influence through life should be given to discountenance the use of those fluids which often prove to be a deadly snare, and produce results so fatal to the happiness and the well-being of man.

Three years have passed away, and the young pastor has been transferred to a new and distant scene of labour, still

within the shores of the land of springs, and surrounded with the stirring, busy life of a large city. It is the peaceful Sabbath afternoon, when a message reaches him in his study that brings before his mind a vivid recollection of the painfully interesting incidents related above. "Mrs. L. will be greatly obliged if you will go and see Mr. L., who has had a fit, and is very ill." Such was the message; so similar in its import to the one received by him a few years ago, which had left an impression burnt, as it were, into his memory by the shocking scenes of which it was the precursor. Like a series of dissolving views, all the sad incidents of that evening rise and pass with terrible distinctness before his mind; for he can scarcely doubt, from his knowledge of the person concerned, that it is another case of the same mournful character to which his attention is now to be directed.

But ah! this is even more sad, in one of its aspects, than the other; for this is the wreck of a pious life, a blighted career of Christian usefulness: the shocking example of a minister of religion fallen, dishonoured, destroyed by the vice of intemperance. Like the noble forest tree that has been stricken by lightning, divested of every sign of life and verdure, blackened, shattered, and charred, a majestic ruin of what once was beautiful to look upon, now a mournful spectacle to contemplate; here is one who was a tree of righteousness, planted in the courts of the Lord's house, verdant, fruitful, full of promise for the future, and lovely to the eye that looked upon it; but it has been blasted by intemperance; and it has been standing for some years in its blackened deformity, a monitory example of human frailty, until the time has come for the great Master to say, "Cut it down!"

Some twelve or thirteen years ago, Mr. L. came, with another fellow-labourer, to take part in the work of spreading Christian truth amongst the wronged and suffering children of Africa in this slave land, and build up the churches which, through God's blessing, had been raised here under the fostering care of one of the missionary institutions

of the mother country. He was young; but he had been brought to God in his youth, and gave evidence of more than ordinary devotedness to the Master whose service he had chosen. After the usual preparation and examinations, he was sent to share the labours and persecutions of brethren in these isles of the west, where oppression and intolerance had made their home. Entering upon the sphere of toil assigned to him, he gave himself up to his work with untiring zeal; and won for himself, in a high degree, the love of the people, and the respect and confidence of his fellow-labourers. But his sphere of labour lay in a district of the island where exhalations from wide-spreading swamps and lagoons impregnate the atmosphere with the subtle poison, which infects the blood, and sends it rushing through the system with accelerated force and fever heat, drying up the springs of life, and often sending its victims with startling rapidity to the grave. Not many months had elapsed, when the overpowering sense of weariness, the racking headache and throbbing of the temples, with heavy pain across the loins, indicated, too surely, that the fever had laid its blighting grasp upon him, and that the *seasoning* was at hand. Through all the torturing processes of bleeding, blistering, salivation, and physicking to which fever patients were in those days subjected by blundering medical practitioners, —often more surely cutting short the days of the sufferer than the disease itself,—the young missionary writhed and tossed and groaned, until the fever had run its course. Assisted by a vigorous and wiry constitution, and not depressed by the fears and anxieties which often give fatal potency to the fell disorder, he struggled through it; and woke up, one fine morning, after the crisis had been followed by several hours of the balmy, refreshing sleep to which he had long been a stranger, free from the fever, but feeble and helpless as an infant. Sustained through the collapse by powerful stimulants, nature slowly resumed her operations: the relaxed muscles and nerves recovered somewhat of their usual tension; and the patient was restored from the margin of the grave.

Hitherto he had always stood aloof from the use of those stimulating beverages so lavishly used amongst the dominant class in the colony. But the smiling disciple of *Æsculapius*, who had tended him through all the fierce attack, as he took his departure, turning over his patient to the nurses and the cooks, laid it down, with all the authority which professionals of his class are too often unwisely permitted to assume, that he must take a glass or two of good wine every day, and that he must also drink a little brandy and water instead of the lemonade and other beverages of that innocent class he had previously been accustomed to use. Multitudes of these medical practitioners have themselves been the victims of the delusion, that ardent spirits are essential to life in a tropical climate; and the writer has seen not a few of them,—young men of good skill and promise, and desirous of doing right,—swept to an early grave by means of the alcoholic poison; victims themselves of ill-judged advice, while they have, by similar evil counsel, backed with the influence of professional authority, helped to multiply the deluded victims of intemperance. “What the doctor says must be right?” and the young missionary, willing to be directed by the teachings of experience in those matters in which he could rely upon his own judgment to guide him, consented to act upon the instructions given to him.

The temperance movement was not yet directing men’s minds to the wide-spreading evils resulting from the use of alcoholic beverages, and the dangers that lie hidden in what are regarded as the proper and innocent customs of society; and giving salutary warnings, illustrated by thousands of impressive examples, of the insidious character of such counsel as that given by the doctor to his restored patient. It would have been well for him had it been so; for he might then have been on his guard, and mistrusted the pernicious advice. But with unsuspecting confidence he adopted the practice so strongly recommended; and it proved to be a first step in the road to ruin. In many cases the evil appetite for strong drink increases rapidly as it is

ministered to; and the dangerous habit becomes, in time, a master passion. One of the early results, in this young minister, of acting on the dangerous counsel given to him was to slacken his zeal for usefulness; the next to darken and beguile his judgment, leading him to form a marriage without due consideration, and with one who possessed few or none of those qualifications which might make her a help-meet for him in the great work to which he had solemnly devoted his life. Then, greatly lowered in the estimation of his fellow-labourers, and falling more and more under the terrible influences which were fast enslaving him, his vows forgotten, and his responsibilities lost sight of, his work was thrown up, his pastoral charge resigned; and he ceased to belong to the missionary band who, for the advancement of their noble enterprise, were contending with combinations of fierce intolerance and persecution, and suffering, in some instances, even imprisonment and death.

Through several years the debasing habit, which had vitiated his character and wrecked his piety, was continued, and gradually acquired all the strength of a ruling passion; under the dominance of which he sank into deeper degradation; until he became an object of scorn to many and of pity to others, who knew and respected him in the days when his character and life were pure and spotless, and devoted with untiring zeal to the work of doing good to others. Friends endeavoured, by kindly remonstrance and counsel, to save him from the snare of the evil one. But it is no easy matter for one who is sunk so low in his own esteem, and in the estimation of others, to recover himself. In the present instance, it was the case of one tied and bound by the power of an evil habit and a vicious appetite, as with fetters of brass. On all the earth there is not a being more helpless and more degraded than the self-made slave of intemperance. It is sound practical wisdom, as it is the exercise of the truest benevolence, which, in the United States, has led to the establishment of institutions or asylums where intemperance is dealt with as a species of mania, and a system of treatment is pursued towards

multitudes, sensible of their own helplessness, and voluntarily submitting to it, or placed under it by kind and loving friends, which is most effectual in checking them in the downward road to ruin. But no benevolent institution of this class is to be found here; and the course of death is pursued to the end.

And the end has now come. With a vivid remembrance of the former sad case, the young missionary feels that there is no time to be lost; and accompanying the messenger to the house she has come from, he soon finds himself in the presence of the sufferer, who, as in the former instance, has been suddenly smitten down with that fell disease, *delirium tremens*.

This is in some respects different from the former case. Entering the large sitting-room, which is called the hall, the wretched man is seen lying upon a mattress placed upon the floor in the centre of the room, all the doors and windows being wide open, to give him as much air as possible. A cool, delicious sea breeze is sweeping through the room. Several friends are around the bed; and the wife and another person are sitting, one on either side, applying cloths dipped in vinegar to the head of the patient, and bathing his forehead and temples with Eau-de-Cologne. The wretched victim lies on his back, speechless, and apparently unconscious; but he is in strong convulsions, trembling violently from head to foot; the features twitching; the eyes prominent, wide open and staring, but fixed in such a way as to indicate that they perceive nothing; and the whole countenance bearing such an expression of horror and anguish, that it is frightful to look upon. It forces upon the mind thoughts of those who are lost and abandoned to despair; and it makes that young missionary's soul shrink and tremble within him, as he looks upon it and thinks of the past.

The account which he gathers from the anxious wife is, that Mr. L. had not been well for some days, though able to get about; and he could take no food. He swallowed nothing but the poisonous stimulants which had done so much

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links of what that dying man once was, when, in the
prime of youthful piety, he devoted himself to work for
God. He thinks of what he might have been in the church
on earth, and when joined to the shining host of the church
above, if he had not unhappily turned aside from the path
of rectitude and peace. He thinks of what he had become
as he lies there, a miserable moral wreck, cast down,
polluted, destroyed by strong drink. And he thinks—no,
he dares not pursue the train of thought, and dwell upon
the awful future in connexion with the ruin stretched beneath
his eye: for it does not belong to him to look into the
future, and speculate upon the destiny of that immortal
being. Is not that spirit, though beguiled, corrupted,
misled by treacherous influences, in the hands and at the
disposal of one whose love and mercy are boundless. And
who can say how far that yearning love may stretch
out a gracious hand to pluck the priceless gem of
a blood-bought spirit from irremediable ruin and woe?
Who but the Omniscient One knows what gracious thoughts
and feelings, awakened by Himself, were associated with
that desire and intention to repair to the sanctuary which
was so fearfully interrupted? And who can say whether

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evening, and later in the night, the visit
prayer is again made to the Divine Helper to
the departing sinner. Still there is no apparent
in the condition of the sufferer; the trembling of the
the staring of the eyes on vacant space, the expression
of anguish and terror upon the countenance, continue. But
the end is nigh; and another day is not to dawn and behold
him among the living. After midnight the convulsions
increase in violence; and before any streak of light appears
upon the eastern horizon, after a dreadful paroxysm, the
quivering body settles into quietude, the jaw drops, and
life ebbs away. Friendly hands close the ghastly eyes; and
the spirit, with all its dread accountability, is with God.
Standing over the grave prematurely open to receive the
blighted form before it had reached the prime of lusty
manhood, the young missionary, whose duty it is to read
the solemn service over the dead, ponders in his own heart
those counsels of heavenly wisdom, to which the scene before
him seems to give terrible point and energy: "Be not high-
minded, but fear." "Let him that thinketh he standeth
take heed lest he fall."

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the six years have elapsed since, in that
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to destroy him. He had risen later than usual that morning, and was preparing to go to public worship, when he suddenly dropped upon the floor in strong convulsions. The doctor had been sent for, and had prescribed blisters, and such other remedies as he thought proper. They had brought him out of the bedroom into the hall, by the doctor's order; but the convulsions had continued without abatement; and Mr. L. had never spoken a word since the attack came on; nor had he given the slightest indication that he was conscious of anything taking place around but had continued in the state in which the minister then beheld him.

No language can describe the feelings with which he stands and looks upon that fearful spectacle. In silence he contemplates the horror-stricken face, the quivering limbs, the panting frame, the glaring eye-balls fixed upon vacancy; and he thinks of what that dying man once was, when, in the prime of youthful piety, he devoted himself to work for God. He thinks of what he might have been in the church on earth, and when joined to the shining host of the church above, if he had not unhappily turned aside from the path of rectitude and peace. He thinks of what he had become as he lies there, a miserable moral wreck, cast down, polluted, destroyed by strong drink. And he thinks—no, he dares not pursue the train of thought, and dwell upon the awful future in connexion with the ruin stretched beneath his eye: for it does not belong to him to look into the future, and speculate upon the destiny of that immortal being. Is not that spirit, though beguiled, corrupted, misled by treacherous influences, in the hands and at the disposal of one whose love and mercy are boundless. And who can say how far that yearning love may stretch out a gracious hand to pluck the priceless gem of a blood-bought spirit from irremediable ruin and woe? Who but the Omniscient One knows what gracious thoughts and feelings, awakened by Himself, were associated with that desire and intention to repair to the sanctuary which was so fearfully interrupted? And who can say whether

there is not, in that convulsed and shaking frame, though apparently unconscious of things around, and incapable of communication with this lower world, a spirit moved by gracious impulses to look with penitence and prayer to the infinite mercy of Him who, when the weight of a world's guilt and woe was pressing on His own soul on the cross, was even then stretching out the hand of power and love to snatch the soul of a dying malefactor from the bitter pains of eternal death? Resolving to hope against hope, and looking to and relying upon the unlimited goodness and grace of the sinner's Friend, the missionary endeavours to arrest the sufferer's attention, as he kneels down upon the bed by his side. The effort is vain. No sign indicates that he hears a word of what is addressed to him. But the Saviour's ears are not heavy that He cannot hear. His arm is not shortened that He cannot save; and to Him appeal is made, and earnest are the prayers which go up to him from the bedside of the dying man. Late in the evening, and later in the night, the visit is repeated; and prayer is again made to the Divine Helper to bless and save the departing sinner. Still there is no apparent change in the condition of the sufferer; the trembling of the limbs, the staring of the eyes on vacant space, the expression of anguish and terror upon the countenance, continue. But the end is nigh; and another day is not to dawn and behold him among the living. After midnight the convulsions increase in violence; and before any streak of light appears upon the eastern horizon, after a dreadful paroxysm, the quivering body settles into quietude, the jaw drops, and life ebbs away. Friendly hands close the ghastly eyes; and the spirit, with all its dread accountability, is with God. Standing over the grave prematurely open to receive the blighted form before it had reached the prime of lusty manhood, the young missionary, whose duty it is to read the solemn service over the dead, ponders in his own heart those counsels of heavenly wisdom, to which the scene before him seems to give terrible point and energy: "Be not high-minded, but fear." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

XXIII.

HAPPY DEATHS.

WHEN faith is strong and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
'T is triumph, then, to die.

MRS. BARBAULD.

A FORMER paper contained sketches of “blighted lives,” the melancholy results of intemperate habits by which so many are ensnared and ruined. In the same missionary’s experience, there are memories of scenes and incidents which present a delightful contrast with the sad histories there described ;—death-bed scenes which impressively illustrate the beauty of Christian holiness and the power of Divine grace, and show how

“ The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walks of virtuous life,
Quite on the verge of heaven.”

As the reverse of those darkly shaded pictures that have been presented, two others are selected from a multitude of cases witnessed by him in the Caribbean Isles, exhibiting the gladdening spectacle of the Christian triumphing over death, and shedding a flood of beauteous light upon the record of inspired truth : “ Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright ; for the end of that man is peace.”

“ I have come to tell you, minister, that Father Harris is sick. I have been to see him, and I think he will soon be going home. He told me he would be glad to see minister.” Such were the words addressed to the missionary already spoken of, by one of the most devoted and intelligent females among the three hundred class-leaders who, in the city of

Kingston, looked to him as the pastor in charge of the several societies. Some six years have elapsed since, in that city, he stood and wept and prayed over the death-bed of the second victim of *delirium tremens*, three of which have been spent amongst the magnificent mountains of St. Ann's Parish, where the perfection of rural beauty prevails in this region of perennial summer from January to December. But, in the arrangements of Divine Providence, he has been appointed to a second term of service in the more arduous and wasting duties of the city ; and few days pass in which he is not called upon to kneel at the bedside of the sick or dying, and these are not unfrequently scenes of glorious victory over death. Such is likely to be the case with the one to which he is now summoned ; for Father Harris is the oldest member of the Methodist churches in Jamaica,—the only surviving member of the first class formed in Kingston by Dr. Coke, nearly sixty years ago ; during all which time he has walked with God, like Enoch, commanding the veneration of some, and the respect of all who knew him, as a pattern of Christian simplicity, integrity, and zeal.

When Dr. Coke, after preaching once or twice, and provoking the hostility of a godless multitude against himself, as a minister of the truth, announced his intention to form into a society those who desired to flee from the wrath to come, William Harris was the second to step forward and present himself as a candidate for admission. A few simple questions elicited the information he wished to obtain, and Dr. Coke enrolled Mr. Harris as one of eight who constituted the earliest Methodist society and the germ of the goodly Methodist churches which have grown up and flourished in the face of abundant persecution in “the land of springs.” He is a black man, born of slave-parents in the United States ; who, having adhered to the British side during the revolutionary war, obtained his freedom ; and at the close of the struggle emigrated to Jamaica, preferring to live under the protection of the British flag. He had been a member of the Baptist coloured church in America, and had been so far brought under religious influence as to

cherish a sincere desire to live a godly life. But here, in Jamaica, he found no Christian friends to confer with ; no Christian teachers that could give him counsel. It is true, the colony had been divided into parishes ; and there were men who derived emolument from them as a state-paid clergy ; but they were all slave-holders, who had accepted the sacred office for its salary, and who looked upon those guilty of being born with a dark complexion as no part of their charge ; and would just as soon have thought of giving pastoral attention to their own carriage-horses, as to the slaves or free black and coloured people around them. It was a land covered with darkness and sin. When, therefore, William Harris heard that a minister of religion had arrived, and was to preach in High Holborn Street, he was one of the first to repair to the appointed spot. With joy he listened to the messenger of Heaven. His whole soul was melted and stirred within him by the plain, earnest appeals of the preacher. Here was what he wanted above all things on earth ; one who could tell him about salvation and heaven. For years he had been longing and praying for this, and now God had heard and answered his prayers. When, therefore, Dr. Coke invited those to confer with him who were willing to be united together in Christian fellowship, the black American emigrant was the second to respond and present himself for acceptance, the first being a white lady, a Mrs. Smith. Like William Harris, she had been for years looking and longing for that light to reach Jamaica, which, she knew, was spreading in the favoured land she had left some years before, where she had listened to the Wesleys and other men of God. He, in His wisdom and love, called forth to wake up a slumbering church and world.

Nearly all the different shades of colour were represented in that little band of eight persons, whom the missionary doctor enrolled as the first Methodist church in Jamaica :—Mrs. Smith, a white matron ; William Harris, a black emigrant ; Catherine Dawson, a free Mulatto woman, with representatives of the Quadroon and Mestee classes,—types of those multitudes of all classes and colours who were after-

wards to be won from the world and given to Christ. Made wise unto salvation, and rejoicing in the experience and privileges of the children of God, several of these advanced rapidly in the spiritual life, and on a subsequent visit of Dr. Coke to the island, Mrs. Smith and William Harris were appointed as class-leaders, to give religious counsel to the multiplying inquiries after the things of God,—the first who held that office in the Methodist churches of Jamaica.

After some years of loving toil for Christ, carried on in the face of much persecution and reproach, Mrs. Smith, a true mother in Israel,—a fine example of the devoted Christian lady,—finished a life of brilliant usefulness by a death of holy triumph ; and passed within the veil, to await there, in the presence of Jesus, the crown and the reward to be given her when wondrous grace, undying joy, and endless triumph and glory will be brought to the saints at the revelation of Jesus Christ ; while her mantle rested upon others of kindred spirit. But William Harris lived on, and for five and fifty years performed, with untiring zeal and with great intelligence and success, the duties of a class-leader. Hundreds have been assisted and encouraged by his wise and judicious counsels to come to Christ ; and he has exhibited the power and beauty of religion in a perfectly blameless life, and by the meek, quiet activities of self-denying zeal and love, which seem even now to crown his head, white with the snows of ninety years and upwards, with a halo of glory.

The missionary's steps are speedily bent towards one of the eastern streets of the city, where he knows—for he has often been there before—the lowly, comfortable cottage of William Harris to be situated, in a pleasant and quiet locality. He enters a house, neatly furnished and scrupulously clean, where a tasteful arrangement of sundry glass and china ornaments, and specimens of native skill and natural curiosities, exhibit traces of womanly care and refinement. A daughter of the good old patriarch, no longer in the bloom of youth, advances to meet him as he appears at the open door ; and after a few words of respect-

ful salutation, ushers him into the room where the veteran soldier of the cross is about to lay down his weapons and pass away to the better land, saying like the conquering apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." The room is furnished with some taste and a due regard to comfort, the bedstead and most of the principal articles being made of the superior mahogany which the country produces. There, stretched upon sheets as white as the driven snow, and surrounded by comforts which many loving hearts are anxious to provide for him, lies the patient. "I am happy to see you, minister," he says, lifting his hand, withered by age, and now weakened by disease, to take that of his visitor; "I am going home; my work is done, and Jesus is taking me to Himself." It is even so. A cold taken a few days ago has resulted in fever; and there is little ground to hope that the frame now weakened and reduced by age can resist and overcome the shock. He feels a conviction that the sickness is unto death, and that he will never leave the bed on which he lies until friendly hands shall bear him to his last resting-place in the dust.

The missionary enters into conversation with him, and the goodness and love of Jesus to him as a sinner, the preciousness of Jesus to him in this time of sickness, and the joys and glories of the home he is approaching, are the topics on which he delights to dwell; the dark, ashy countenance, paled by sickness, seeming to light up with more than earthly joy, as with feeble voice and broken utterances he refers to them.

As the missionary looks upon that dying old man so happy and triumphant, now that death and eternity are close at hand, his mind goes back to a widely different scene, and he thinks of the raving maniac,—the miserable, hopeless victim of *delirium tremens*,—to behold whose death-scene he was summoned in another part of the island; and he feels how true it is, "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.....Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and

honour.....She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver unto thee." There was the white man, the wretched victim of a debasing habit, sinking—ah! with what terrible reluctance!—to the grave; his life curtailed; his energies blighted; his opportunities wasted; and his soul, there is every reason to fear, utterly ruined and lost. Here is a despised, dark-skinned child of Africa, who has wisely chosen, in early life, the better part, and kept himself from the paths of the destroyer; and now, after a long life given to God's service, a career of useful toil which has conferred eternal benefit upon hundreds of immortal spirits, and an example lustrous with all the beauties of holy living, extended over more than half a century, he is coming to the end of life, loved, honoured, and revered by a multitude of people, sustained with the richest consolations of Divine grace; not a shadow of distrust or fear upon his hallowed spirit; and exulting, with all the energy that age and sickness have left to him, in the sure conviction that he is passing away to share the undying joys of that better land which is the home of the saints and the glorious abode of angels and of God.

The progress of the disease is not rapid; but it is surely undermining the citadel of life, already greatly weakened by the effects of time. Two or three times the missionary stands at that bedside, to rejoice with the exulting saint, and join with him in prayer and praise. Multitudes who have long known his godly walk and conversation would fain look upon the dying servant of the Lord, and participate in his joy and triumph. Many of his Christian associates are admitted to the hallowed chamber, and none depart without feeling something of what inspired the breast of him who prayed in the olden time, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Three or four days suffice to bring the conflict to an end. Death conquers; but it is only the frail, perishable body that succumbs to his power; and that only for the appointed season, until the redemption morning, when it shall come forth in immortal life and beauty from the grave. The ransomed and puri-

fied spirit death has no power to touch. Breathing accents of love and triumph, to the end, the mortal frame sinks at length in the collapse of death, and the soul, transcendently happy, wings its flight to God. On the following day, attended by a far-reaching train of Christian friends, the wasted remains are borne to the old burial-ground, to be deposited in the dust amid the graves of hundreds who have finished their course with joy. The pastor, whose duty it is to take the principal part in the last offices for the dead, while the loud swell of the funeral hymn dies on the lips of the thousands who have followed the departed saint to his last earthly resting-place, feels how sublimely touching and true are the poetic lines in which the great minstrel of Methodist song has moulded the apocalyptic announcement concerning the Lord's departed ones:—

“Hark! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed.
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest
Jesus is their great Reward,
Jesus is their endless Rest.”

Side by side with the senior pastor is one who is soon to realize in his own happy experience all the blessedness to which these glowing words refer, and exhibit in the triumphant joy of an unclouded death-scene an impressive contrast to the shame, sadness, and terror, not to say despair, which hung darkly, like thick clouds, over the close of that life referred to in a preceding paper, vitiated and cut short by the drink fiend, the opening of which was brilliant with the promise of missionary usefulness. He has taken part in the solemn service just concluded; for he, too, bears the missionary character, and, as a co-pastor in the Circuit, has sympathized, with all the vigour of an ardent soul, in the Christian joy of the blessed old man, who has just passed to the triumphant church before the throne of God. He has but recently arrived at the ripeness of youthful

manhood, and it is but some six years since he entered upon his missionary work. Born in a western county of England, where earnest piety abounds, and recommended from a metropolitan circuit, he has brought with him an earnest spirit of piety and a devoted zeal, which have abundantly justified the selection made of him for missionary toil. In the several scenes of labour in which he has exercised his ministry, his cheerful, genial piety, and loving, tender courtesy shown to all classes and all ages alike, have gained for him the affections of thousands of loving hearts; so that with young and old he is a general favourite; while his laborious zeal, which shrinks from no amount of labour, and the power of God which attends his lively and original expositions of Divine truth, render him to all his brethren a desirable colleague. Never did a richer unction attend his ministry, never did he live more fully in the respect and love of his fellow-labourers, than at the time when he stands with them over the open grave of good old William Harris. But not one of that company of ministers anticipates for a moment that, close to the same spot, there will ere long be another grave opened, and the same solemn service read over one of their own number, and he the youngest of them all.

Yet such is the fact. The one blemish in that devoted servant of the Lord Jesus, the only thing that fastidiousness itself could point out as a subject of blame, is, that he does not exercise all the prudential care for the preservation of health that may justly be regarded as a religious duty,—a duty owing to himself, his young wife and child, and the church of God, to whose service he has consecrated all the energies he may possess; and which, therefore, ought to be preserved and guarded with such vigilance as higher and more imperative duties will permit. Doubtless, there are times when health, family considerations, and even life itself are all to be disregarded and sacrificed in the great Master's service, and when fidelity to Christ can only be maintained by such sacrifice. But neither life nor health ought to be recklessly and unnecessarily lavished and wasted, and a

career of usefulness brought prematurely to an end, when no claims of duty demand that it should be so.

Here is the infirmity which friendly, loving eyes see cause to blame. There is not, as in some unhappy instances before referred to, a wicked, wilful waste of health and life, through the indulgence of a vicious appetite; for total abstinence from the use of alcohol claims him as one of its staunch adherents. No: it is that he is too prodigal in expending his strength for God; and not so careful to guard against unwholesome influences as he might be, without detracting in the very smallest degree from the efficiency of his labours. But no doubt such an infirmity of judgment, —a fault leaning to virtue's side,—may well find excuse in the all-loving One who is so merciful to the weaknesses of His creatures. To this it is justly attributed that, after a short career of usefulness, he falls under the influence of one of those insidious diseases of the tropics so fatal to human life. Dysentery in an aggravated form lays him prostrate, and most reluctantly for a season he is constrained to relinquish the work in which his whole soul is absorbed. By medical treatment the dire disease seems to be checked; but before nature has been allowed sufficiently to rally her energies after such severe prostration, setting aside the kindly remonstrances of anxious friends, and the earnest pleadings of a loving partner, he is found giving himself up as freely as before to efforts and journeys which are beyond his partially recruited strength. The consequence is a relapse. With intensified energy the fell malady returns, to find its victim, enfeebled by the former attack, less fitted than before to resist its enervating power. The best medical skill available is exerted. All that warm affection can dictate is done to arrest the complaint and save the valued patient. But it may not be. One paroxysm of intense anguish succeeds another with augmented violence; and it becomes too evident that the days of the loved one are numbered. The honoured servant of Christ, upon whose lips thousands have hung with delight and profit, is passing away; and the sun of his bright young life,

before it has reached its meridian, is about to be eclipsed in the darkness of the grave.

All are depressed and sorrowful with the thought but himself. It is, to all the loving friends that hover around that sick bed, a sad and mournful reflection that a life and ministry so fraught with blessing and usefulness should be suddenly cut short; but to himself it is matter of fervent joy. How often have they heard him heralding his approach with the cheerful strains,

“And we'll all give Him glory when we arrive at home!”

But now, while he sings the joyous words with all the energy his wasted powers are capable of, his countenance becomes radiant with the hope that this glorious home is close at hand, and he is about to enter in. Not even the thought of his young wife and child being left behind has any effect in making him cling to earth. “God will take care of them,” he says; and in a somewhat different sense from that with which he has been accustomed to use it, the couplet is often upon his lips, as if he were anxious to depart and be with Christ,—

“Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let Thy chariot wheels delay.”

Excruciating pains often rack the debilitated frame; and as he draws near to the fatal crisis, powerful convulsions betoken the approach of the all-subduing foe, recalling to the memory of one who looks upon the servant of God, smitten down in his young manhood, a vivid, painful recollection of that other one, who had also once borne the missionary character, whom he saw trembling and convulsed in the grasp of the king of terrors. But O! how different the one case from the other! In this there is nothing to fear concerning the future. In that there was hardly room to hope. Here is one whom the Divine Master is taking, in glorious triumph, to the Heavenly Paradise within the veil. There was one who was departing,—only the All-merciful could say where; for even charity itself could not dare to say,—it could only faintly hope,—“He is a sinner

saved by grace, passing home to God." This is one who has run the course of the just, shining more and more brilliantly like the orb of day, and setting in glory without a cloud. That was the case of one sinking in dark clouds from human ken ; but whether to rise in brightness in a more glorious world, or to suffer an everlasting eclipse, must be left to the revelations of eternity. It is the contrast of the faithful and the fallen ; between one who endured with unswerving fidelity to the end ; and one who turned aside and fell, seduced by treacherous vice to paths of danger and ruin.

The scene so painful yet triumphant closes. The last convulsive throe shakes the weakened and attenuated frame, and shows the power of the terrible disease which is permitted by Him who hath the keys of death and of Hades to cut short that young and valued life ; and then the eye rests upon a young and newly-made widow, weeping in bitter agony over the inanimate remains which the hallowed, victorious spirit has just cast off, to enter an everlasting rest. Sad is the overwhelming conviction that now comes home to that desolate heart, that the being, more dear to her than all the world beside,—the one she has loved so well,—loved as only woman can love,—the possessor of all earthly excellencies, is to her no more for this life ; and that alone, in the solitude of early widowhood, bereft of the tender care and loving sympathy which promised to fill her path through life with so much of peace and joy, she must, with her fatherless boy tread that path alone. Bitter is the thought that, unaided by the counsels she has found so precious, and from which she hoped so much, she must bear alone all the momentous responsibility of training that young heir of immortality to follow his father to the skies. But she knows in whom she has believed, and her trust is that God will not withhold His aid and blessing in this noble undertaking, so worthy of a mother's yearning love,—so worthy of a life's devotion !

It is a touching and it is an instructive scene that the next day's sun sheds his rays upon, as he descends in

unclouded tropical glory towards the western horizon ; for all that is earthly of the young missionary, so early taken to his rest, is being borne to the grave. There are none of the gorgeous trappings of woe. A plain hearse bears the coffin, and a few weepers of crape around the hats of those nearest to the coffin are the only funeral adornments considered requisite for the occasion. But many of the great ones of earth go to the proud mausoleums prepared for them without such honours as distinguished the closing scene in the history of this young servant of Christ. Thousands upon thousands have assembled, uninvited, to make part of that funeral procession ; men, women, and children are gathered, as if some mighty conqueror whom all delighted to honour were about to be consigned to the dust ; and all who can command a black coat or gown, or a mourning handkerchief or ribbon, have brought them forth on this occasion. In thousands of eyes glisten tears of grief ; or, chasing each other down the sable cheek, they bear eloquent witness to the affection with which the departed was honoured, as the funeral cortège moves slowly through the streets. It is no easy matter to convey the body into the chapel, because of the dense throng which crowds the commodious building. Equally difficult it is for the bearers to approach the open grave with their precious burden. At length they do so ; the coffin is lowered to its resting place,—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,—in sure and certain hope of the resurrection of the dead ; and the solemn service closes with a hymn, loud sobs making themselves audible amid the lofty swell of a multitude of voices singing in melodious strains :—

“ Yes, the Christian’s course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife ;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallow’d up of life !
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and sits, and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.”

A few days have elapsed, and a dense throng of people is assembled in and around the principal place of worship in the city. Nearly all are in black, or else have black adornings to the clean white dresses they wear on the occasion; for it is the time when the funeral sermon of the departed missionary is to be delivered. Several of his brethren and colleagues are there, who loved him well; but the principal part of the service has been confided to one who was the boyish companion of the ascended one, and the associate of his youth; who sought with him the blessing and joys of religion, and entered with him upon the delightful work of labouring for precious souls,—the chosen Christian friend. It is fitting and proper that the honour—whatever of that there may be in it—of improving the early death of the loved one should belong to this companion of his early days. Right well and judiciously does he improve the mournful occasion. No fulsome eulogy is indulged; no flattering compliments are uttered; but to the Giver of every good and perfect gift all the honour and praise is ascribed, while he shows, in a discourse eloquent in its simplicity and appropriateness, that the friend and brother just passed out of sight and gone home to God was “a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people was added to the Lord.”

Living, weeping witnesses all around, who have been awakened and brought to God through his instrumentality, can set to their seal that of him these words are true. The sermon ended, the minister whose co-pastor the departed missionary has been, and whom he has loved and lamented with all the warm affection of a brother, rises to say a few words to the congregation. He speaks of the young widow and the fatherless boy, who has only seen a few months of life; and the sad bereavement they have sustained, which is aggravated by the painful fact, that they are left with very, very slender claims upon any means of earthly support. He will not dishonour the memory of his departed friend, by presenting his widow and little one to their notice as begging for help at their hands. They know

nothing of his intention to make any reference to them on this occasion. They could not know it; and none could know it; for it is only now, while listening to the soul-moving remarks of the preacher who has just sat down, that the propriety of mentioning the subject there and then has suggested itself to his mind. He will only state the fact that the widow and her child are left more than ordinarily destitute, without friends and without a home. He will ask them for nothing; but knowing how well they loved the husband and the father, he will furnish the opportunity for the exercise of their own generous impulses, by attending himself at one, and his two colleagues at the other two chapels in the city, for an hour or two about midday on the morrow.

At the appointed hour in the morning, hundreds are there with tear-stained cheeks, bringing each an offering, small in itself in many instances, but, when regarded in the same light as the widow's two mites, liberal indeed. Hundreds of children are there too, for the young minister was specially beloved of children,—all with offerings of greater or less value; every one of them precious, however, as the spontaneous tribute of true affection, and no doubt graciously appreciated by Him who looks at the hearts of givers. Nor do his missionary brethren hang back from testifying their love to their valued brother, by showing kindness to those he has left behind. It is a source of intense satisfaction to him, who suggested to the kindly consideration of Christian friends that the widow and her fatherless son had claims upon their sympathy, while it is honourable to the liberality of the donors, that in a short time he is able to make a favourable investment of several hundred pounds; all of it the cheerful, spontaneous gift of love. This is done in such a way as to afford efficient aid to the bereaved mother in bringing up her boy in the land of his fathers, in a manner befitting the memory of his sainted sire, and prepare him to play a worthy part upon the stage of life; the mother blessed in her son,—the son equally blessed in his mother.

It is a further cause of satisfaction and joy, when after the lapse of twenty years he meets that mother and son again in the west of England, to find that God's hand has been upon them both; the prayers of the long ascended father and the living mother for their boy have been answered in his early conversion, and in the devotion of his heart and life to God; and that, blooming into manhood, he is about to offer his gifts and energies to be employed in that ministry in which it was his father's delight and honour to live and die. May the blessing of his father's God make the course of the young minister to be one eminently enriched with all the fragrant graces and beauties of Christian holiness, and abounding with the fruits of the higher wisdom that winneth souls for God!

XXIV.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

THE sea is mighty, but a mightier sways
His restless billows. Thou, whose hands have scoop'd
His boundless gulfs and built his shore, Thy breath,
That moved in the beginning o'er his face,
Moves o'er it evermore. The obedient waves
To its strong motion roll, and rise and fall.

BRYANT.

IT is a lively, restless scene, calculated to perplex the quiet mind, that presents itself to a party of travellers as they step from their hackney carriages in the dock-yard at Southampton. A small steamer, which is employed as a "tender," to convey passengers and the mails to the larger vessels, is alongside the quay, and appears already crowded with persons who are going off to the "La Plata," now lying, ready for her departure, in what are called the Southampton Waters. Trunks, carpet-bags, &c., intermingled with packing-cases of all shapes and sizes, are piled in heaps upon the narrow deck of the little vessel; while, from stem to stern, almost every available portion of space appears occupied by the owners of these miscellaneous articles, all carefully defended by cloaks, shawls, muffs, and furs, against the bitter cold of a January morning, which is to witness their departure for a brighter and a warmer clime. Still, however, porters are rapidly traversing the narrow plank which affords access to the tender, and a continuous stream of passengers pours in, until it becomes quite impossible for any of the earlier arrivals to move from the place where they have taken their stand, or have been fortunate enough to secure a seat. And how motley is the crow

squeezed together within those narrow limits! French and Spanish, English and German, Portuguese and Mexican, the Mulatto and the Negro, exhibit here their distinguishing peculiarities, as, like a flock of migratory birds at the close of summer, they are all on the wing for the far west. The bell rings; the plank connecting the tender with the shore is withdrawn; the sharp shrill voice of the call-boy conveys to the invisible engineer the command to "turn ahead;" and the noble steamers that grace the dock, destined for distant voyages both to east and west, are speedily left behind.

In a few minutes the docks are cleared, and the voyagers with their friends, are moving swiftly down the placid Southampton Waters, toward the point at which "La Plata," with the well-known sailing signal flying at her mast-head, is proudly seated on the bosom of the deep, waiting to receive her freight. Even at the distance of two miles she appears large and majestic; but when a quarter of an hour has brought the tender near, her graceful and magnificent proportions become more distinctly visible. Various emotions swell the bosoms of those who gaze upon her; for while some are thoughtless, others are not unmindful of the perils of the great deep. In the midst of their admiration, the thought suggests itself to some minds, "Possibly that noble vessel is destined to become my coffin; and to bear down to the unsearchable caverns of the ocean a multitude of immortal beings, who with unsuspecting confidence are about to entrust themselves to the treacherous flood." They do not forget the tragical fate of the "President," which perished, how, or when, or where, no man living can explain; or the still more recent catastrophe of the "Amazon." No one ventures to express the thoughts that are busy within him; yet the inquiry arises, "Will she safely traverse the broad Atlantic with the souls aboard her? or, like her hapless predecessor, will she be lighted up, a blazing beacon, to startle and appal the nation with details of frightful suffering, hair-breadth escapes, and self-sacrificing heroism?"

The tender is now alongside, appearing but a cockle-shell in comparison with her lofty principal. A scramble to get on board ensues, the stronger elbowing and thrusting aside the weaker, as if life itself depended upon being among the first to tread "La Plata's" decks. But the more timid, who have patiently waited their turn, with the nurses and children, are all in due time handed over the tender's paddle-box by polite and attentive officers. The piles of baggage are also carefully transferred to the larger vessel; the whole speedily disappearing, as porters from the shore bear it away, and deposit it in the cabins respectively apportioned to the several owners. Some mistakes have occurred in the hurry of embarkation. Cabin No 9, which, along with three others, Nos. 7, 11, and 13, has been engaged by a family party of seven persons, is found occupied by strange boxes and carpet-bags, the owner of which is beginning to uncord them, with a view of putting things in order, and making all as snug and comfortable as possible, while the vessel lies quietly at anchor. Explanation follows; when it is found that the stranger has got into "the wrong box," by mistaking No. 9 *aft* for No. 9 *forward*, where the berth to which he has a legitimate claim awaits his occupation. A word or two of good-humoured apology sets the matter right; and on the shoulders of a sturdy porter the intruding baggage is borne away to the less sumptuous yet comfortable range of cabins before the funnels.

The large and handsome saloon, extending in length nearly seventy feet, and beautifully fitted with panels and twisted columns of bird's-eye maple and cushions of crimson velvet, presents a lively scene. Family parties, exchanging a few last words, are grouped in different directions; while the purser and the company's clerks, at separate tables, are busily engaged in rectifying mistakes, adjusting conflicting claims, or startling some of the passengers by accounts for "extra baggage." Many on board are, manifestly, foreigners. At one end of the spacious apartment, a loquacious little Frenchman, whose fierce, squirrel-like eyes are almost the only part of his features not concealed by a mass of carefully

cultivated hair, is carrying on an angry dispute with one of the company's clerks, and two or three of the passengers, who appear to be interested on the other side of the question. It is impossible for those who are in the vicinity not to overhear the conversation, in which several other parties on both sides, as well as the principal disputants, take a vociferous part; and it soon becomes apparent, that the diminutive Frenchman, through some mistake of the company's Parisian agent, has obtained the occupancy of a cabin previously engaged by an English resident at Bogota, who quietly insists on having the accommodation for which he has stipulated and paid. The Frenchman has, however, the advantage of possession. With the key of the apartment in his pocket, he sets argument, entreaty, and authority alike at defiance; and, with a volubility perfectly overwhelming, persists in asserting his right.

The dispute remains unsettled, when it is announced that the tender, which had returned to Southampton, has again put off from the shore with the mails;—the well-known sign that the ship will speedily put to sea. A few minutes suffice to bring the little steamer alongside; when, under the superintendence of the agent,—an old, battered, and nearly worn-out lieutenant of the navy,—the mails are brought on board. Nearly seventy stout canvas bags, and other packages, each requiring two or three men to lift it, contain the mass of correspondence and news for transportation to the west. What a world of emotion is bound up in the contents of those packages! How much of hope and despondency, of joy and sorrow, may be latent there! When those mail bags shall have yielded their sealed treasures, what impulses will be given to the yearnings of a heartless cupidity on the one hand, and to the noble sentiments and aspirations of a self-denying benevolence on the other! As the bags are successively handed over the ship's side by "La Plata's" brawny tars, their destination may be read, printed on the canvas in large characters. The word "Havana" shows some to be designed for Cuba, where the worst horrors of slavery are still rampant, and

several hundred thousands of human beings crouch and writhe under the lash. On others, "Vera Cruz" reveals the fact that the miners of Mexico have their share in the contents of the mail; while, as "Jamaica," "St. Kitt's," "Antigua," "Barbadoes," &c., meet the eye, the beholder is reminded that there is in that vast heap of letters and papers something to cheer the hearts of Christian missionaries, who, in those lovely and fertile isles of the Caribbean, pursue with diligence their work of faith and labour of love, among the emancipated children of Africa.

Among others who have come off with the mails, is Captain Vincent, the superintendent of the company's affairs at Southampton, and formerly in command of one of their ships; whose stentorian voice is now heard from the gangway, speaking in accents of authority. It transpires that the matter of the disputed cabin has been referred to the superintendent by the English claimant; who avows his determination to take his family ashore in the tender, and throw up his passage altogether, if the company's engagement with him be not carried into effect. The disputatious Frenchman is by no means inclined to yield to the more equitable demand, even when that demand is sustained by the decision of Captain Vincent. With gleaming eye and untiring vociferation, he still protests that he will keep possession. "Where is the carpenter?" inquires Captain Vincent; and that functionary soon makes his appearance. "Go and break open the cabin-door, and let this gentleman in," is the laconic order. "Ay, ay, Sir." Hardly sooner said than done; and the carpenter is back in a few moments. "The cabin is open, Sir." The discomfited Gallican retires, chagrined, from the now hopeless contest; and the successful competitor goes, well pleased, to take possession. Again the voice of the superintendent is heard. "Captain Weller, I have ordered the cabin No. — to be broken open, and given to Mr. —. You will, no doubt, make the gentleman who had it as comfortable as possible somewhere else." "Ay, ay, Sir," responds the captain, with manly voice, from the top of the paddle-box. "The

gentleman shall be made comfortable. I will give him my own cabin, if he likes to take it."

What a magic influence is there in kindness! The tone and manner in which these words are spoken, together with the generous spirit they breathe, have in a moment awakened in many breasts a feeling of respectful regard for the speaker; which is by no means lessened, when, drawn to the quarter whence the voice proceeds, the eyes of most of the passengers rest, for the first time, upon the man under whose guidance and command they are about to proceed across the watery waste, and upon whose vigilance, skill, and energy, under God, not only their comfort, but the safety of their lives, will depend. With anxious glance his form and countenance are closely scanned; and he bears the scrutiny well. He looks every inch a sailor. The modest uniform of the company enwraps a stout, muscular, symmetrical, and well-knit frame, capable of enduring a large amount of fatigue, and not likely soon to break down. Not the slightest trace of effeminacy is there. The gold-laced cap is seen to surmount a countenance which inspires at once confidence and respect. There is a good-humoured frankness beaming from the eye, which invites the beholder to look again, and leaves on his mind a pleasing image. But there is also an expression of determination, and even of daring, which imparts the comfortable assurance that in any emergency, where manly courage and cool self-possession are required, reliance may be placed on our captain.

All preparations are now completed. The passengers have finally shaken hands with shore-going friends, and seen them pass through the gangway into the tender, while both dropped the parting tear. The two vessels have separated: and the foam from the massive paddle-wheels shows that the voyage has commenced in earnest. The little tender, running parallel for a few moments with the departing ship, sends forth three hearty farewell cheers, which are as heartily returned by "La Plata's" men, clustering like bees in the

shrouds. Each pursues its course ; the tender returning to the docks at Southampton, while the massive mail-boat, directing her stem toward the British Channel, ploughs her way through the deep, leaving in her wake a broad line of foam to mark the increasing rapidity with which she glides away from the shores of Old England.

Dinner is quickly served after the vessel is fairly under weigh ; and both ranges of tables, which run the entire length of the spacious saloon, are seen completely filled with the passengers,—for the most part, strangers to each other. To those who know something of the casualties of a sea-voyage, it appears not very probable that they will all assemble on the morrow in the same place again. And so it proves. The evening is comparatively serene ; the Needles, and the Portland lights, are successively passed, together with a large steamer homeward-bound, supposed to be the “Magdalena ;” and our noble ship makes rapid progress down the Channel, until at length the decks are cleared, and all have retired to their berths, indulging the hope that an easy and pleasant run lies before them. But during the night the wind increases, and the sea becomes agitated, imparting considerable motion to the vast fabric that is cutting her way through the rolling waves. The usual consequences of such a state of things ensue. Long before daylight voices are heard from all parts of the ship allotted to passengers, earnestly calling for the services of the steward and stewardess ; and many a note of distress and suffering issues from the unknown depths of the vessel.

Morning dawns, and the sea no longer presents the placid and grateful aspect of the evening before. It wears an angry appearance. The ship rolls and pitches considerably, rendering it difficult for even the practised stewards and waiters to keep their feet. When breakfast is spread, the scene is very different from that of the dinner hour on the previous day. Of the numerous passengers, scarcely one in ten appears in answer to the summons ; and some of those who do emerge from their cabins look exceedingly

woebegone. So that now the saloon, in its comparative stillness and desertion, wears an air of gloom and desolation, increasing the depression already prevalent. It is the same at dinner. A plentiful repast is spread ; but the loud ringing of the steward's bell calls forth, in addition to the captain and officers who usually preside at the tables, only some ten or a dozen ghostly-looking persons, who, in sheer desperation, resolve at least to make an attempt to shake off the fiend of sea-sickness. Alas ! the effort is vain. One or two old sea-goers, despite the rocking and plunging of the ship, keep their places, and do justice to the viands spread before them ; but, in other instances, the very sight and odour of the food prove utterly unendurable, and the issue is a hasty and inglorious retreat.

Another day dawns, but brings no improvement in the weather. The wind has veered round to the west, and blows very strong. Yet the passengers begin to leave their berths. A few pale and dishevelled ladies may be seen reclining upon the cushions and settees of the saloons ; and, towards evening, some of the other sex find courage to ascend the poop, and gaze upon that wild and angry abyss of waters, raging as if they would swallow up the ship and all that it contains. To some minds it occurs, (and it is far from a gratifying reflection,) that this is the anniversary of the fearful loss of the "Amazon." It was two years ago this evening, near the spot where "La Plata" is now labouring on, and during the prevalence of a similar gale, that the numerous denizens of that ill-fated ship were startled from their sleep, in the dead of night, to find themselves shut up in a blazing vessel ; and compelled to choose—as many as were not already suffocated in their berths—between the burning fiery furnace beneath their feet, and the poor chance of safety they had in committing themselves to the mercy of the billows. Should a similar calamity be permitted to occur, how few of those on board could be preserved ! How small the probability that even *one* boat could live through a voyage of hundreds of miles, in that boiling and roaring sea ! The lapse of hour after hour brings no mitigation of the gale. On the contrary,

its fury increases day from day, until at length it blows a perfect hurricane, and the most experienced seaman on board acknowledges that he has never, in these latitudes, known a gale to surpass it in strength and duration. Viewed from the quarter-deck, the scene is one of terrible sublimity, bringing forcibly to mind the words of the psalmist, "They that go down to the sea in ships.....see His wonders in the deep." The huge billows lift up their hoary heads on high, while the force of the wind is so great as to cut off their curling summits, driving and scattering them abroad in clouds of spray. Far as the eye can reach, the ocean is white with foam. Yet, associated though it is with the idea of peril to the ship and the two hundred and seventy souls with which she is freighted, the scene is one of impressive grandeur and beauty, suggestive of lofty and salutary thoughts concerning the perfections and glories of the Almighty ONE, who holds these vast and storming waters in the hollow of His hand. Here it is that man feels how little and how helpless he is. Now lifted up to the heavens, then plunging into the deep trough of the sea, how can he curb or control the fury of the boisterous elements? Nothing but a single plank, or iron plate, which the next shock of the waves may hopelessly displace, prevents his sinking into the unfathomable gulf that yawns beneath. And here it is that he feels how vast and illimitable must be the power of that Divine Being who made, and who controls at His pleasure, those turbulent and roaring billows; who sits, in calmest majesty, above the water-floods, and reigns a King for ever.

Onward through the gale "La Plata" pursues her course. Her commander amply justifies the confidence which his frank and manly bearing at first inspired. He has never before seen the ship he now commands so thoroughly tested; but her admirable qualities become fully developed by the trial she is passing through. He urges her onward, in the teeth of the tempest, at the rate of nearly seven knots an hour. He knows that the gale may, in these latitudes, continue for two or three weeks; and wisely concludes, that the best and shortest method will be to drive the vessel

through it, with all the speed of which she is capable. And right nobly does she second her captain's wishes. Often she is stunned for a moment or two by the thundering blow of some massive wave upon her starboard quarter, and every timber creaks as if she would go to pieces. Still she rises gallantly, keeping her bowsprit directed to the sailing point. Under the impulse of her powerful engines, she throws aside the threatening waters, and dashes on her way. Now she pitches forward, as the monster billow sinks under her bows, as if she would plunge head-foremost into the flood, and disappear altogether, while a torrent of foam and spray is sent to the very extremity of her far-stretching decks. Then, again, she rolls into the trough, until some of the terrified passengers shriek in deep alarm, lest she should never recover her equilibrium; but, turning over, settle down for ever into the fathomless deep. But onward still she moves; and during all this contention with tempestuous winds and raging seas, extending over a period of five days and nights, not a timber in the well-compacted and beautiful vessel is started; no increase of bilge-water indicates that her seams have been strained. Easily and gracefully rising and falling with the waves, she promptly answers to every motion of the helm, and rushes on her course as if instinct with life. How fit an emblem of the man of God! How like the great apostle of the Gentiles! No matter what hostile wind may blow, or what opposition may for a season impede his course. The tempest may rage, the billows may roll, and he may be tossed about, apparently abandoned to the mercy of the elements. As the noble vessel is urged onward by the untiring play of the vast power within her own bosom; so the apostle, under one guiding impulse,—the constraining love of Christ,—presses forward in the course of duty and suffering, unwearied and undismayed, always making for the same point, and saying, "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

It is during the oft-recurring meal-time that the most

amusing incidents occur. The destruction of glass and earthenware is very extensive ; and, on her return to Southampton, the "La Plata" will be found to have "expended" largely in these departments during her voyage. The table in the ladies' saloon has just been supplied with basins of soup, plates of biscuit, water-decanter, and glasses, for the refreshment of some who are still too unsettled to appear above stairs ; when a sudden lurch of the ship sweeps the table clear, and the carpet is covered with the wreck. A loud crash in the steward's pantry proclaims the downfall of one of the waiters, in the midst of a mass of crockery, ready to be deposited on the table ; and a similar noise in the lobby proceeds from another who has been overturned while both arms were laden with plates and glasses. All parts of the ship in turn send forth sounds of breakage and ruin. In the large saloon sad confusion prevails. Now a lamp glass not securely fastened, darts from its position, and is dashed to shivers against the wall, within an inch of a passenger's head. The soup tureen takes a sudden fling, and three-fourths of its contents are poured in the bosom of some unlucky one who happens to be sitting in the way of its progress. Ducks swim off nearly the whole length of the table, after a fashion altogether new, and far less graceful than that in which they were once accustomed to glide along their favourite element. And so with other viands. It is a lively but not a pleasant scene ; for few are without apprehension that there is great peril to the ship in these warring winds and fiercely raging seas. The gale has continued four days and nights, and there is no sign of abatement ; on the contrary, the tremendous blows under which the vessel reels, and the increasing violence with which she rolls and pitches upon the swiftly-heaving billows, would indicate that both wind and sea rise higher and wax stronger still. Fear, amounting almost to agony, is torturing some breasts. With others arise touching reminiscences of the families they have recently left behind, or have been hoping soon to meet again. Misgivings concerning the past, and painful apprehensions of the future, hold alternate sway ; and from

the crowded depths of the ship, especially during the dark watches of the night, many earnest prayers go up, in some instances from hearts little accustomed to such an exercise, appealing to the mercy and power of Him who measures the waters in the hollow of His hand.

At daylight, on the fifth day, the tempest has reached its height; and it is fearful. Several heavy seas have broken over the bows, carrying away a portion of the framework beneath the bowsprit, when one huge wave, with a noise like thunder, striking the vessel with a violence which for the moment stops her course and causes every plank and bulk-head to creak and quiver, is found to have torn away one of the life-boats, which is seen, bottom upwards, driving rapidly to leeward, as the ship, arousing herself, as it were, from the shock, urges on her course. This is a loss to be lamented, not only as the boat would be invaluable in case of such an emergency as may possibly arise, with a ship having two hundred and seventy souls on board; but because it was one of the boats saved from the unfortunate "Amazon,"—one which did its part in bearing to land the few souls that escaped the catastrophe of January 4th, 1852.

The mercury rises in the barometer, throughout the day; and towards evening, and throughout the night, there is a perceptible improvement, welcome beyond expression to the tempest-tossed and wearied inmates of the ship. The holy Sabbath dawns upon the ocean still rolling with majestic power, but exhibiting a milder and more pacific aspect. The captain thinks the sea too rough, and the motion of the vessel too great, to permit the holding of Divine service; especially as the clothes of the men forward, and the boxes of some of the passengers, have been thoroughly saturated during the gale. Yet, surely, after so impressive a manifestation of Divine power, it would be a grateful and becoming thing to render public thanks and worship to Him who has heard prayer, and saved the ship, with her crew and passengers, from the perils of the deep. In the afternoon the moderated state of the weather renders it safe even for the female portion of the voyagers to appear on the upper deck;

and thither most of them repair, some to read, and others to lounge away the time, (which the regulations of the vessel will not permit to be spent in games of chance,) under a cloudless sky, inhaling the balmy breeze; while others prefer to read the holy Word, and meditate or converse upon the things of God, in the quiet of the almost deserted saloon.

Within a week, how great a change has been experienced! Last Sabbath, overcoats, cloaks, and furs were in general requisition; and even these were scarcely sufficient to protect the wearers against the chilling sharpness of the keen northerly breeze. Now all these wrappings are cast aside: the genial breath of spring fans the cheek; and it is felt that England, with its fogs, and gloom, and ever-changing climate, is left far behind.

The Sabbath is over. The gale has passed away, and left no traces of its power upon the face of the deep, now smooth and placid. With unruffled surface, as if it had never been agitated, the sea gently rises and falls, imparting scarcely any perceptible movement to the immense and powerful fabric, which now urges her rapid progress through the water, like the courser straining every nerve to reach the appointed goal. The outspread awning extends a grateful shade over the spacious after-deck, and a gay and joyous multitude is gathered there. Children, set free from the imprisonment of the close and suffocating cabins below, and no longer labouring under the depressing influence of sea-sickness, are racing along the decks with all the careless hilarity of youth. Mothers are toying with their infant charge. The busy needle and the crochet-hook, plied by nimble fingers, are fulfilling their duty. Books and chess-boards are in demand. Everything wears a smiling aspect. Even the thoroughbred horse, having ridden out the storm in his box on deck, and the two monstrous sheep from the Cotswold Hills, as they waddle about the lower deck, appear pleased at the change in the weather. Indeed, there is nothing to show that the ship has been engaged in a protracted conflict with the elements, except it be the funnels whitened to the top with the spray that has dashed against them and left

them encrusted with salt; the broken framework at the bows; and the solitary piece of wreck left hanging to the davits when the life-boat was wrenched away; together with the clothes of seamen, and officers, and passengers, spread out in the fore-part of the vessel, to dry in the rays of the now unclouded sun.

It is interesting to survey the different groups into which the occupants of the deck are divided. Yonder is the family of a wealthy planter, proceeding with a train of domestics to Bogota, in the far interior of South America, where he flourishes as a large landed proprietor; whose possessions are designed to be enriched by the well-bred stock forming part of the cargo. The sedate, quiet-looking gentleman, whose silvery locks denote that more than sixty summers have passed over his head, is said to be the president of the privy council in the British island which contains his home. The matron at his elbow is his wife; and two young ladies, near to them, are their daughters, whose pale and sickly aspect would seem to indicate that they have crossed the Atlantic in a vain search after health; while the sable habiliments of the party show that they have recently endured the pang of separation from some one allied to them by affection or blood. A puisne judge from one of the colonies promenades the deck, with his wife hanging on his arm; while their children, some of them subjects of sore affliction, may be seen at play below,—except one, whose more distressing case is hidden from sight. A general in the service of Louis Napoleon figures among the passengers; and an English professor of the healing art, remarkable for nothing except that he has imbibed sceptical notions, of which he appears to be half ashamed, while his pious and intelligent wife is wholly so. A thick volume, which he has handed to a missionary as “a very deep book,” turns out to be a Socialist publication, containing a miserably shallow, feeble, and impudent attempt to invalidate the holy Scriptures, and set aside man’s accountability for his belief and his actions.

A group, near the wheel-house, is made up of West-India

planters. There are several from Barbadoes; one of whom, a tall, thin, elderly personage, once sympathized with the views and feelings of a wicked faction who destroyed the Wesleyan chapel in that island many years ago. But he has lived to come under better and holier influences; and he now rejoices over the downfall of a most atrocious system of slavery, which in former time he was ready to uphold, if needful, by sacrilege and murder. Another, from Jamaica, has adopted the narrow views which have long characterized his class in that island, and contributed largely to bring upon it the blighting displeasure of a righteous God, and to overspread a beautiful colony with desolation and ruin. A new class of men, influenced by nobler views, and adopting a more generous and common-sense policy, must be raised up to superintend its cultivation, ere Jamaica will arise from the dust, and share the agricultural and commercial prosperity which is revisiting other British possessions in the Caribbean Sea.—A missionary party, also, swells the number of passengers. A Baptist missionary, after a few months' absence to recruit his health, is returning to his pastoral charge in the interior of Jamaica, having left his family in England until it shall be seen whether his spare frame has, by the brief sojourn "at home," acquired sufficient vigour to endure the wasting labours of a tropical climate. The meek and quiet spirit which he breathes, together with a shrewd and discriminating knowledge of men and things, augurs well for the churches that shall be placed under his pastoral care. The other, a Wesleyan missionary, after several years' residence in England, preceded by seventeen years of interesting toil among the Negroes of the Caribbean group, is going back with his family to enter again upon that fruitful scene of labour. Sable vestments tell of recent inroads made by death upon that domestic circle. Three youthful females, not in mourning, help to make up the party, being the children of a missionary labourer still in the field, who, after seven years' absence at school, are returning to the shelter of the paternal roof.

A respectable-looking, elderly gentleman, of the true

French loquacity, exhibits at his button-hole the symbol of the *légion d'honneur*; and, on inquiry, it is ascertained that he is proceeding to Guadeloupe, to assume the administration of the government of that colony. Another, with well-cultivated moustache and beard, but a decided Mulatto, is on his way to the penal settlement of Cayenne, whither, under the iron rule of the Bonaparte who has grasped the reins of government with energetic hand, so many unfortunate Frenchmen have been banished. He goes to fill some important judicial appointment in that region of suffering and death. A considerable company of French people of both sexes, mostly in the bloom of youth, are proceeding to California, in hope of reaping, as professors of the drama, a golden harvest in that community of treasure-seekers; and two French families, comprising three generations, are returning, after a visit to Europe, to their adopted home in the land of the Spaniard, where the kidnapped Negro, robbed of his manhood and of his liberty, is compelled to herd like the brute in barracoons, and is chased to a premature grave, often to a bloody one, by terror of the bloodhound, the branding-iron, and the scourge. Strange, that not only men, but lively, youthful, tender women, will brave all the horrors of the slave-land, when wealth is to be gained, and become familiarized with scenes of cruelty and torture which angels would shudder to behold!

Onward "La Plata" speeds, and casts behind her more than three hundred miles per day. With outspread sails, and the engines taxed to their utmost power, it is wonderful—it is fearful—to look over the stern, and behold the rapidity with which the huge ship throws aside the yielding waters, and dashes onward to the goal. By the fury of the tempest, more than two days of the fifteen allotted for her passage have been lost; and she must not lose her good name. "Keep her going," is the word; and well is the command observed. Round and round go the ponderous wheels, with untiring play; out of both her capacious funnels pour dense black continuous columns of smoke, stretching away for miles, as they unfold themselves in rolling

clouds. Brightly gleams the fire, deep down in the hold ; while the engineers' assistants, seen from the deck through the iron grating, all begrimed and sooty, supply, with ceaseless and noisy activity, the all-consuming furnace. Day after day the vessel rises perceptibly, and sits more lightly on the waters, as her heavy freight of coal rapidly wastes its substance, not its "sweetness," "on the desert air."

Onward she speeds, without intermission. Night and day her massive machinery keeps in motion, and away she flies. "What has she made to-day?" is the eager inquiry of many of the passengers, when the daily report of the vessel's progress is posted in the lobby. "Two hundred and ninety-one miles in twenty-four hours; that is capital!" "Three hundred and nine miles. Well done, 'La Plata!'" "Three hundred and sixteen miles. Hurrah! we shall soon see St. Thomas, and may yet be in time for the homeward steamer."

Onward she speeds. And now a blue and cloudless sky stretches over-head, while the daily-increasing heat drives all the passengers within the friendly shade of the awning, for shelter from burning rays. Shoals of porpoises are seen in the distance, disporting in the waves, slowly and lazily lifting their backs above the surface, and then disappearing to emerge again, as if they revelled in the very luxuriance of enjoyment. Flying-fish, darting in numbers from the bows of the vessel, display for a moment their tiny wings, glittering like molten silver, in their rapid flight from the unknown danger which has invaded their quiet, before they sink again into their native element. Everything indicates that "La Plata" is nearing the imaginary line by which geographers mark the northern boundary of the tropics; and, before the Sabbath dawns again, that boundary is passed, and the thermometer stands at nearly 80 in the shade.

It is now the morning of the holy day,—the Lord's day, —which, with wisdom worthy of Himself, and in matchless benevolence to man, the almighty Governor of the world requires to be consecrated to religion. Blessed day, best of all the seven!—Heaven's choice gift to man, speaking, with

silent, resistless eloquence, of God ; the standing, imperishable memorial of man's immortal nature, and his lofty destiny. It is not forgotten in "La Plata" that the Sabbath has dawned. No sports are in progress. The chess-boards are cleared away, and a subdued tone of feeling prevails throughout the ship. Here and there a passenger may be seen quietly seated in the saloon, or within some friendly shade on deck, with a book, the size and form of which would indicate that it is of all books the best—the volume of revealed truth. Even among those whose exuberance of animal spirits declares itself in boisterous merriment and sport on other days, there is a sobriety of deportment which shows that by them also the influence of the Sabbath is felt. The breakfast hour is drawing nigh, when the purser approaches one of the small reading-parties grouped in the saloon, and, delivering the compliments of Captain Weller to the missionary who is of the party, requests to be informed if it will be agreeable to him to conduct Divine service after breakfast in the saloon. The answer is in the affirmative ; and the word passes through the ship, that there will be "church" at half-past ten o'clock. As the appointed hour draws nigh, a temporary reading-desk, covered with the Union Jack, Britain's proud and glorious ensign, is fixed on one side of the saloon, near the centre ; and seats are arranged to accommodate the greatest number that the space will admit. The bell begins to toll, and the saloon soon presents a pleasing and animated scene. There are many Roman Catholics among the passengers ; but not one is so much under the influence of bigotry as to turn a deaf ear to the summons of the church-going bell : "O come, let us worship and bow down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker." All direct their footsteps to the saloon, and seat themselves with decorous gravity on the seats arranged for their reception. Even the half-sceptical surgeon, with his meek-looking wife upon his arm, is seen, with gilded Bible and Prayer-Book, marching to take the seat which two of "La Plata's" officers have politely vacated in honour of the lady. The captain, and all the officers not on duty, are

grouped together, in the neat uniform of the company, near the upper end of the saloon ; the central seats are filled with hardy, bushy-whiskered tars, in clean dark-blue shirts, edged and turned up with white ; while the stewards, with their staff of assistants, and several deck passengers, unable to push their way into the well-filled saloon, occupy the lobby. The bell ceases ; and then ascends to heaven the voice of prayer and praise in the beautiful liturgical service of the Church of England. If the eye, glancing over that assembly, fails to discover indications of intense devotional feeling, there is, nevertheless, everywhere a quiet decorum, even on the part of those whose ignorance of the language might have furnished them with a reasonable apology for declining to be present. Many are furnished with Prayer-Books, and the responses are given with pleasing distinctness ; while the life-giving word is heard with grave and earnest attention. The solemn service is over, and the benediction pronounced within the time prescribed : for it is necessary that the captain and other officers should be on deck before the sun is on the meridian, that they may ascertain the true position of the ship, and mark the distance she has run since the preceding noon. The sextants are now in requisition, while the passengers and crew are scattered over the vessel ; and the agreeable intelligence is speedily posted, that the ship has made three hundred and seven miles in the last twenty-four hours.

Monday night has come. Fourteen days have sped since "La Plata" loosed from her moorings at Southampton. The look-out has been doubled at the bows ; and two or three officers, with telescope to the eye, are earnestly sweeping the horizon. One figure, enwrapped in shaggy coat, (for a slight shower occasionally passes over the ship,) is recognised as the captain. Two or three of the passengers still remain on deck, although it is near the midnight hour, and frequently join the party on the look-out. It is about the time when, according to the calculations which have been made, land should be visible ; and the captain and officers are expecting every moment to discover the small

island of Sombrero, the first which it is usual for the royal mail steamers to make on their outward passage. Two bells after midnight, and no land appears. The night is squally and cloudy, and the moon is often overcast. Possibly, the island being low and flat, the ship may have run past it altogether. Four bells toll the lapse of another hour, while still there is no appearance of land; and the two or three passengers who have lingered on deck, gathering from the conversation of the officers that Sombrero must have been passed, retire, reluctant and disappointed, to their berths. Day breaks, and the intelligence spreads through the ship that there is land in sight. The welcome information banishes slumber, and many of the passengers dress hastily, and assemble on deck, gazing with intense interest on the high land of Virgin Gorda, one of the Virgin group of islands. The mountain land of Tortola soon after appears in sight; and, by the time a hasty breakfast has been disposed of, "La Plata" has her prow directed towards the harbour of St. Thomas. An American frigate, with a commodore's broad pennant, is seen at anchor at the quarantine ground, a short distance from the mouth of the harbour; and it is afterwards ascertained that she is the "Columbine," with the small-pox prevalent among her crew,—a disease which receives a fearful aggravation of malignity when it breaks out within the tropics. There is land on both sides of our ship; for she has now entered the mouth of the harbour, and the pretty town gradually comes into view. It is a place of romantic aspect, as seen from the shipping. The business part of the town stretches along the shore for the best part of a mile, containing numerous and well-stocked stores and shops; while the principal residences of the inhabitants rise one above another, on three small hills, presenting the appearance of three pyramids. The white buildings are here and there variegated with yellow and other colours, and the roofs are painted red; finely contrasting with the rich tropical verdure which clothes the higher hills in the background to their summits. At the point of one of these pyramids is a tower which bears

the designation of "Bluebeard's Castle," probably the former residence of a buccaneer chief whose character and doings bear a resemblance to those of the hero of the story so familiar to our childhood. A considerable amount of shipping is at anchor in the bay, from which may be seen floating the Danish, French, American, and Spanish flags; and, conspicuous among the numerous vessels which crowd the spacious land-locked harbour, are the several ships of the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company, distinguished by the Company's flag flying at the mast-head, waiting to receive each its consignment of mails, cargo, and passengers, to be carried to their destination; some to Havanna and the Gulf of Mexico; others to the Isthmus of Panama, over which they cross to the Pacific; others, again, to Hayti and Jamaica; and others to Demerara, and the several islands comprised in what is termed, among the company's officers and agents, "the island route."

The vessel has scarcely reached her moorings, when she is boarded by several parties from the shore, and the unwelcome intelligence spreads through "La Plata," that none of the passengers can be permitted to land. The terrible cholera has found its way thither; a fearful panic prevails; business is almost entirely suspended; and scarcely anything can be attended to, but the sick, and dying, and the dead, who are borne by scores to the grave, day after day. The quarantine laws are rigidly enforced at all the islands where the pestilence has not yet broken out; and a notice is posted in the lobby of "La Plata," that none of the passengers can be carried on in the company's ships, if they venture to go on shore at St. Thomas, as they will not be permitted to land at the several islands. In the neighbouring island of Tortola, also, the plague is committing dreadful ravages; and at Nevis, too, numbers are dying every day. Such is the gloomy greeting which our passengers meet at St. Thomas; and blank disappointment is the expression on the faces of many who were of late revelling in the delightful anticipation of a pleasant run on shore, associated with gay visions of oranges, and bananas, and pine-apples,

and the numerous and varied productions of a tropical clime.

All is now bustle and excitement in "La Plata." With an intercolonial steamer on either side, and a sort of temporary wooden bridge stretching from her gangway to theirs, the process of trans-shipping cargo and passengers, with their baggage, is carried on with all possible dispatch; and, in a few hours, both the smaller vessels are seen, under full power of steam, passing out of the harbour; while other two are immediately warped alongside the transatlantic ship. At daylight on the following morning, these, also, having received each its own portion of mails and passengers, proceed to their destination; and the large company of persons, who for more than two weeks have been associated on terms of greater or less intimacy, are soon scattered widely abroad over the world, to assemble no more until the last trumpet shall summon them all to the judgment throne.

XXV.

A CHILD OF SORROW.

ON Thee, O my God, I rest, letting life float freely on;
For I know the last is best when the crown of joy is won.
In Thy might all things I bear, in Thy love find bitters sweet,
And with all my grief and care sit in patience at Thy feet.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. H. FRANCKE.

IT was a painful spectacle that met my gaze when, standing by the bedside of one sadly disfigured by leprous disease, a feeble voice said, "The Lord's will be done, minister. If the Master had seen good, I should have liked you to see me laid in my last resting place. But it is all right, and I shall meet you in our Father's house above."

Such were the hopeful words of a true child of sorrow, in whom the all-sufficiency of Divine grace to sustain and comfort in lengthened and complicated affliction had been wondrously exemplified; and to whom I was bidding farewell on the eve of embarking for my native land. For ten years I had been accustomed to visit that chamber of suffering, imparting the consolations of the Gospel to a chastened saint; receiving from her example of cheerful resignation lessons of submission and patient endurance, and marking the triumph of a lowly, trusting spirit, that in the midst of deep sorrow could always rejoice in God.

When first I became acquainted with Mrs. H., she had lately become a widow, under circumstances of a most painful character. The husband of her youth and partner of her ripened years, in a fit of temporary derangement, had put an end to his own life. They had lived together most happily, until pecuniary embarrassment, preying upon a mind not strengthened and sustained by the experience of religion, caused reason to give way, and he sought refuge

from his grief by drowning himself; leaving a widow and three children overwhelmed with affliction at their great loss; for he had been both a kind husband and a tender, loving parent. How fearfully the pang of separation was aggravated by the tragic mode in which it was brought about can, perhaps, only be fully apprehended by those who have passed through a similar trial! It fell with all the weight of a crushing terror upon the loving hearts so tenderly united to each other, and so fondly attached to him, the family head, who had suddenly dropped into a premature grave.

Religion with its benignant influences ministered consolation to the family, and soothed the wounded spirits of the bereaved ones; for they had happily received the saving truths of the Gospel, and sheltered by faith beneath the wings of the Divine mercy. They found, in this dark hour of sorrow, how good and sweet it is to have the soul resting on God, and sustained with the hope of immortal life. But the heart-stricken widow had still one earthly source of comfort and joy, shedding a cheerful light around her, and brightening the gloom of that dark shadow which had fallen across the pathway of her life. Her youngest child was a son; a gracious youth, whose heart had been surrendered to God in his youth, and whose early life, not yet ripened into manhood, was giving rich promise of a good and useful career. Glad and grateful was the mother's heart when she saw her two lovely girls turn aside from all the gaieties and allurements of the world, and choose, like Mary, the better part; and beheld in them, as youthful members of the church of Christ, the development of an earnest and practical piety. But her cup was full of blessing when her heart's yearnings were gratified, and the fervent prayers of some years were answered in the conversion of her boy. Her whole soul expanded with joy and gratitude to God when she saw unfolded in her cherished son those qualities which are the best guarantee for a blameless and happy life.

It was an inexpressible relief to the widow, when the great trouble came to the family in the loss of its head, to

look upon the manly youth as one who could both soothe her grief, and guard her in some measure against that tide of evils and cares which the husband's death could not fail to let in upon her. And well and nobly did he respond to her hopes. There are occasions in human life, when the events of a day will do the work of years in the development of character. All at once the youth expands into the man of full-grown faculties; or the girl shoots up into the mature, sedate, and thoughtful woman, armed with unshrinking fortitude to enter upon the battle of life. So it was with the widow's son. The calamity that brought such terrible grief into the hitherto happy family, seemed to awaken and call into full and vigorous life the nobler faculties of the young man. Though scarcely half-way through his teens, he stepped into the place made vacant by his father's death, a clear-headed, sagacious man of business, the pillar of the bereaved household, the mother's joy, and the sisters' pride and hope. It is well we do not see far enough into the future to perceive the dark clouds that are gathering upon our path; or how would every present joy be blighted, and life rendered supremely wretched by the anticipation of coming woe!

A year had fled, and time had healed in some measure the heart-wounds of the family. The young protector of his widowed mother and unmarried sisters had developed qualities which commanded universal esteem and confidence, and was advancing with rapid steps to an advantageous business position. His excellent prospects might be improved by a voyage to New York, and personal communication with men of business in that emporium of commerce. It was before the time when steam afforded the means of secure and speedy transit; and the young man took his passage in one of the numerous merchant vessels bringing continental produce to the Western Archipelago. He embarked, expecting to be away only a few weeks. But—mysterious Providence!—the unfortunate vessel foundered at sea, and was never heard of more.

The time came when those whom he had left behind looked

with anxious expectation, whenever a vessel came from the States, to hear of the safe arrival of the loved one ; to be followed by his speedy return. But no letter came. Days and weeks passed, and expectation deepened into agonizing suspense and anxiety. How often did those fond hearts pour themselves out in earnest prayer for the safety of the absent one ; hope still flattering them with the prospect of his return, who, alas ! was slumbering in death beneath the Atlantic wave !

Months rolled on. Still no tidings ; and sorrow, aggravated by suspense, settled down again upon the family, which had already so keenly felt the storms of adversity. Hope whispered that the might yet turn up to gladden their eyes and hearts with his presence ; for had not many done so after being a long time missing ? But as the year passed away, and intelligence came that the ship had never reached her destination, and other vessels were missing, supposed to have perished in a storm which occurred about that time, near the American coast, hope gradually died out, giving place to the dreadful certainty that his young life had been engulfed by the stormy ocean ; and that the manly beauty of that form, so dearly loved, would rejoice their sight no more.

So it proved. No tidings of the hapless bark were ever received. Like many another vessel traversing the Atlantic between the northern continent and the isles which enclose the Caribbean Sea, she went down with all hands on board. None remained alive to relate the details of the sad catastrophe which had suddenly swept so many human beings into eternity. And crushed hearts were left behind, painfully to realize the evanescent and uncertain character of earth's best and purest blessings.

Dark indeed was the gloom that settled upon the spirit of the poor widow, as the stern conviction was forced upon her, after long resistance, that the only son, so well deserving all the fond love she lavished upon him, had found a watery grave ; and that an inscrutable Providence had again thrown her, with blighted prospects, upon a course of privation and

anxious care. But still upheld by the all-sufficiency of Divine grace, she could bow in uncomplaining submission to God's will, and say, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good."

It was a dark and mysterious dispensation; but a ray of brightness shone athwart the cloud. The eldest daughter had been married to a worthy man, who was willing generously to share his home and the proceeds of a not very lucrative business with the bereaved ones, and devote himself to more wearying toil, that he might impart a higher degree of comfort to the refuge he was able to afford them. In all this the sorrowing widow and mother recognised the loving kindness of the Lord, regarding it as proof that her Heavenly Father was not unmindful of her in her affliction. With thankful heart she acknowledged that love and wisdom were beneficently intermingled in those chastenings of that Father's hand which, for the present, were not joyous, but grievous.

All this was, however, but the beginning of sorrows to the afflicted widow. Greater bitterness had yet to be mingled with the cup she was called to drink. A most wasting and wearying tribulation had yet to bruise her chastened spirit, before it was made fully meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, and fitted to bear the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory which her Heavenly Father's love was preparing for her enjoyment in that brighter world within the veil. In her younger days a face of remarkable beauty, and a figure of faultless grace, had distinguished the Quadroon maiden, which, but for the influence of religion early embraced, would have exposed her to many temptations. And even now that youthful charms have somewhat faded with ripening years, she is still a woman of queenly presence, and sufficient grace of form and feature remains to bear witness to the charms with which she was gifted in the days that are past.

It is upon that person once so lovely, and still so fine in its proportions and graceful in its motions, that the blighting hand of the destroyer is next to rest, until wasted,

deformed, and mutilated, it is changed into an object which exhibits a mournful contrast, and affords painful illustration of the apostle's phraseology, "*This vile body.*" Very slowly certain changes begin to show themselves in the features, gradually obliterating all the lines of beauty that once rendered them so attractive. To eyes accustomed to the developments of tropical disease, the puffy swellings, producing great disfigurement of the countenance, as they present themselves, appear to be the heralds of one of those loathsome, leprous complaints which are such a terrible scourge to the denizens of countries within, or near, the tropics. The leprosy is an insidious disease, that, with fearful slowness, but with unerring certainty, through a long course of years preys upon the extremities and gradually approaches the citadel of life, until a course of horrible suffering terminates in a welcome death. This terrible evil has come upon the Christian widow. The dread malady of the leper, with its long train of humiliations and sufferings, slowly reveals its hideous symptoms; and it becomes evident that the sorely-stricken one, who has passed through such a succession of trials, is marked out to be a child of sorrow, and to endure adversity, which shall end only when the worn and wasted frame shall sink to its rest in the dust.

Some months elapse, after the disease becomes too apparent for its real character to be mistaken, before the afflicted one is necessitated to discontinue her attendance upon those ordinances of the sanctuary which, for many years, have been her soul's delight and source of strength; and she is compelled to shut herself up in the chamber of suffering, which must be her prison until she is carried thence to the grave. Meanwhile she continues to meet her class of female members of the church, and weekly to administer those counsels of godly wisdom, by which many have been strengthened in the conflict of life, and encouraged to run with patience the race set before them. How diligently and earnestly does she labour in Christian duties! How anxiously does she avail herself of all religious ordinances! The night is coming when she can no longer work. She

sees clearly the dark cloud before her that will shortly enwrap her in its folds. She is in the grasp of an enemy not to be shaken off. The time is not far distant when she will enter the sanctuary of God no more, and she must be a prisoner until her Master shall send her release by death. At present no opportunity of getting or doing good is omitted.

At length she is no longer able to repair to God's house, and hear for herself the word of life. The weekly class-meeting is held in the sick chamber, whither the members repair to hold fellowship with their afflicted leader ; whom they may see and speak to, but dare not touch. Her chastened, hallowed spirit seems drawn, through sanctified suffering, into closer communion with God, and grows in conformity to the likeness of the meek and lowly Son of Man. And many a season of sweet spiritual refreshing do they realize, while bowing in united prayer in that chamber of the sick, pouring out their hearts before the Lord.

It was about the time that her health began to decline, that I became associated with the pastoral care of the church in which this daughter of affliction was held in universal esteem as one of its official members. For a few months only I saw her in her place in the sanctuary. When she could no more be seen there, I sought her in her home. There I often listened to the quiet breathings of a soul calmly stayed on God, whose unwavering reliance upon the Divine wisdom and love imparted an elasticity and cheerfulness which no amount of sorrow seemed sufficient to suppress. That she might be permitted to lay the weary, wasting body down, and pass to that world of unclouded joy, where sickness and grief are never known, was certainly an object of strong desire with her ; but there was always the most perfect resignation. Well did she understand the lingering nature of the malady that had seized upon her ; but she seemed to have grown so fully into the mind and image of the Lord, as to feel and say with Him, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me : nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done."

For seven years she was directly under my pastoral charge. And during three other years, when my duties lay elsewhere, she claimed and received my visits, whenever business called me to the city. The chief sorrow that pressed upon her mind was the privation of religious ordinances ; which, through all the changes of her life, from her youth, had been her great delight. To meet, in some measure, this want, I was accustomed, six or eight times in each year, to conduct a preaching service in the room adjoining her chamber of sickness ; as many of her Christian friends attending as the apartment would conveniently accommodate, the room being always full. This was followed on each occasion by the sacramental ordinance. More than once I have taken a journey of forty miles for the purpose of affording to this suffering saint the gratification of hearing the word of truth. Her delight in these services was very great. Her soul fed upon them with the joy that the famishing may be supposed to feel in the meal which allays the craving of their hunger ; whilst others, who were privileged to attend them, found them to be eminently seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Years rolled on, and there still lay the submissive sufferer ; the loving hands of two excellent pious daughters ministering to her need and comfort, with tender care and untiring assiduity. Both were beautiful to contemplate ; the mother's unchanging patience under the complicated afflictions that were surely dragging her down to the grave ; and the never wearying filial love of the daughters, waiting and watching to soothe and help the afflicted one. Slow—fearfully slow—was the progress of the fatal malady that was disfiguring and consuming the frail body ; and it was only in the lapse of months and years that its inroads became apparent. Swelling of the joints first took away the power of locomotion, and laid the patient prostrate. As time rolled on, sores and ulcers, breaking out upon the hands and feet, showed the corrupted state of the blood. No power of medicine could establish a healing process ; and gradually both fingers and toes were eaten away, and the limbs became incurably distorted and disabled.

At the commencement of the disease, the countenance first exhibited its sad effects. All traces of former comeliness were soon effaced by painful swellings and distortions, and the unnatural appearance of the skin, which is the usual accompaniment of the malady. But, with this exception, for six or seven years its deadly ravages chiefly affected the limbs, eating them away by slow degrees. At length these ravages extended to the nobler parts, showing that it was approaching the citadel of life. Sores and ulcers made their appearance about the eyes, and other parts of the head and face. The sight became extinguished,—the orbs of vision being eaten away as the extremities had been. Then the hearing began to fail; and the countenance gradually exhibited such painful manifestations of the progress of the dire disease, that it became necessary to keep it veiled.

It was at this stage of the malady that I preached, for the last time, in the doorway near to her bed-side, and afterwards bade her farewell, to see her no more in this life. For nearly ten years she had lain upon that bed, scarcely ever free from excruciating pain, after having been most painfully bereft both of husband and son. But in all this she charged not God foolishly; exhibiting the most perfect example of patient suffering it has ever been my lot to witness. No complaint or murmur was ever heard to drop from her lips, even by those who were in constant attendance upon her, through all the weary years of her protracted trial. She was always cheerful and happy; possessed of the sweet assurance that she was in the hands of a loving Father, who could do no wrong; and that her affliction, in His unfailing wisdom, was working for her a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I left her with those words upon her lips which form the commencement of this paper. They were painfully and indistinctly uttered; for the power of speech was also beginning to fail. On the next day, after seventeen years of missionary toil, I embarked on my homeward voyage.

She continued to suffer on for a few months longer, when the welcome messenger came at length to summon her to the joy of her Lord. In sweet peace and triumph she left

the corrupted, suffering, mutilated body to find its rest in the dust ; while the chastened spirit took its flight to the triumphant church before the throne of God. When the news of her departure reached me, some thousands of miles across the sea, rejoicing in the all-sufficient grace which had enabled this suffering disciple, through so many years, to exhibit a beautiful example of unfailing patience and un murmuring resignation, I thought of the beautiful words of Charles Wesley :—

“ The languishing head is at rest,
Its thinkings and achings are o'er,
The quiet immoveable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more :
The heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain ;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.”

XXVI.

THE FUNERAL SERMON.

Go and dig my grave to day !
Homeward doth my journey tend,
And I lay my staff away
Here where all things earthly end,
And I lay my weary head
In the only painless bed.
Weep not, my Redeemer lives ;
Heavenward springing from the dust,
Clear-eyed Hope her comfort gives ;
Faith, Heaven's champion, bids us trust
Love eternal whispers nigh,
" Child of God, fear not to die !"

FROM THE GERMAN OF E. M. ARNDT.

"**D**EAR Christian friends, I am come this morning to preach Mr. Wood's funeral sermon, and I shall at the same time preach my own also ; for I expect that I shall very soon be laid beside my predecessor, who is resting in yonder new made grave."

Such was the startling address with which a young missionary commenced his labours at St. Ann's Bay, on the north side of Jamaica, in the year 1835. It had been a year of great mortality in the island. The yellow fever had extended its frightful ravages far and wide among the people ; and already, within three months, the grave had closed over four missionary labourers swept away in the prime of their usefulness. Others mourned over the sudden removal of partners and children, fallen before the march of the fell disease which had carried death and sorrow into many a happy home.

Mr. Wood was the last of the four missionaries who in

rapid succession had sunk into the grave, leaving large congregations and churches bereft of pastoral care and the ministry of the word of life. A man of great muscular energy, and full of life and vigorous health, he had succumbed in a few days to the power of the fever. His sudden removal was greatly mourned by a loving people, for whom he had suffered virulent persecution and laboured with self-sacrificing zeal. But chiefly is he lamented by the youthful widow, who only a few weeks before had rejoiced to become his bride, and accompany him across the broad Atlantic, to share his hallowed toil among the children of oppression in the isles of the west.

The removal of so many missionaries to their reward, in so brief a period, rendered it a difficult task for those whose province it was to fill up the vacancies occasioned by their death, and afford to the bereaved congregations even a partial supply of ministerial labour. But the best arrangements the case admitted of were made until further help could be obtained from England; and Mr. Walters was appointed to remove from Spanish Town to St. Ann's Bay, to supply the place of the lamented Mr. Wood. He was a young man of slender, delicate frame, and highly nervous temperament, and had been a little more than four years labouring among the churches of Jamaica. Of his piety and devotedness to his work his brethren had justly formed a high estimate. It was not therefore without surprise that they heard him beg to be excused from taking the appointment that had been arranged for him, and earnestly request that, if practicable, he might be allowed to go elsewhere, and some other person be sent to fill the vacancy at St. Ann's Bay. He would not refuse to go, if his brethren thought it right to persist in carrying their arrangements into effect; but he entreated that they would modify their plans, as he felt an unconquerable aversion to that particular appointment. Being pressed to state the ground of his objection more particularly, after some hesitation, he said that, though he could not account for it, he had a deep impression on his mind that if sent to St. Ann's Bay, he would die there; and he fully believed that

if he went as they had appointed him, in two or three weeks he would be lying by the side of Mr. Wood.

Regarding this feeling merely as the effect of nervous sensibility wrought upon by the painful events which had been transpiring for several months, the assembled ministers thought it better on the whole not to attach too much importance to what they considered a groundless impression. Moreover they found it exceedingly difficult to provide in any other way for the necessities of the case ; and therefore decided to abide by what they had proposed. Mr. Walters without further remonstrance submitted and consented to go, not concealing the impression which still remained, that he was going to St. Ann's Bay, not to labour, but to die.

The next Sabbath finds the young missionary at his appointed scene of labour. Several years have elapsed since the sanctuary here was destroyed by violent and unreasonable men, who had combined together to drive the Christian missionary from the land, and deprive the enslaved children of Africa of the religious teaching which was their only solace and comfort under the multiplied evils and wrongs of their degraded condition. The Christian churches of Britain have risen in the might of a holy indignation, and swept away the curse and wrong of slavery. Wresting stolen and trampled humanity from the iron grasp of the oppressor, to the black man has been secured, by British justice and philanthropy, the civil freedom that was his birthright, and liberty to know and worship God. As yet the means have not been obtained to restore the sanctuary which sacrilegious hands have demolished and laid waste. But the hymn of praise and the voice of prayer, and the joyful sound of a preached Gospel, after many months of enforced silence are again heard ; and crowds assemble Sabbath after Sabbath to listen to the truth by which not a few of them have been made wise unto salvation. There lie the ruins of the house of prayer scattered on the ground, bearing witness to the savage violence which for a while reigned triumphant, setting all law and authority at defiance.

Hard by is the burial ground connected with the

demolished chapel, where many a saint sleeps in hope of a joyful resurrection. Here, amongst the graves, and overshadowed by the wide-spreading plume-like leaves of the luxuriant cocoa-nut trees, may be seen a large white canvas tent, which serves to screen a portion of the congregation from the scorching rays of the tropical sun, and the heavy showers of rain which occasionally fall while they assemble in this resting place of the departed to join in hallowed services and listen to the word of life. At a little distance from the tent there is to be seen a fresh mound of earth that marks the spot underneath which lie the earthly remains of the faithful missionary, who passed only a few days ago within the veil, resting in hope of a glorious resurrection.

When the stranger who has come to fill the place of their lamented pastor arrives upon the spot, the tent is filled, and there is a crowd all around. All are arrayed in such mourning garb as they have been able to obtain, to testify respect for their departed minister; some standing, others sitting upon stools and chairs they have brought with them for the purpose. The morning is bright and beautiful, and the gentle sea-breeze fills the air with delicious coolness. The young missionary, as he steps to the place assigned to him near the opening of the tent where the books are placed upon the table, casts his eyes around, and regards it as the most interesting scene he has ever looked upon, notwithstanding the gloomy presentiment which has pre-occupied his mind. As he surveys the multitude, after rising from his knees, he finds that all eyes are directed towards the new minister,—the observed of all observers. They look upon the person of a stranger whom few of them have ever seen before; but it is with a loving gaze. That he is a minister of Christ, come to preach to them the great salvation, is sufficient to commend him to a warm place in their hearts. His face and figure are exceedingly juvenile, far below his years. No trace of hirsute growth appears, and the features are thin and pallid, as if emaciated by wasting fever. It is, however, only the aspect which his countenance ordinarily wears; though it serves to increase

the startling effect of the preacher's first address to the mourning people around him : " Dear Christian friends, I am come this morning to preach Mr. Wood's funeral sermon ; and I shall at the same time preach my own also."

Strange feelings rushed through many hearts as they gazed upon that face so different in its paleness and emaciation from the full, florid countenance of the lamented one now slumbering close at hand in the silent grave. They wondered at the words of dark meaning that fell from those lips, from which they were hoping to hear many times the enunciation of soul-quickenings truths that had been to many of them, in the midst of persecution and danger, life from the dead. But the service goes on. After the morning prayers have been read comes the hymn, the first stanza of which wakes up a world of mournful and glorious thoughts.

" Hark ! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead ! "

How these words thrill like a trumpet note through the souls of the hearers, lifting them at once to that upper world where the ascended one has already united with the multitude brought out of great tribulation, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and are therefore before the throne of God ! While they sing the following lines, so inspiring, so full of triumphant joy, tears of gratitude roll down many a cheek, as they anticipate the hour when they too shall enter there, and,

" Mortals r ' A man is dead ! '
Angels sing, ' A child is born ! ' "

Next a prayer is offered, then a hymn, and after that the sermon, founded upon Rev. xiv. 13 : " I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them." At the close of the sermon the preacher gives a brief account of the religious history of the deceased minister ; his conversion, religious character, and experience,

and his triumphant death. "And I too," adds the speaker, "am come to die amongst you, and find my last resting place yonder, by the side of your beloved pastor, who has so recently passed to our Father's house above;" concluding several other remarks upon the subject of his own speedy removal to the better land, with an earnest exhortation to diligence in the Master's service, and with the prayer that all, both preachers and hearers, might be found ready for the coming of the Lord.

The hour for afternoon service finds the young minister somewhat indisposed, so that it is deemed advisable for a local preacher to occupy his place in the sanctuary. As night comes on, severe pains across the loins and a racking frontal headache, rendering it difficult to keep the eyes open, betoken the insidious approach of the fever, and warn the experienced nurses, who have already spontaneously gathered to take care of the minister, as they are always wont to do when sickness enters the missionary household, that it is not a slight attack with which the patient is threatened. A medical practitioner is summoned, and according to the mistaken ideas of medical practice which prevail, prejudicial to the safety of many a patient, copious draughts of blood are drained from a frame already too much debilitated for the fierce conflict with the terrible malady which seems to threaten. Powerful doses of calomel are also administered, more calculated to aid than to check the progress of the disease.

Through a restless night the quick vacillating pulse, the dry, hot skin, and a quenchless thirst, tell with what powerful grasp the fever has laid hold upon the system. Blistering, bleeding, strong medicines are all powerless to arrest its progress, until about the fifth day, when the skin begins to exhibit the bright yellow hue which often proves to be a fatal symptom and the immediate forerunner of death. It is this that has procured for the particular type of fever, under which the patient is sinking, the designation of "yellow Jack," given to it by British blue-jackets, a class of persons who have suffered fearfully from its ravages.

From the first moment of its approach, the sufferer has declared that it is a sickness unto death, and resigned himself with patient faith to the issue, which he seems clearly to have seen before him. All that willing hands and loving hearts can do to relieve his sufferings, and soothe the anguish of the young wife who hangs over his bed in deep distress, is done ; but no favourable symptom is developed. Unchecked, the dread disease goes on, drying up the springs of life, until it becomes too manifest to all around that the presentiment, so strongly felt and uttered, is about to be fulfilled. It has not been the offspring of fear ; for there is none of the fear which hath torment ; no fear of dying marks that death-bed. It is not fear, but heaven-born joy and hope, that spreads brightness over that pallid, sunken countenance. There is no fear, but the gladness of a triumphant faith in the words that issue from those parched and fevered lips, while the hands are lifted up towards heaven : “ I know that my Redeemer liveth ; and I know and feel that He hath loved me and given Himself for me.” Nor is there any sign of fear in the tender, affectionate tones in which he commends the loved wife of his youth, the wife of a few months only, and the unborn pledge of their wedded love, to the ever-gracious One who has said, “ A judge of the widow and the fatherless is God in His holy habitation.” He has felt from the beginning that he came there to die ; but like the great apostle he feels, “ For me to live is Christ, to die is gain.” And now that the dread king of terrors is approaching, in fearless faith and peaceful joyous hope he rests his soul upon the Rock of Ages, and awaits the moment when his ransomed spirit, purified from all defilement, shall pass through death triumphant home to God.

More and more the heart of the young wife sinks in sorrow, as the last fatal symptoms become unmistakeably apparent, and the dreadful black vomit heralds the approach of death, until the sixth day, when the last faint accents, “ Jesus my life ! Jesus is precious ! ” pass the fever-blistered

lips, leaving them closely sealed in death, and the glorified spirit enters the joy of its Lord.

Only one short week has passed since the young missionary stood before that congregation for the first and last time, and gave utterance to the startling announcement that he came among them to die. And lo! the presentiment has been fulfilled! On the Sabbath evening, amid the tears of weeping hundreds, the grave opens to receive the fever victim. *Two* fresh mounds instead of one mark the missionaries' burial place in the humble cemetery; and the canvas tent, and the congregation that assemble there, are again without a pastor. And two young widows, with suddenly blighted hopes, are left to feel how transitory and uncertain are even the purest and holiest joys associated with this dark vale of tears.

XXVII.

A MOTHER'S DREAM.

A MOTHER's love, how sweet the name !
What is a mother's love ?
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled, from above
To bless a heart of earthly mould ;
The warmest love that *can* grow cold ;
This is a mother's love.

MONTGOMERY.

STRANGE and inexplicable are the fancies that frequently occupy the mind when all the outward senses are locked up in sleep ! Who can tell whence they come, or how they are caused ? It would be idle and foolish to attach undue importance to all the vain imaginations which crowd our sleeping hours. But it may not be denied, with the Bible in our hands, that God has sometimes seen it good to communicate with His creatures through the medium of dreams and visions of the night. (Job xxxiii.)

Apart from the volume of inspiration many well-authenticated facts show that the wise and righteous Governor of the universe still takes up the dreams of men into the arrangement of His providence, and uses them for the accomplishment of His own purposes. Other dreams, in which it would be difficult to discover anything of providential design, become remarkable from the manner in which they are fulfilled. It is not, however, my purpose to write a dissertation on dreams, but merely to refer to one which at the time produced a powerful impression, and was, after the lapse of many years, remarkably verified.

On my first missionary voyage to the isles of the west,

upwards of forty years ago, I was associated with C. W., a young man of about the same age as myself, who had been recommended and accepted for the mission work, from one of the Methodist districts in the west of England. He was of a mild, quiet disposition and retiring in his habits. He had seen but little of the world, even less than most young men of his age, being restrained by a fond, doting mother, to whom he was warmly attached, from everything like free intercourse with other boys, and from sharing their sports and recreations. Carefully trained in the habit of attending upon the ordinances of religion in her own company, it was the great joy of the mother's life to see the boy she loved so devotedly yield himself up to the gracious influences and drawings of the Divine Spirit, and openly consecrate his youthful affections and his life to his Saviour. The love of Christ had smoothed and brightened her own lowly path for many years, through the cares and anxieties of domestic trial and the sorrow and loneliness of early widowhood. Deeply she felt her obligations to the Lord, and that no sacrifice she could make for Him could be too great. But it became the great sorrow of her life when, after a severe and protracted struggle between maternal love and duty to Christ and His cause, she was called upon to give up the cherished object of her heart's warmest affection, to go wherever the Head of the church might assign to him a sphere of labour in the mission field, and bid him adieu, to behold his face no more on earth. She knew something of the deep anguish the venerable patriarch experienced, when the strange command from heaven fell upon his ear: "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." It was not more distressing to Abraham thus to part with his Isaac, than it was to the widowed mother to lay her only child upon the missionary altar.

The bitter heart-trial had been endured. The last sad farewell had been pronounced with many tears, and the son of the widow was on his way to the isles of the west.

Thither he was going, not in the pursuit of wealth, but to assist in filling up vacancies which the harassings of unrelenting persecutors, or the ravages of yellow fever, had created among the missionary labourers, who were there preaching the ever-blessed Gospel to the coloured free population and the down-trodden slaves.

In the midst of the wide Atlantic the progress of the ship is arrested by protracted calms. In vain the broad sails are spread to catch the breeze; there is not a breath of air. An almost vertical sun pours down his fervent rays upon the vessel, melting the pitch that fills up the seams of her decks. Not a ripple is seen upon the water, which glistens smooth and shining like molten silver, and stretching to the distant horizon all around. The vessel rises and falls with a never-ending swell; the canvas flaps to and fro with weary, monotonous sound, and it seems as if all nature had gone to sleep. A week passes away, and another week begins and ends, and there we lie, rolling and rocking in the same spot. The ships that we have scanned through our glasses many miles distant, day after day, still maintain the same relative position, unmoveable, like ourselves, for lack of the favouring breeze to help them on their course. We have watched the gambols of shoals of porpoises around the ship. We have seen whales sporting in the distance; sometimes rolling their huge carcasses half way out of the water. Day after day, our captain, dexterous in the use of the groins, has stood in the chains and made war upon the vast quantities of "bonito" that sported about the vessel, hoisting one large fish after another to the deck, until an abundant supply has been obtained for the ship's use for many days. The hungry shark has prowled around us, until, yielding at length to the temptation, he has greedily swallowed the large piece of pork thrown overboard to entrap him. But with it he has swallowed the treacherous hook, pointed and barbed, which, taking firm hold of his vitals, has enabled us to haul him on deck, and finish him off there, taking care to keep from the powerful lashings of his broad tail in the death agony. The Portu-

guese man-of-war, floating upon the surface of the calm sea, has been drawn up in a bucket, and subjected to minute inspection. Several mornings the sea has been found for miles covered in all directions with turtle, calmly sleeping upon the untroubled ocean. The ship's boats have been got out, and, with muffled oars, the sleepers have been noiselessly approached, struck with the barbed groins, and hoisted into the boats. In many cases, however, they took alarm, and went down for shelter in the unfathomable deep before we could come near to capture them. But the spoils of our turtle-hunting have been sufficient (between thirty and forty having been secured) to furnish an ample supply of turtle steaks and turtle soup, to vary and enrich our ample daily fare until the ship shall reach the end of her voyage.

Still the calm continues. There is among the passengers, amounting to twenty-nine in all, a youthful medico, going to seek a practice in Jamaica. There is also a nephew of Sir Andrew A., famous for his efforts in Parliament concerning the Sabbath, and several other young men bound to the west to try chances with the yellow fever and a planter's life. Yielding to the solicitations of his more youthful passengers, the good-natured captain suffers those who are competent to go overboard, and have a swim about the bows of the ship; lowering a boat, and suspending ropes over the sides and the bowsprit to insure the safety of the adventurers. To sport in the calm, placid sea for an hour affords enjoyment to the swimmers for several days, until a narrow escape from drowning on the part of the young medical gentleman induces the captain to put a veto upon this kind of amusement. Being but an indifferent swimmer, he had failed, when nearly exhausted, to catch hold of the rope hanging from the end of the bowsprit, when a young Baptist missionary, who, as might be expected, was more at home in the water than his companions, swam to the rescue, and saved him as he was sinking.

In these aquatic exercises the young missionary, C. W., took no part. When urged to do so, he pleaded that he had

never learned to swim. He had never in his life ventured into the water, as other youths were accustomed to do, refraining from this in deference to his mother's wishes. Before the birth of her son she had a dream concerning him, in which he came to his death by drowning. This dream had so wrought upon her that, all through his childhood and youth, she had laid her commands upon him to abstain from taking part in any of those amusements of boyhood, bathing, skating, &c., by which the fulfilment of her dream might possibly be brought about. In obedience to the wishes of his much-loved mother, he had never in his life ventured into or upon the water until the present voyage. He therefore contented himself with looking from the deck upon his fellow-voyagers, as they sported in the calm, deep waters, and swam to and fro about the bows of the vessel.

When seven weeks have sped, the Blue Mountains of Jamaica are seen lifting their summits to the clouds. The strong trade-wind fills the sails and urges on the ship, till, before mid-day on a July Sabbath, Port Royal Point is rounded, and the loud rattle of the chain-cable, as the anchor descends, proclaims that the wearisome voyage is at an end.

The three missionaries enter upon their work. The time of year is not, however, the most favourable for doing so; and, before two weeks have elapsed, one of them, (the Baptist,) cut down by yellow fever, sleeps in the dust. C. W., like myself, has recovered from a similar attack to that which has borne our fellow-traveller to the grave; but the fell disease has, for a season, greatly prostrated all our energies. For three years and more my fellow-voyager has laboured successfully in his hallowed vocation. The period of his probation is drawing to a close, and he is now looking, on the arrival of every mail, for the official letter that is to sanction his return to England for the purpose of taking to himself as partner for life the being dearer to him than all others upon earth, with whom he had exchanged pledges of betrothal before he gave himself to missionary work. Removed from the busy city, he, with another, a youthful col-

alegue, occupies a station in the country near the banks of the Rio Minto, commonly called Dry River. This name is given to it because, during the dry season, its waters are nearly, or altogether, dried up; the broad, deep channel, overspread with vast masses of rock, bearing witness to the velocity and power of the torrent which fills it during the rainy seasons of the tropics.

The two young missionaries share the same humble dwelling, as they divide between them the pastoral charge, with its large responsibilities, which frequent deaths in the missionary ranks have caused, somewhat prematurely, to devolve upon them. The younger of the two, who has only recently entered upon his work, is a young man of lively temperament, gay and sanguine; and he has succeeded in laughing and rallying his graver brother out of what he calls his "superstitious fear of the water." Both of them have, for some weeks past, been in the habit of repairing, on Saturday afternoon, to the neighbouring river, for the refreshment of a bath;—the water at the time running very low, and the stream being so small and shallow that an infant might bathe in it almost anywhere with perfect safety.

Frequent indulgence in this refreshing exercise has completely dispelled the apprehensions which, from his childhood, had occupied the mind of C. W.; and he finds great enjoyment in his weekly ablution. This has gone on for several months, when the younger of the two ministers is absent on the Saturday afternoon, having gone to supply the pulpit on the Sabbath in a distant Circuit. C. W. feels no hesitation in going alone to the river course to take his usual bath; and immediately after dinner, having informed the domestic whither he was going, that he might be sent for if his presence at home were required, he repairs to the customary spot.

The afternoon passes away, and the young missionary does not return. The evening has sped, and nine o'clock has struck, and the preparations for tea remain as they had been placed several hours before. Still the absent one has not made his appearance. The servant, who has been

impatiently awaiting the arrival of her master, becomes alarmed, and goes to hold a consultation with the inhabitants of several neighbouring cottages. They at once share the alarm, for it is quite at variance with the minister's habits to be absent from home at so late an hour. It is suggested that he may have called upon one of the neighbours on his return from the river. But when ten o'clock comes and he fails to appear, several of them resolve to set out in search of him. It is bright moonlight, but they think it proper to carry lanterns with them. By this time the alarm has spread extensively among the scattered villagers, and a numerous party set out for the purpose of making inquiry at the several houses on the way, and inspecting the river course. No satisfactory tidings can be gained anywhere on the way. At length they reach the river, where they divide themselves into two parties, one to prosecute the search up and the other down the stream. Before they are out of hearing, a loud shout from the party who have followed the downward course of the stream announces that some discovery has been made. Upon one of the large boulders in the river bed, some object, distinctly visible in the moonlight, has met their view. Arriving at the spot, they find this to be the clothes of the missing one; leaving no doubt that some accident or evil has befallen him. The idea of drowning does not occur to them; for it does not seem possible that any person could meet such a fate in the little insignificant stream that runs murmuring beside them, dwindled by the prevailing drought to the merest rivulet.

A second shout from one of the party who has advanced a few yards beyond his fellows, soon announces a further discovery. Rushing to the spot, they discover the object of their search, lying in a small pool in which the water is barely deep enough to cover the body. Life is quite extinct, for the body has been lying with the head under water for some hours, and the youthful servant of God has unexpectedly to himself and all around him, been called away to his eternal rest. His premature death under such

circumstances, and in such a place, could be accounted for only on the supposition that an apoplectic seizure had suddenly paralysed his energies as he was bathing in the little pool,—perhaps too early after partaking of a hearty meal. Falling powerless in the water, with his head just submerged in the shallow stream, he had been suffocated, no help being at hand. Great is the sorrow of the simple-hearted people to whom he ministered the word of life, when they find themselves thus suddenly bereaved of the young pastor, who had greatly endeared himself to them by his faithful counsels and loving, gentle manners. This sorrow is greatly aggravated when in one short week the intelligence comes to them that the colleague of the deceased, their other younger pastor, has followed his friend and brother to the spirit land. In the distant circuit whither he had gone to preach, the yellow fever had seized upon him after leaving the pulpit on the Sabbath evening. The best medical aid had been summoned; but in three short days, in the prime of vigorous, youthful manhood, this promising servant of the Lord closed his eyes on earthly scenes, and passed within the veil. Thus are the sorrowing people doubly bereaved, and most strangely, yet truly, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, the mother's dream has been fulfilled.

XXVIII.

THE OLD SANCTUARY.

THE man of God
Took up the consecrated bread, and brake,
And gave the happy saint. "Take this," he said,
"In dear remembrance of Thy dying Lord,
His body given for thee, and in thy heart
Feed Thou on Him with thankfulness." Then took
The cup. "Drink this," he said, "and may the blood
Which once for thee was shed, preserve thy soul
And body to eternal life." To each
Some word of comfort spake he, as to each
He gave the sacred symbols. Unto all
That sanctuary seemed the very gate of heaven.

MRS. C. L. RICE.

THE Sabbath dawns, but not with the usual brightness of the tropics. It is one of those mornings, frequent enough in the changeable climates of northern countries, but not often seen amongst the sunny isles of the Caribbean Sea. The sky wears a leaden hue, and the whole firmament is obscured with thick clouds. The range of the Blue Mountains, usually so bright and beautiful in the rays of the morning sun, is not to be seen. A thick, drizzling rain is falling, the atmosphere is chilly, and all is dark and gloomy. Every street leading towards the harbour has become a river course, through which rolls a deep, rapid stream of muddy water, showing that the rain is falling heavily in the lofty mountains which form the background of the picture, when the city of Kingston is surveyed from the harbour, or from the sea outside of "the palisades" by which the harbour is enclosed.

The few persons to be seen moving about are closely wrapped in the thickest and warmest clothing they possess ;

for it is one of those mornings which seem to paralyse the energies of the dark-skinned Creoles, and render them almost incapable of any exertion. It is strange to see so many persons in the streets in such stormy weather ; but they are hastening to the class-meeting, which is always held on Sunday morning at six o'clock. Some hundreds are thus accustomed to assemble with their leaders, that they may speak to one another concerning their experience in the things of God, and receive the counsel their various states demand to direct and cheer them in their pilgrimage to the skies.

There would not be so many, but that it is the last Sabbath morning on which they are to be privileged with the opportunity of meeting together in that old sanctuary towards which their footsteps are tending. This has been to not a few of them their birthplace for eternal life. Thither they have for years gone up in company to take sweet counsel ; and there they have worshipped God and listened to the words of eternal life. The dense gloom of the morning is in sympathy with the feelings of hundreds in that city ; for the thought to them is very mournful that the dear old house, so sacred to their thoughts, is soon to be taken down. To many it is the dearest spot on earth, around which cluster the most thrilling and cherished memories of their lives. After this day has passed they will worship within those hallowed walls no more. Tears glisten in the eyes of many who, through the chilling rain, are trudging to the much-loved spot.

Coke Chapel stands on the east side of a large square which forms the centre of the city of Kingston. The square is several hundred yards in extent either way, and is adorned with some of the finest buildings that enrich the city. Were it under better management, it might be made both pleasant and beneficial to the inhabitants. In a prominent position, at the corner of one of the principal streets, stands the building which bears the name of the venerated founder of the Wesleyan missions in the West Indies,—Dr. Coke. It is, however, more frequently designated by the

people, "the Parade Chapel;" the fine square upon which it looks being used as the parade-ground for the city militia. The old chapel is not very imposing in its appearance; for it is marked by no ecclesiastical peculiarity to distinguish it as a place devoted to religious worship. It was originally the mansion of a wealthy citizen; but, early after the commencement of the mission in Jamaica, the good doctor, full of zeal for Christ and for souls, obtained possession of it by purchase; not sparing to give largely of his own property, that this house might be consecrated to God and the proclamation of His saving truth. It was the first Methodist sanctuary devoted to God in this land, where the Head of the church had a large harvest of precious souls to be gathered into His garner. The house was spacious and lofty; the lower story affording accommodation for the mission families, while the upper part was converted into a commodious chapel.

For about half a century this house has been in use as a Christian sanctuary, when our story commences; and many have been born to glory here. Beneath this roof several missionary servants of Christ have triumphantly finished their useful course, and passed within the veil. More than one has been dragged away from hence to a gloomy prison cell, charged with the crime of having taught poor slaves the truth as it is in Jesus, and endeavouring to lighten the hardship of their lot, by inspiring them with the bright hopes and consolations of the Gospel. For seven long years the sanctuary was closed by the intolerance of the municipal authorities, who vainly sought to extinguish, in this way, the spreading light of Divine truth, and put a stop to the work of God. By patient endurance and perseverance, and a firm reliance upon their Master's promises, the missionaries triumphed; the soul-saving work went on, and the enemies of the truth were baffled.

Now the time has come when the old sanctuary may no longer be used. Some of the timbers have yielded to the influences of time, and exhibit symptoms of decay; and, in spite of all the care that has been exercised, those destruc-

tive insects, the wood ants, which eat out the substance of the heaviest timbers, leaving only a thin outward shell to deceive the eye, have done their work upon the building; and it is considered unsafe that crowds of people should continue to assemble in a tenement so frail. Besides this, extended accommodation is required; for the work of the Lord has greatly prospered. Thousands have been made wise unto salvation on that spot. A large and handsome chapel has been erected in another part of the city, and a numerous congregation and society have been drafted off from this, the parent church; yet the old house will scarcely contain two-thirds of the communicants who are attached to it. The necessity is urgent; but multitudes mourn over the approaching demolition of their beloved house as if it were a grievous calamity.

No wonder that it is so. It was there the light first dawned upon their dark minds. There they first heard the message of heavenly mercy. There the truth reached their consciences, and awakened in their hearts the conviction that they were guilty and lost creatures before God. There they bowed their hearts and knees before Him in penitential sorrow, and shed the bitter tears of contrition at His footstool. There Christ crucified was set forth before them, and they were taught that the riches of Divine mercy extended even unto them. There, trusting in the atonement, they experienced the sweetness of forgiving love, were born of God, and passed from death unto life. No longer the children of wrath,—the slaves of death and hell,—they became the children of God, the heirs of everlasting life! There they have learned to love God, and to live for heaven; and there they have been nourished and cheered, amid the changes and sorrows of earth, with the bright hopes of a better life in the world beyond the grave. Thus it is that the destruction of the old sanctuary is so great a grief to them. A better and more commodious edifice may be substituted for it, but no building on earth can ever be so dear to them.

As the hour for the forenoon service draws near, the rain

ceases, and the place is crowded in every part. Numbers have travelled all night over the mountains and through the rain, twenty, thirty, and some nearly forty miles, fording the mountain torrents and braving the inclemency of the weather, that they may be present at the closing services of that dear old chapel, and offer their prayers for the last time beneath that hallowed roof. Many hearts go out towards God in earnest desire ; for though forms of prayer are used, they are not uttered by mere formal worshippers. It is not prayer without desire, like an altar without a sacrifice, or the sacrifice without the fire from heaven to consume it, that is offered there. It is the language of devotion ; the breathing out of the soul to God. The preliminary part of the service over, then comes the sermon ; and many a sob breaks the silence of that devotional hour, and streams of tears roll down many cheeks, while the preacher dwells upon those words, so expressive of the heart-feeling of all around him : " Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth." (Psalm xxvi. 8.) There are hundreds there who feel as Jacob felt at Bethel, when Jehovah manifested Himself in such wondrous grace and condescension : " This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." That is the spot hallowed by a thousand sacred memories, to which, above every other place on earth, they will look back with wonder, love, and praise, through the eternal day which will be stretching on when the annals of earth shall be closed ; when this globe shall have undergone the final change that awaits it, and the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements melt with fervent heat.

The morning exercise is ended ; and some of the congregation depart to their homes. But a large number remain ; for after a brief interval the last lovefeast is to be held under that roof, occupying several hours of the afternoon. At the appointed time the same missionary who conducted the forenoon service again ascends the pulpit. Not only is every available foot of space occupied, but

hundreds are unable to gain admission ; for numbers who have been drafted off to form other churches are there. The spot is dear to them all, and the occasion is one in which they are profoundly interested. Sweet and powerful are the strains in which that large congregation of church members encourage each other to

“ Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.”

The presiding minister offers the preliminary prayer ; then bread and water are passed round, and all eat and drink together as members of the same family, the same household of faith, and the children of the same Heavenly Father. Born of God, passed from death unto life, they are looking forward with hope and joy to the period when, within the veil, they shall pluck the ambrosial fruits and drink the vivifying streams of that upper Paradise, and be happy together with Him for ever and ever.

Thanksgiving made for the earthly food and comfort, and the collection taken for the poor of the church, some of them speak their experience of the things of God, in accordance with ancient practice and those scriptural precepts which admonish Christian believers to exhort one another, and make confession with their lips unto salvation, declaring to those who fear God what He hath done for their souls. It might cause the sceptic to doubt the truth of his own carnal reasonings, it might shame the arrogance and pride of the anthropological traducer of man's noble and immortal nature, to witness the moral elevation which religion has imparted to many in that assembly, and listen to their statements. Rising sometimes into strains of lofty and powerful eloquence, these sable men and women tell of what God and religion have done for them. Yet these are represented by narrow-souled bigots of fairer complexion, too blind to see the broad line of demarcation which separates man in all his varieties from the brute, as nearly allied to the ape and the gorilla. Brought up out of the lowest condition of life by God's blessing upon missionary labour, they shine gems of immortality, flashing with the light of intellect and glowing with Christian graces,

possessing and manifesting that lofty capacity, which of all this lower creation belongs to man alone,—the power to know, and love, and enjoy God.

The presiding minister first relates God's gracious dealings with himself. When a thoughtless youth, he was induced to attend a Sabbath evening service in a Methodist place of worship, in one of the midland counties of England. The word impressed his conscience and his heart, and he was led to seek and find mercy through faith in Christ. He then felt constrained to devote the residue of his life to the service of the Lord. God had providentially opened his way into the mission work, and in times of persecution interposed to save him from the violence of wicked and unreasonable men.

“Oft from the margin of the grave
The Lord had lifted up his head;
Present he found Him near to save,
The fever own'd His touch and fled.”

And now the supreme desire of his heart is to spend and to be spent for God, faithful to the great work committed to him, so that he may finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he has received of the Lord Jesus.

When he finishes, many rise to speak; but the preference is accorded to an old man, for all sit down at once when they see that Father Harris is upon his feet. He is a venerable old man. More than eighty years have bleached that snow-white head, and he displays a fine African countenance, bearing traces of considerable intelligence. In a voice clear and distinct, though slightly tremulous, he tells that he was born in North America, and took part in the revolutionary struggle, on the losing side. He then came to Jamaica, preferring to live under the British flag. He had heard about Jesus, and became the subject of religious feelings amongst the coloured Baptists in America; but it was not until Dr. Coke visited Jamaica in 1789, and there proclaimed the truth, that he clearly apprehended the way of salvation by faith in Christ Jesus. He came to the cross as a guilty sinner, and obtained pardon and the soul-renewing

power by which he was made a child of God, the Holy Spirit bearing witness with his spirit that he had passed from death unto life. "I was happy then," says the old saint, "and though it is fifty years ago, I have been happy ever since; and I am happy in Christ now, dear friends; and I feel that I shall soon be happy with Him for ever in that better land

"Where all the ship's company meet
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath."

He tells how gladly he stepped forward when Dr. Coke invited those to do so who were desirous of giving themselves up to God; and he was the second of eight persons then enrolled who formed the first Methodist society in the land."

"It was a little church, minister," he says, lifting his eyes to the pulpit, "and formed in troublous times, but"—looking round upon the vast number of faces that were turned towards him, and waving his hand—"bless the Lord the little one has become thousands, and God will make it greater yet." He then resumed his seat.

There is a pause, and all eyes are directed towards an elderly woman seated near the centre of the chapel. There are hundreds who would like to speak, but all seem instinctively to feel that precedence should be given to Mother Wilkinson, who, with Father Harris, forms the only remnant of the original Methodist society in Jamaica established by Dr. Coke on his first visit to the colony.

"Mother Wilkinson, the congregation waits for you to speak." She rises in response to this call; a venerable, happy-looking old woman, a little tremulous with age, but dressed with scrupulous neatness. A broad-brimmed straw hat with a narrow black ribbon around it surmounts the handkerchief with which, according to the prevailing custom of her class, her head is adorned, folded to the resemblance of a turban. She is a Mulatto, sharing equally the African and European blood. But the swarthy countenance, though bearing marks of advanced age, is beautiful with the peace of God radiant in every feature. Her tale is simple but heart-thrilling, and tears drop from many eyes as she relates her history of the past. She had heard of God as the Maker of

the heavens and the earth ; and greatly she wondered where and what He was, and how she could get to know more about Him. None had taught her, none cared to teach her, the difference between right and wrong, and what was good and what evil. She had not been taught to read, and her mind was a blank. But as she folded her children to her bosom, she often felt her heart strangely moved by earnest desires to know something about God. When Dr. Coke came, she was told that a strange gentleman was going to talk to the people about religion ; and she took one child by the hand and another at her breast, and went and listened to that first sermon. She did not understand much that was said, for she was very ignorant ; but her heart melted and her eyes shed abundant tears. She felt that she was a miserable sinner ; and she went home and prayed to God, as the minister had directed them to do. The next evening she went again ; and as the minister was speaking about Christ loving sinners and dying to save them, she felt that God had pardoned her, and that her soul was unspeakably happy as it never had been before. When the minister spoke of forming a society, and invited those who were determined to live to God and flee from the wrath to come, she went forward and gave in her name. For more than fifty years the Lord had kept her by His grace ; and she was looking soon to join the friends who had gone before and arrived safe at home. Referring to the persecutions of past years, she speaks of "*the seven years' famine of the Word,*" as she expresses it, when the city magistrates shut up the chapel and sent the ministers to prison ; setting the constables to watch that there should be no singing and prayer in any of the houses of those who belonged to the society. She then goes on to describe with exquisite pathos how, in those dark days, many a little social gathering of praying souls took place in inner rooms and upper chambers. Class-meetings were held after dark in the churchyard where the people were afraid to go at night, except those who went to pray amongst the tombs, and in many other strange places. For seven years she met the class of which she had been

made the leader in the open street. At five o'clock in the morning she walked through an appointed street,—changed from week to week,—and there, at short distances apart, she would find her members, sometimes two together, sometimes singly, so as not to attract malignant observation. There she would hold Christian converse with them, and give them such counsel and encouragement as they required. When the chapel was re-opened at the end of seven years, her class had grown, in spite of opposition, to three times its former number : and the members of society had increased, so that the whole of them could not get into the chapel when a society meeting was held.

The next that rises is a young man of fair complexion ; not to be distinguished from a white man, except by an eye practised in observing the several gradations and distinctions of colour. He is of the class ranking next to those who are "white by law," having only a sixteenth portion of African blood in his veins. His dress, appearance, and manners are those which pertain to polished society. He is a member of the Colonial Legislature, well educated, and bearing the reputation of being one of the most finished gentlemen in the land, and of a most generous and obliging disposition. He speaks of a godly mother, now slumbering in the dust, who was one of the excellent of the earth, and, until she was removed to heaven in the prime of life, a pattern of all Christian excellence. He tells how she taught him to bow the knee in prayer, and administered those loving counsels which tended to check the frivolities of thoughtless youth ; and how she led him habitually to the house of prayer, where the word of life reached his conscience and his heart, and was made to him the wisdom of God and the power of God to salvation. He speaks in a shrill but not unpleasant tone, and with great freedom and power, in well-chosen words which sufficiently explain why he is so much of a favourite as a local preacher. Hundreds of hearts are touched, and there are suppressed sobs over that whole congregation, as he speaks of the influence exerted upon mhi by the counsels and prayers of that loving mother.

Many there knew her well, and venerated her for the virtues that adorned her character, and as one of the polished pillars of the church.

When this speaker has resumed his seat, one rises who has been the chosen bosom friend of that godly mother, and who rejoices with exceeding joy that the fond wishes of her heart concerning her much-loved son are fulfilled. The speaker is of queenly presence, now past the prime and bloom of youthful womanhood, but still retaining a large portion of the grace and beauty by which she was distinguished, when, with her clear olive complexion, gazelle-like eye, and faultless figure, she outshone the fairest beauties of the land. She is in every sense a noble woman, enriched and adorned with all Christian virtues in an eminent degree. Like her Master, to whom she has fully devoted herself, she goes about doing good, consecrating her time and energies to His service. Hundreds have, through her agency, been led into the path of eternal life. Her power in prayer is great; and on such occasions as the present, she speaks with a lofty and commanding eloquence that rivets the attention of the hearers. She tells how her sympathies were awakened towards the Methodists when the missionaries were imprisoned and the chapel was closed. She knew of many slave members of the society who were subjected to cruel treatment by their owners, because they persisted in going, whenever they could seize the opportunity, to join in the services of the Methodists. This led her to think there must be more in the religion of the persecuted people than she had supposed; and in the midst of her gay life she was drawn powerfully towards them. Invited by one of the class-leaders, she attended several of the meetings held in secret, and her heart bowed down under a sense of her guiltiness and danger as a sinner before God. She at once resolved to abandon the gaieties and frivolities in which she was wasting her life, and cast in her lot with the oppressed, choosing, like Moses, to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. She had opposition and much ridicule and reproach to en-

counter ; but she regarded none of these things, for her soul was bowed down under the painful sense of the wrath of God abiding on her ; and she could care for nothing else, until the Lord took compassion upon her, and set her soul at liberty by His victorious love. Then she was too happy to care what any around her might think or say about her going mad for religion. To all who reproached and cast ridicule and scorn upon her, she would say, “ ‘ Come thou with us, and we will do thee good.’ ” Religion has put her in possession of a happiness far above any of the pleasures and enjoyments of the world in which she revelled for years. She only fancied that she was happy then, and only for a few moments at a time, when mingling in the dance and mixed up with the gay and thoughtless lovers of pleasure like herself, to be cast down and sorrowful when it was over. But now she is happy day and night.

‘ My Jesus to know,
And feel His blood flow,
’T is life everlasting, ’t is heaven below.’ ”

She rejoiced with great joy when “ the seven years’ night ” ended, and she could go up to the Lord’s house Sabbath after Sabbath, and join in the worship of the Lord. This has now become dearer to her, and the source of deeper joy, than the resorts of pleasure ever were. To hear the life-giving word which had made her wise unto salvation, and by which her soul was nourished and strengthened unto life eternal, this was happiness indeed ! She has lived to see mother, sisters, and children brought into the church, and made partakers of the same glorious hopes. She cannot but mourn over the thought that the hallowed place, where many a blessed foretaste of heaven has been realized, will shortly be no more ; but she rejoices in the prospect of the larger house being erected which has so long been greatly needed. She rejoices still more in the hope, which seems to make her soul expand within her, of the incorruptible “ building of God,—the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

The effect of this thrilling tale has been very powerful. It has been delivered with a simple grace and eloquence, that stirred the holiest sympathies of the listeners, and all glorify the grace of God in her which has transformed her, the admired votary of fashion, into the humble follower of Jesus. Ministers and people respect and honour her as one of the most devoted and useful members of the church, abundant in labours and ready for every good work.

Next is heard the voice of another female member of the church. She has risen with several others; but the presiding minister pronounces her name, and all the others resume their seats. She is a pattern of neatness and simplicity in her appearance; one who has attained the ripeness of middle age, and is pre-eminently a woman of meek and quiet spirit. Her complexion is that of the quadroon, and her fine placid countenance is an illustration of "the beauty of holiness;" for through every feature beams "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding." Her tale is one of pathetic simplicity; and as she relates it in a quiet tone and with a natural eloquence, far more impressive than the most studied oratory, many hearts are moved to ascribe glory to Him who shows such abundant mercy to sinners. She speaks of the time when she was a slave; for she was born to the inheritance of a British bondwoman. But it was her good fortune to be the property of a mistress who possessed, amongst many excellent and amiable qualities, a kindly disposition towards her slaves; and she, the quadroon girl, was her favourite attendant. It was a sore grievance to the kind-hearted and well-meaning mistress when her maid, unfortunately in her view, got among the Methodists, and adopted what she thought to be their strange and erroneous views of religion. So it was; and it occurred in this way. It was the duty of the quadroon girl to follow her mistress to the parish church; but on her way thither she had to pass the Parade chapel, and she heard the congregation singing. It was very sweet, and quite different from any singing she had ever

heard before. She had been told a good deal about these Methodist people, and she thought she would turn in and hear a little for herself before going on to the church, which was near at hand; and her mistress would know nothing about it. After the singing the minister prayed, and she felt wrought upon as she had never been before. Then came another hymn, and after that the text: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," &c. Every word of the sermon that followed seemed to be addressed to her; she wondered who could have told the minister so much about the poor quadroon girl. The church, her mistress, and all else were forgotten; all lost sight of in the dreadful conviction that she was a very great sinner, and in danger of being lost for ever. After the service was finished, she sat still, weeping bitterly. One of the good old class-leaders came and asked her why she wept. She answered, "O, I am a very wicked sinner;" and the old leader replied, "My dear, that is very true, and I thank God He has made you to feel it; but Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; and you are one of the very persons He invites to come to Him and be saved." She then invited her to the class-meeting, where she heard the experience of others, and received the aid of Christian counsel and prayer. But she went home burdened and heavy laden, and weeping bitterly. Her mistress was greatly displeased that the Methodists had spoiled her favourite slave; and she wondered, as she saw her weeping and mourning all the week, "what those people could have done to Sarah." The next Sabbath the girl begged to be excused going to church, and to be allowed to go to the chapel. The mistress resisted her entreaty for a while; but when she saw that Sarah wept more bitterly, and was in very great distress, she left her to take her own course. The sermon was, she thought, all addressed to her; and she was encouraged to hope that, great sinner as she was, God would have mercy upon her. The minister explained the text, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." (1 John iii. 1.) She

was still much bowed down with a sense of guilt and the wickedness of her own heart. But during the class-meeting, while the members were earnestly pleading with God in prayer for her, the love of God was shed abroad in her heart, and she was made exceedingly happy ; for she felt the inward witness, that she had passed from death unto life, and become a child of God. The mistress wondered still more than before, when she saw this great change in her slave. Instead of weeping and mourning, as she had done all the preceding week, the girl was now happy and joyous. Her very countenance was altered ; God's peace and love had spread over it an expression of cheerfulness it had never worn before ; and the lady " could not think what those Methodists had been doing with Sarah." But she learned the secret afterwards. Sarah, always her favourite amongst her slaves, became dearer to her than ever ; and she also was deeply attached to the kind mistress who had treated her with so much indulgence. This kindness found its reward ; for it was the quadroon slave that led her to Christ and taught her the way of salvation. It was the quadroon slave whose voice she loved to hear in prayer at her own bedside, and in singing the hymns that lifted her soul to heaven. It was she who brought her own missionary minister to speak to her beloved mistress of Jesus and heaven, as she lay on the bed of sickness. It was she who sympathized with the peace and triumph of that mistress's happy death-bed ; and when the rejoicing spirit passed from earth, she closed the eyes of the dead. When all was over, she found that she was no longer a slave. The grateful mistress had bequeathed to the quadroon girl freedom from bondage, and something to aid her in her future life. Thus unexpectedly she had found that " godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Another speaker carries back the thoughts of the congregation to the time when Mr. Bradnack was the minister. He was one who loved the little children. She belonged to "*the rising generation class ;*" and, under his care and

instructions, the Lord opened her heart as He had done with Lydia, and sweetly drew her to Himself while she was quite a girl. Though she had passed through great troubles, and had mourned the loss of her husband and all her children, God having taken them to Himself, she hopes to find them all again. "Up there, my minister," she says, pointing upward with her hand, "they are all up there. They were all brought to Jesus, and died happy; and I shall find them up there, with many dear friends who have crossed over Jordan before me."

The minister, who listened with tearful eyes to that simple tale of redeeming grace, has often thought, with profound interest, of the expression used by that unsophisticated child of Africa, "The Lord opened my heart as He had done with Lydia." Religion did indeed open her heart; for she was, though in humble circumstances, a liberal giver to every good cause. Several years later that minister had to appeal to the liberality of the church, to restore a large and beautiful sanctuary which had been nearly destroyed by fire. When it came to the turn of her class—for she was a very useful and devoted class-leader—to be spoken to on this subject, the appeal was first made to her. "Well, Sister F., what can you afford to give to help in restoring the chapel?" She very quietly placed on the table a bank-note for twenty-four dollars, (£5,) saying, "That is my mite, minister." Knowing the circumstances of the donor, and surprised at the amount, the minister said, "Can you give so much without inconvenience? You know it is not required to be paid all at once, but in three yearly instalments; and perhaps that will be more convenient to you than to pay it all now." "No, minister, that money is the Lord's. I put it by for Him, and He must have it. He gives me all I want. Besides, minister, I don't expect to live three years, and it would be a sad thing if I should die owing my Lord any part of that money when I am able to give it to Him now." Before the repairs of the injured building were completed, before the year had expired, that minister stood beside the open grave of that devoted woman. She had passed away,

in glorious triumph over death, to find the loved ones that had gone before to the happy spirit-land. It was with solemn, chastened joy that he joined the multitude assembled to do honour to the memory of a mother in Israel in singing,—

Give glory to Jesus our Head,
With all that encompass His throne ;
A widow, a widow indeed,
A mother in Israel is gone !
The winter of trouble is past ;
The storms of affliction are o'er ;
Her struggle is ended at last,
And sorrow and death are no more."

When she has taken her seat, other speakers follow ; and the minister has always to select one from several who rise at the same time to tell what the Lord has done for their souls. A glorious testimony is borne by many happy witnesses to the riches of Divine grace, and the enlightening, saving power of the Gospel of Christ. That hallowed spot has been the spiritual birthplace of nearly all of them ; for it is there they heard the truth that has made them wise unto salvation, "being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth for ever." And many more would bear the same testimony, if opportunity could be given. The time has long passed when the meeting should have been closed ; but numbers rise up each time that a speaker sits down. When less than half an hour remains before the time for commencing the evening public service, the minister has to make the announcement, while a dozen, at least, are on their feet as candidates for the next opportunity to be heard, that the lovefeast must now be closed. The singing of a hymn and a brief prayer terminate one of the most interesting services, and certainly the most memorable lovefeast, he has ever witnessed.

He has only a few moments to spend in the privacy of his study, and to partake of a slight refreshment, before he again presents himself in the pulpit to conduct the last religious service that is to be held within those walls. On the morrow the premises are to be given up to the contractor

for the new building which is to occupy the same site. A large concourse of people is gathered all around the place, in addition to the crowd within, for the communion service is to close the day; and the members of the Methodist churches have gathered from many parts to be present on this occasion. All are anxious to share in the last administration of the Lord's Supper in that holy place, where they have so often realized the presence and blessing of the church's living Head, and received the instruction which tendeth to life. By a private staircase underneath the pulpit, and communicating with the household apartments on the ground floor, the minister upon whom the services for the day have devolved, again ascends to his place, to commence the closing service in that birth-place of many souls.

Appropriate to the occasion is that beautiful composition of Charles Wesley's, which the preacher selects as the opening hymn :

" See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace."

Sweet and full is the volume of sound with which tuneful voices give expression to its glowing and triumphant strains; the whole of that vast congregation making melody in their hearts unto the Lord, and singing with the spirit and with the understanding also. Grand and beautiful above all other sounds is the music of the human voice, lifted up in heartfelt praise to Him who sits enthroned upon His mediatorial throne to govern our world in love. Prayer follows the hymn of praise, and the hearts of many go with the words of the minister, as, leading them up to the Divine footstool, he supplicates that the blessing of the church's loving Head may be given to crown the present and influence the future even more abundantly than it has been vouchsafed in the past. The thirty-seventh psalm is read, and another hymn of praise rises up to the Divine throne; the loving homage of grateful hearts to the Giver of all good.

When the sound has died away, and the congregation have settled down into as much quietude as the density of the crowd filling every available spot will permit, the text is announced,—1 Sam. vii. 12: "Then Samuel took a stone, and

set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Eben-ezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Reviewing the history of the past, the preacher goes back to the time when scarcely a ray of light pierced the thick darkness that overspread these beautiful colonies of the west; and the thousands of the injured children of Africa who had been consigned to so sad a destiny through the avarice of white oppressors, were not only subjected to all the unmitigated evils of slavery, but were shut out from the light of Divine truth and the hopes of life and immortality inspired by the Gospel. No man in those days cared for their souls, or stretched out a hand to lighten the cruel burden of oppression that was heaped upon them. He dwells upon the operations and manifestations of a beneficent, wise, and wonder-working Providence, in sending the missionary to their help. He sketches the condition of things as they existed when the only ministers of religion in those lands were slaveholders and slave-oppressors, deeply sunk, like others around them, in depravity and vice, and concerned about the dark-skinned heirs of immortality amongst whom they lived only so far as they could make them minister to their pleasure, or wring out of their sweat, and blood, and unrequited toil, the means of gratifying the demands of an unscrupulous avarice.

He speaks of the time when a few miserable erections, dignified with the name of parish churches, were only opened occasionally at the pleasure or convenience of the depraved incumbents, and were often closed for weeks and months together; when scarcely the name of religion was known among the people; the Sabbath day was forgotten, or only remembered to be devoted to unrestrained riot and debauch by the planters; and unblushing licentiousness overspread the land. He goes back to the period when, in compassion to the miseries of hundreds of thousands of Africa's children languishing in slavery and moral night under the proud flag of Britain, the Divine Head of the church first put it into the heart of a planter and slaveholder, made wise unto salvation under the ministry of Mr.

Wesley, to introduce the truth as it is in Jesus to the denizens of these western isles. He tells how in answer to prayer Jehovah, by a wonderful interposition of His providence, drove Dr. Coke and a band of missionary labourers, by tempestuous weather, far out of their intended course, and brought them to the scene of labour He had prepared for them and designed them to occupy: and they, recognising the hand of the Lord in bringing them by a way they knew not, and, contrary to all their purposes and wishes, to a field of toil they had never thought of, entered zealously upon the work which invited them; and proceeded from one colony to another, lifting up the banner of the cross, and planting Christian churches, until in due time they reached "the land of springs," and proclaimed the Gospel there.

Listening ears and eager hearts take in the story, as the preacher speaks of Dr. Coke's arrival in Jamaica, on the 19th of February, 1789, bringing light to them that were sitting in darkness, and, as the sequel proved, the opening of the prison-doors to those who were in bondage both temporal and spiritual. He speaks of the way in which God put it into the hearts of some to afford facilities for the preaching of the truth; and how from the first it was the wisdom of God and the power of God to the salvation of them that heard it,—souls being awakened and brought to God. He tells of persecutions commencing with the beginning of the mission, and how God gave peace for a season by smiting down one of the leading oppressors suddenly to the grave in the midst of his evil doings; an event which many there remember well. He refers to the men of God, well known to not a few of the congregation, who, for preaching the truth were immured in the dungeons of Kingston and Morant Bay. He carries them back to the closing of the chapel by a persecuting municipal law for seven years, during which no voice of praise or prayer, no proclamation of saving truth, was heard within those hallowed walls. Hundreds of thoughtful hearts respond as he dwells upon the prosperity and increase of the persecuted church, showing how in the dark days, when persecution was triumphant, and the lips

of faithful ministers were silenced, the Divine Spirit wrought powerfully in many hearts, awakening and convincing of sin, and depositing there the seed of immortal life ; so that the down-trodden church grew abundantly in spiritual life and energy. Many in the congregation were brought to God at that time.

He sketches, in vivid description, the combinations of slave-holding intolerants, to extinguish the spreading light of Jehovah's saving truth, by the enactment of oppressive laws, filled with the cunning and subtlety of the old serpent. Under the pretext of ameliorating the condition of the poor plundered slave, these malignant acts were designed to enhance the wretchedness and hopelessness of his lot, by shutting him up in ignorance of God and of salvation ; depriving him of all opportunity of hearing the truth which could make him wise to salvation, and gladden his spirit in the deep debasement of his bondage with the glorious prospects of immortality and the better life above. He then, with joyous gratitude to Him that sits upon the throne, and controls and directs all events of earth,—“by whom kings reign and princes decree justice,”—describes how the unhallowed purposes of the persecutors were baffled from time to time by God putting it into the heart of the reigning sovereign to disallow those intolerant laws, by withholding that royal assent which was necessary to give them validity and permanence.

He refers to the scene which those around him witnessed only a few months before, when, all over the land, thousands were gathered at the midnight hour in the sanctuaries of Jehovah to celebrate the final extinction of slavery, and to receive, as it were, from the Divine hand, the precious boon of freedom. Then they beheld thousands kneel down with all the restrictions of civil bondage upon them, and rise up again in a few minutes the free subjects of the British crown. He reminds them of the joy which thrilled through many hearts when they heard, in the sonorous tones of the adjacent church bell, as it rang out the midnight hour, the death-knell of the foulest system of wrong that ever destroyed the

bodies and souls of men. And he brings back again, as it were, the scene of weeping, wondrous excitement that met their view, while the newly emancipated multitude that thronged the chapel then sang, in strains only to be surpassed in sublimity and beauty by the chorus of the skies:—

“ Send the glad tidings o’er the sea ;
His chain is broke, the slave is free.
Britannia’s justice, wealth, and might,
Have gained the Negro’s long-lost right.
His chain is broke, the slave is free :
This is the Negro’s jubilee ! ”

From all these things the preacher brings forth illustrations of the text, and shows how the good hand of the Lord has been with the mission through all its history ; arranging and overruling events, even the most adverse, to wise and gracious issues, fulfilling His own glorious promise, “ All things work together for good to them that love God.”

He pictures to them the fierce and fiery persecution through which the mission has been passing more recently. He tells of sanctuaries demolished by the hands of persecuting violence, or destroyed by fire ; now, by God’s good favour, rising again out of their ruins and furnishing enlarged means of accommodation to Christian worshippers. He speaks of ministers ferociously assailed by excited mobs of slave-oppressors, in their own houses, or hunted for their lives like partridges upon the mountains ; but saved by a gracious interposing Providence from injury and death. He tells of other missionary servants of God, tried on false charges before civil and military tribunals, the evidence being obtained by subornation of perjury to condemn them, but breaking down under the weight of its own manifest falsehood and incongruity. He names a long list of devoted, faithful men who, within the last six or seven years, have endured the loathsome pestilential atmosphere of Jamaica dungeons, for preaching the truth of Christ to perishing men,—Whitehouse, Orton, Greenwood, Murray, Box, Rowden, all suffering the horrors of imprisonment for Jesus ;

and Grimsdall, who, poisoned by prison malaria, sank under the hands of his persecutors into a martyr's grave.

He rejoices, and many hearts partake his joy, that all these things have come to an end; having in the counsels of unerring Wisdom, and in the exercise of a kind and beneficent Providence, been overruled to the overthrow of that monstrous system of oppression and wrong, which they were designed to support and perpetuate.

With due solemnity, and without mentioning names, the preacher, while his auditors listen with breathless interest, calls upon them to regard the works of the Lord and consider the operation of His hands, in that providence of righteous retribution which is even now in exercise around them, reminding them that the Lord "ordaineth His arrows against the persecutors." He shows how "the arms of the wicked have been broken," and the righteous have been upheld in the events of the last few years. He speaks of suicides, accidents, and terrible judgments following in rapid succession. Profound reverence pervades that vast assembly while the preacher goes on to describe the unhallowed combination into which these men had entered only a short time before, joining hand in hand to extinguish the light of God's truth, destroy His sanctuaries, and drive all Gospel messengers from the land; and how, in a manner most wonderful, God had scattered them, and brought their devices to none effect. With solemn emphasis he quotes those words of the Psalmist, while all hearts feel their power and truth, "Wait on the Lord, and keep His way, and He shall exalt thee to inherit the land: when the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it. I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found." (Psalm xxxvii. 34-36.) The two great lessons which the preacher derives from his review of the past, and urges upon the hearers, are, "Gratitude to the Divine Head of the church, for the help given to the mission in the past; and a sure trust and confidence that His presence and aid will bless the future."

The public service closes with a hymn and prayer. But only a few then leave the chapel; for the services of the day are to be closed with the celebration of the holy communion. Those who remain have come once more to renew their covenant engagements with their God and Saviour on that well-loved spot, where they have been born again for the better and unchanging life of the heavenly world; and it is to gratify the desire of thousands that this sacramental service is appointed to be held. The few who have retired as non-communicants are barely sufficient to afford space for easy access to the communion place. Not only is the chapel crowded, but also the large band-room below; and hundreds have to wait outside who cannot obtain access to the building at all.

Probably never in the history of Methodism has there been such a numerous assemblage of communicants on the same spot at one time. They are to be counted by thousands. More than two thousand persons claim membership with this old sanctuary; and multitudes of others who are entitled to the privileges of Christian fellowship in Methodist churches are there, to unite, for the last time, in the sacramental ordinance beneath the roof which has so often resounded with their prayers and praises.

In addition to the minister upon whom has devolved the final services in the old sanctuary on this last day of its existence, three others, after discharging their duties elsewhere, have come to give their aid in the service. This, from the vast numbers gathered together, is likely to be a protracted one, and exhaustive of the physical energies which have already been severely taxed by the exercises of a laborious day.

Philip Chapman is there, a man of noble presence just ripened into full manhood, whose excellent gifts, nurtured and developed amongst the earliest residents in the training college for Wesleyan ministers, afford rich promise of usefulness; which is, alas! destined to be cut off by his early removal to the mansions above.

Robert Inglis is there, gifted in no ordinary degree with

a chastened eloquence that charms the multitude, and is destined to secure for him an honourable place among his brethren in the churches of Britain in after years.

Samuel Simmons is there, all unconscious that, like Moses, training amongst the flocks and herds of Horeb for the lofty position he was destined to occupy as the leader of Jehovah's chosen people, he is here being trained and moulded under the Master's hand, to stand in future years at the head of one of the educational institutions of Methodism; a position that shall invest him with power to influence in no small degree the destinies of the youth of the denomination.

The four ministers take their places within the communion rail, and proceed with the preliminaries of the solemn service. Then follows the distribution of the elements among themselves. Dense as the crowd is, there is perfect silence, and a solemn sense of Jehovah's presence pervades the congregation. Tears of varying emotion are flowing down many cheeks. In sweet, subdued, solemn cadence arise those words of beautiful meaning, sung by a thousand voices, felt in thousands of hearts:—

“Victim Divine, Thy grace we claim,
While thus Thy precious death we show:
Once offer'd up, a spotless Lamb,
In Thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.”

While these strains are going up before God, through the narrow opening in the crowd, which has been kept clear to afford access to the communion table, an aged couple slowly advance to the rail and kneel there by themselves. Both are enfeebled by age; and they are specimens of the classes who constitute the bulk of the Methodist churches. The one is pure black, the other of mixed blood,—a Mulatto,—and they come to the communion table alone, as the only surviving members of the first class formed in the land in connexion with the Methodist mission. One is William Harris, the other Sarah Wilkinson, the only survivors of the little society of Methodists formed by Dr. Coke on his first visit

to the island. Through many trying years they have, by a holy and blameless life, adorned their Christian profession and laboured in the Saviour's service. Favoured with few advantages of education, they have, under the constraining influence of Christian love, and by the power of a godly example, won many souls for Christ. Half a century has fled since they saw the house in which they are now assembled consecrated to Jehovah's service by the good Doctor, whose glorified spirit has been rejoicing before the throne, while his earthly remains have slumbered for many years beneath the surging waters of the Atlantic. During the interval, Sabbath after Sabbath, they have resorted to the holy place; often going to weep and pray in secret there alone with God, when the ministers of Christ were languishing in prison, and intolerant magistrates had barred the portals of the sanctuary, and compulsory silence reigned within its walls. As faithful class-leaders both have long laboured for Christ and for souls, evading, in the dark season of triumphant persecution, the vigilance of watchful foes and the restraints of municipal power, by meeting souls they watched over, and giving them Christian counsel and sympathy from week to week in the solitary burial ground amongst the tombs, or in the bustling streets. Poor and lowly as both these aged people are, many hearts around are stirred with emotions of profound veneration and love, as, with slow and tottering steps, they move forwards to kneel at the communion rail; for not a few in that congregation have been cheered and counselled in their Christian course by these faithful servants of Christ.

It is with peculiar feelings that the presiding minister hands to this pair of faithful pilgrims, now near the end of their journey, the emblems of their Saviour's dying love. He rejoices with them that besides the goodly multitude of redeemed spirits which, during the lapse of the fifty years since they gave themselves to Christ, have passed away from this land into the abodes of the blest, the little class of which they were the earliest members has expanded into numerous churches, scattered over all the land, whose living members

furnish an aggregate of more than twenty thousand souls. In a few words he congratulates them on the near prospect in which they exult of entering triumphantly the joy of their Lord; and they retire, as they approached, attended with the respect and reverence of all beholders.

This interesting episode finished, the multitude of communicants begin to approach the table. The crowd is great, but there is no pushing, no selfish striving for precedence. The true courtesy which the unselfishness of Christianity inspires pervades the entire assembly, maintaining a perfect order and quietude befitting the solemnity of the occasion. A cheerful preference is yielded to the aged and infirm. As the service goes on, a continuous stream pours down one side of the broad staircase to the rooms below, while another unbroken stream ascends on the other side to take the places they have vacated in the chapel above. Occasionally a hymn is sung to afford utterance to the devotional feelings of the multitude; but no time is lost. The four ministers are engaged continuously in the distribution of the sacred elements. Nine o'clock tolls from the adjacent church steeple. Then ten o'clock comes, and still the stream of communicants pours in and retires. Eleven o'clock finds the ministers weary *in*, but not *of*, their delightful toil, and it is still the same. Not until the midnight hour has been rung out in sonorous tones from the town clock do the people cease to come. Then, with the doxology and the closing prayer and benediction, the congregation is dismissed. Many of them linger, to look again and again upon the place, grown dingy with age, but endeared to their hearts by the precious memories of the past, associated with glorious hopes of the future, that have been awakened there.

Thus terminates a day never to be forgotten by the missionary whose privilege it has been to conduct the several services by which it has been occupied. These services will be classed among many strange and heart-stirring scenes which, in the good providence of God, have been permitted to mark and diversify a life that has not yet reached its manhood prime. He too lingers for a short time, to look

around upon the time-honoured walls, in which he has listened to and seen so much during the day to stir the profoundest depths of his nature, and produce impressions that can never be erased.

One scene is fresh in his recollection. Here only a few months ago it was his honour and privilege to stand up a few hours after the fetters of an unhallowed and unrighteous bondage had dropped at the midnight hour from the limbs of more than eight hundred thousand British slaves, and proclaim to the dominant class of the population,—now slaveholders no longer,—“Ye were now turned, and had done right in My sight, in proclaiming every one liberty to his neighbour.” (Jer. xxxiv. 15.)

Wearied with exhausting toil, continuing almost without intermission from six in the morning until after midnight, and which has strained to the fullest tension all his faculties of mind and body, he lays him down to find a welcome rest, devoutly grateful to Almighty God for the manifold blessings of that memorable day.

The sun has advanced several hours towards his zenith before the worn out energies of the missionary have been so recruited as to suffer him to rise. When he directs his footsteps to the large open square, on the eastern side of which the chapel which was the scene of the past day's labours occupies a prominent position, and lifts his eyes to the familiar spot, he beholds a ruin ! From early dawn the contractor has taken possession of the building ; and a large gang of labourers have been engaged in the work of demolition. Only a fragment of the roof is left upon the walls. And what a scene is presented all around ! All over the extensive square there are groups of people, amounting to some thousands, who have come from far and near to see, as they say, “the last of the old house.” It is a Bochim, for weeping and lamentation are all around. There are hundreds of sable faces bedewed with tears ; and loud and general are the expressions of regret which burst forth from the spectators, as they wring their hands and gaze upon the spoiling of the place, which, destitute of all architectural pretensions, has

been to them above every other spot on earth "the holy and the beautiful place."

Thus it continues through the day. One group of mourners succeeds another until the night closes in upon a heap of ruins. But out of these shall arise another and more commodious house of prayer, which, like the one giving place to it, is destined to resound with prayer and praise and the faithful proclamation of the grand saving truths of the Gospel. And the second sanctuary, like the first, shall become the honoured birth-place of a multitude of souls quickened there to spiritual and endless life, who when their redemption is completed at the end of time, shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father for ever and ever.

XXIX.

THE CURSE CAUSELESS.

LIVES there a savage ruder than the slave ?
—Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,
False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below,
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,
A Christian broker in the trade of blood ;
Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
He buys, he sells,—he steals, he kills for gold !

MONTGOMERY.

IF I could have my will, I would blow up the cursed seditious shop, hurl it down from the hill, and throw every brick and timber of it into the sea. I should like to see the —— chapel blasted with lightning and tumbled down from the rock.”

The speaker was the captain of a merchant ship then lying at anchor in Manchioneal Bay, at the east end of Jamaica, taking in her cargo of sugar and rum for an English port. He was a burly, coarse-looking man, whose countenance, bloated and fiery red, spoke of frequent and liberal potations, and marked him out as belonging to that numerous class of marine commanders whose intemperate habits are productive of more damage and destruction to ships, passengers, and cargoes, than all the fury of the elements ; and are the means of bringing about more shipwrecks than any other single cause whatever ; men fond of using the marlinespike upon the heads of their crews, and whose savage barbarities, practised upon the unfortunate sailors and boys entrusted to their control, not unfrequently furnish soul-harrowing details for the columns of the newspaper press.

This Captain B. had for some years been trading to Jamaica ports. Frequently lying there for several months together, while his cargo was being prepared or collected for him, he had formed intimate associations with some of the most hardened of the slave-driving fraternity; and he had become imbued with that brutal indifference to human suffering by which many of the Jamaica planters were characterized, from long familiarity with the worst atrocities incident to such a system of outrage and wrong. It was even whispered that in the evil days, when the British ensign floated over the deck of the slave-ship trading to the African coast, he had been in command of one of those floating hells, and had become familiarized with habits of reckless cruelty which more nearly assimilate men to fiends than anything else on this side of perdition. If such were the case, the shocking depravity and brutality by which the man was distinguished were sufficiently accounted for.

However this may be, Captain B. was a man ready for every evil work. Even in that sin-stained land, where all wickedness was rampant, none could imbibe deeper potations than he. None could surpass him in the utterance of blasphemous and horrible imprecations, which fell almost incessantly from his unhallowed lips and yet more polluted heart. None were more shameless in the practice of unbounded licentiousness and debauchery. That such a man should look with evil eye upon the benevolent work of the Christian missionary amongst the toil-worn slaves was not surprising; and that he should enter, heart and soul, into any persecuting measures of the Jamaica planters was to be looked for as a matter of course.

In the early part of 1832, when an unholy combination was formed by the plantocracy of Jamaica, to banish all missionary instructors of their slaves from the land, and to demolish all the sanctuaries in which the word of life was held forth to the oppressed, in order that the yoke of bondage might be more securely and permanently bound upon the down-trodden race, none were more forward and active than Captain B. in deeds of violence and sacrilege.

His ship, then lying in the north-side port, contributed ropes and blocks to promote the demolition of several houses of prayer. The men under his command, inflamed and maddened by a large allowance of rum, dealt out to them for the purpose, were marched from place to place to assist the planters in their fiendish rage to lay Christian sanctuaries level with the ground. In this Captain B. found a labour of love, toiling himself, with an energy he never devoted to any good or useful purpose, in the abortive effort to drive Christian teachers from the country by destroying their chapels and their dwellings.

It was about a year after these deeds of violence had been perpetrated, and whilst the demolished sanctuaries still lay in heaps of ruins, that the ship of which Captain B. was the commander, the "E——," had arrived in the small harbour of Manchioneal, to take in her cargo of sugar and rum. And it was shortly after she had dropped her anchor in the bay, that her captain, passing along the single street of the little village, lifted his eyes to a building occupying a beautiful and prominent situation far above him, and gave utterance, with oaths and curses, the repetition of which may not pollute our pages, to the words we have referred to. The building in question was a neat-looking Methodist place of worship, built of brick, and occupying a lovely position on the side of the hill, which rises abruptly from the beach along which the main road passes to the north of the island.

An enchanting landscape presented itself to view from the rocky platform on which the humble sanctuary had been placed. Just beneath was the little bay, hemmed in by dangerous reefs. Beyond this was seen the broad ocean, stretching away to the east in boundless perspective, with the vast rollers of the Atlantic breaking with thundering roar upon the reefs outside, sending clouds of snow-white spray high into the air. On either side stretched the iron-bound coast. The numerous plantations, with their massive sugar-works and vast fields of luxuriant cane, diversified and enriched with symmetrical cabbage-palms

and plume-topped cocoa-nut trees, exhibited a scene of wondrous beauty only to be looked upon within or near the tropics. With a malignity only equalled by its folly, this ruffianly man had joined with the St. Ann's and Trelawny planters in drunken vows and pledges that every missionary establishment should be overthrown; flattering themselves with the vain hope that the work of destruction they had commenced on the north side would go on until no missionary preaching place for the slaves could be found in the land.

In this expectation he had sailed from the island a few months before. All the fiend within him is aroused, and he raves like a maniac, when, hastening ashore, as soon as he has dropped his anchor in the bay, one of the first objects that arrests his attention is the Methodist chapel, confronting him in prominent security on the hill, the glass windows of the little sanctuary reflecting with dazzling brilliancy the rays of the morning sun. He stands heaping curses upon all missionaries and their chapels, and denouncing the cowardice of the planters in the neighbourhood, which has allowed the chapel before him to remain undestroyed. Shaking his clenched fist in impotent malice at the object of his wrath, he concludes his tirade of blasphemy and profaneness with the sentence already given: "If I could have my will, I would blow up the cursed sedition shop, hurl it from the hill, and throw every brick and timber of it into the sea. I should like to see the —— chapel blasted with lightning and tumble down from the rock."

His violence and loud denunciations have caused several persons to collect around him, wondering at the rage into which the sight of the uninjured chapel has thrown him. No one attempts to interrupt him until his rage seems to be somewhat exhausted. But when he has finished, a decent, middle-aged black woman steps up to him. Her heart has been stirred within her on hearing these impotent curses heaped upon the place which is dearer and more sacred to her than any other spot on earth, as having been the birth-place of her soul, and the scene of many a heartfelt joy.

Laying her hand gently upon his arm, she says, "Take care, cap'en, dat dem curse no come 'pon your own ship. Look out, cap'en, dat God no break dat ship to pieces, and trow him in de sea, for de bad word you speak here to-day." The blasphemer is—to use a nautical expression—brought up all standing by this unexpected rebuke, while the woman passes on, not disposed, apparently, to await the volley of abuse that might have been expected to follow it. But the blasphemer, content with bidding his reprover go to that dark region to which he himself was manifestly hastening, turns away, and takes his departure in the opposite direction.

In due time he gets his vessel loaded and takes his cargo in safety across the Atlantic; and after the lapse of some months the "E——" again drops her anchor in Manchioneal Bay. And here stands the chapel as before, its windows throwing back in golden glory the first bright rays of the morning sun. And there it is likely to remain; for during the last few months the power of the oppressor has been broken in these sunny isles, by the passing of the law which breaks off the manacles from nearly a million of British slaves. Already God has ordained His arrows against the persecutors; and not a few of the bold, bad men who had lifted sacrilegious hands against the sanctuaries of the living God are lying silent and powerless in the grave, to which they have been swept by the judgments of His hand. The reign of violence and persecution has been checked. The unholy band which for a season trampled down law and order, and filled the land with violence and wrong, has been shattered—broken in pieces like a potter's vessel.

Captain B. proceeds with the loading of his vessel, and she has her full cargo on board; filled to the hatches with the last produce of sugar and rum that is to be obtained, within the British West India Isles, by the unrequited hopeless toil of the slaves. It is in the early part of 1834, just after my removal to a new sphere of labour in the eastern district of the island, in which Manchioneal is included. On a lovely day in March I paid my first visit to the pleasant little town of Manchioneal. Travelling from

Bath in a gig, I was enchanted with the beautiful scenery on the way; especially the magnificent panorama of rural beauty spread before my eye as I gazed from Quar Hill upon the far-stretching plantations of the Plantain Garden river. Never before had I looked upon such a scene of Paradisaic loveliness. As I enter the little town where my journey is to terminate, I see the "E——" deep in the water, with the rich freight she has taken in. Riding gracefully at anchor in the land-locked bay, with all her sails bent ready to put to sea, she forms a prominent and pleasant object in the landscape, which varies continually as I drive along the beach, and round the points and bluffs that project into the road.

In conversation with the people, after reaching the end of my journey, I ascertain that the "E——" has completed her cargo nearly two weeks ago; but it is the peculiarity of this harbour that only a westerly wind will carry a loaded ship out of the bay; and the wind must have some force in it to carry her beyond the Carpenter's Reefs.

This is a very ugly, dangerous bed of rocks lying right across the entrance, upon which many hapless vessels have been cast, through venturing, with too light a breeze, to attempt to get out of the harbour, and face the great swelling billows of the Atlantic, which the trade winds send rolling directly into the bay with stupendous power. It is but seldom that a westerly wind does prevail there, and Captain B. has been waiting day after day, looking in vain for the favouring breeze.

Not remarkable for his patience and amiability at any time, he has brought himself, under the continued disappointment, into a mood which renders it as pleasant to approach him as it would be to meet a bear robbed of her whelps. Except among the planters, who are men of kindred spirit in this locality, he is an object of general dislike. He has boasted loudly of the part he took in the destruction of mission property in a distant part of the island. He has done all he could to stir up others to do the same here; and the anathemas he uttered against the chapel on the hill a

year ago, and the rebuke and warning administered to him by the Negro woman, have been matter of conversation in many a cottage and hut around the neighbourhood. He has therefore met with little sympathy as the weeks have rolled on, and his wind-bound ship failed to get to sea. The day on which I arrive upon the scene, and learn all these particulars from the people of the village, happens to be the day for the monthly muster of the militia of the parish; and the redoubtable captain has gone to dine with, and share the revels of, a party of planter officers, who are in the habit of celebrating such an occasion by a drunken carousal, in which Captain B. has not the least objection to participate.

A lovely night follows the beautiful day which marks my first visit to Manchioneal; and the brilliant moon in her second quarter is shedding floods of silver glory all around, when about ten o'clock I retire to the room prepared for me. I have not yet laid down to rest, when the loud booming report of a large gun awakens the echoes of the hills around, arousing many from their early slumbers, as I can hear from the hum of numerous voices floating upon the air. A few minutes elapse, and again the thundering of the cannon coming from the sea startles the listening inhabitants of the town, and proclaims that there is a vessel in distress at the mouth of the harbour. All eyes are directed to the bay, and it is discovered that the "E——" is no longer at her anchorage. Through the clear moonlight she can be seen with her sails fluttering in the utmost disorder, and, apparently, lying on her broadside, upon the Carpenter's Reef. The bay is calm and smooth. A crowd gathers on the beach, and a multitude of boats are soon pushing off in eager haste to render aid to the unfortunate vessel. It is not much, however, that they can do. The "E——" is in a position to become a hopeless wreck; for the "*curse causeless*," breathed by her captain upon the house of prayer, has fallen upon his own ship; and there, in perfectly fine weather, she lies cast away upon the rocks.

The facts which have led to the catastrophe soon transpire. The captain, inflamed and rendered foolhardy by the

large potations he has imbibed at the militia officers' party, arrived at the bay soon after dark; and, hailing his boat, immediately went on board. A slight westerly wind,—the first time for many weeks,—was blowing off the shore, and he at once gave orders for the anchor to be weighed, and for the ship to be put to sea. The mate, whose brain was not muddled with strong drink, ventured to remonstrate, and told the captain that the breeze was not sufficiently strong to carry the ship safely beyond the Carpenter's. With brutal curses he was bidden to "stop his jaw, and mind his own business." Not without dismal forebodings he proceeded to obey orders, and get the ship under weigh; and soon, with lifted anchor, the fine vessel, all her sails spread to the breeze, was slowly moving on her dangerous course to the mouth of the bay. As the mate had foreseen, before they got clear of the fatal bed of rocks, the wind failed, and every sail was flapping useless against the masts, leaving the vessel at the mercy of the heavy waves, rolling in with the full force of the trade-winds from the vast Atlantic Ocean. Too late the drunken commander was sobered by the peril upon which he had madly rushed. He saw the danger, but he was helpless. The ship was drifting back towards the rocks, and he ordered the two guns to be fired which gave the alarm on shore. In a few moments one monster wave lifted her for a second or two upon its crest, and then heaved her with a tremendous crash, by which her side was smashed in, high upon the Carpenter's Reef, where many a fair vessel before her had found a grave.

The shock has been sufficient to snap her masts asunder like carrots; and all three of them, with sails and rigging, have fallen over the side. There is, however, but little danger to life; for the ship is thrown high upon the reef, where she is likely to remain; and the shore is close at hand, with numerous boats ready in the bay, where the water is comparatively smooth, to come to the help of the crew.

These are the particulars which I gather concerning the wreck, partly on the beach, after the guns have given the signal of a ship in distress, and partly on following days as the

facts come gradually to light. "Me no wonder a bit, minister," says one of my informants, who seems to take a very lively interest in the melancholy event. "Sorry for dat cap'en lose him ship; but me no wonder, minister, dat de cuss come 'pon him own head. Me tell him so, minister. When him cuss de chapel, and wish to see him all broken down in pieces, and trow into de sea, me tell him, 'Take care, cap'en, de cuss no come 'pon your own ship. Take care God no break him in pieces when you go to sea.' And for sure de ship is now all going to pieces on de Carpenter Reef."

It is a mournful spectacle truly. The next day, Sunday, the weather is beautifully fine and the sea comparatively still. There, almost out of the water, lies the "E——," on her broadside, in such a position that, although it is evident she will be a total wreck, yet there is a hope that the larger portion of her valuable cargo may be rescued. Ere the dawn of another day this hope has vanished. A strong easterly breeze has set in, bringing a heavy rolling sea right into the bay. The mighty waves break over and soon break through the unfortunate vessel, washing out all her cargo, of which little beside some puncheons of rum can be saved. In a short time the wreck is broken all to pieces by the violence of the waves; and all that is left of the ship I saw so proudly riding upon the surface of the bay a few days ago is a quantity of broken, shattered timbers strewed upon the sands. Captain B., chagrined and greatly broken down by the magnitude of the calamity that has come upon him, took passage to England in a ship from another port, a sadder, and I hope, a wiser man. I never met with nor heard of him again.

XXX.

THE WEDDING.

ARE we not one? are we not joined by Heaven?
Each interwoven with the other's fate?
Are we not mix'd like streams of meeting rivers,
Whose blended waters are no more distinguished,
But roll into the sea one common flood?

Rowe.

“**T**HE bride come, minister, and all the party are in the chapel.” So spake Anthony, the chapel-keeper at E——, Barbadoes, as he made his appearance in my study one forenoon, to carry down the ponderous Marriage Register books, which were always kept there for safety, and were now required for use.

Proceeding immediately to the chapel close at hand, I found a large and gay party assembled. There were at least a dozen vehicles of various descriptions at the front of the chapel; several of them the handsome family equipages of the resident proprietors of the surrounding plantations. These gentlemen would sometimes kindly afford the use of their carriages when young people among their employés were about to enter into hymeneal relations, and they or their parents or friends had won the good will of their aristocratic neighbours. Consequently, a marriage among people of lowly condition in Barbadoes, or other West India colonies, is often marked by a degree of show and bustle that awakens the surprise of a stranger. Sometimes, if it happens to be a favourite domestic that appears as the bride, the ladies of the family will lend their jewels, gold chains, &c., for the occasion, and enable the sable maiden to present herself to her future lord adorned in almost Eastern splendour.

On the present occasion, the carriage of one of the principal men of the parish, drawn by a pair of powerful bays, and driven by a servant in half livery, had brought the bride and a coterie of her bridesmaids and friends to the chapel. Another vehicle, of a similar description, the pride of another wealthy proprietor in the vicinity, had brought the bridegroom and some of his friends; barouches, phaetons, and gigs making up the remainder of the imposing train. When all were assembled, the message was dispatched to the minister, who was awaiting it in his study, that the party had arrived, and all things were ready for the marriage.

On entering the chapel, I found a gathering of forty or fifty persons, all attired in the gayest costume; the lady portion of the company especially glittering with all the colours of the rainbow, and as many golden and gilded ornaments as they could by borrowing or other means press into service for the festive occasion. When I took my place within the communion rails, they gathered around the youthful couple who were to be the principal actors in the ceremony, standing in the centre, immediately in front of me. Both of them exhibited a complexion of the purest jet; but regular and symmetrical features, showing how powerful is the effect of advancing intelligence in modifying the expression of "the human face divine." Many of the Negroes in the British colonies, under the ameliorating influences of freedom, are becoming assimilated in their features to the European type. The broad, flat nose becomes less broad and flat in the next generation, and the thick, prominent lip becomes more thin and less prominent. It is by no means uncommon to find really handsome specimens of both sexes, graceful in face and figure, and, though black, yet comely. Such were the pair I was called upon to unite in matrimonial bonds.

The bride was very tastefully robed in purest white with abundance of ribbon adorning, and a fashionable bonnet, surmounted by the significant orange-flower wreath. Through the thin texture of the elaborate bridal veil could be seen

the pleasant-looking, youthful, sable countenance, exhibiting a slight, but only a slight, degree of the African type of feature, and radiant, when the veil was thrown back, with the happiness which should always attend upon the heaven-instituted ceremonial that is intended by its Divine Author to be a source of increasing joy and happiness to the human race. A rich gold chain, with brooch, earrings, and bracelets, graced the person of the bride, lent for the occasion by the mistress whose house she was leaving for the more humble roof of her future husband, and whose favour she had earned by faithful and respectful service. By the side of the pretty-looking, blooming bride, stood the young bridegroom, in a handsome suit of cloth, excepting the fine white vest, always deemed the most appropriate for the gentleman's bridal costume. New hat, highly polished boots, a glittering white silk cravat, and spotless kid gloves, completed the fitting-out of the young man whose dark face, surmounted by a carefully-dressed crop of woolly hair, showed scarcely any traces of the stereotyped African nose and lips. It only required a change of hue, to exhibit a face, (with small, regular, symmetrical features adapted to a well-formed, graceful, muscular person,) that many a wearer of a coronet would rejoice to see in the heir to his title and estates. New suits of broad cloth distinguishing the stronger sex, and a dazzling array of muslins and bareges, with silk stockings and coloured shoes, feathers and artificial flowers, gold jewellery and white kid gloves, with smiling black and tawny faces, and teeth glittering like pearls, amongst the softer sex, surrounded the young couple behind and on either hand, constituting altogether a somewhat imposing spectacle.

As soon as the bride was correctly placed at the left hand of her future lord, and the three or four bridesmaids had been arranged in position to render the service required of them during the ceremony, we proceeded with the business in hand. First of all, one of the bridesmaids adjusted the flowing veil of the bride, so that with open face she might utter the vows of fidelity, love, and obedience; while another proceeded at my request to draw off the delicate white

gloves, that with one hand she might respond to her lover's manly grasp when taking her over to himself, and on the other receive the golden pledge of a husband's fidelity and love. A short time sufficed for the solemn ceremonial that united them in unseverable bonds, making of the twain one flesh, and bringing them into relations that should materially influence the destinies of two immortal spirits through the ages of eternity. No frivolity or giggling marked the proceedings. A more becoming propriety could not have been maintained had it been the princely marriage of two scions of royalty in the cloistered abbey of Westminster or the stately chapel of St. James's palace. Devout responses were given to the prayers which went up to God on behalf of the youthful pair; the nuptial benediction was pronounced; and they stood before the now smiling crowd of relatives and friends declared in the name of the ever blessed Trinity to be man and wife. Before dismissing the assembly I thought it right to address a few remarks to the newly married pair, concerning the new course of life which lay before them, and the best way of avoiding the shoals and rocks upon which the happiness of multitudes who enter the marriage state is so often wrecked. The bride's attention I directed to the Divine admonition, so comprehensive, yet so natural and appropriate: "Let the wife see that she reverence her husband;" advising her to cultivate those habits of meekness and amiability and submissive love, which are so essential on the wife's part to the comfort and happiness of wedded life. Then turning to the young man, who had listened with earnest gravity and smiling approval to the counsels given to his young wife, I reminded him of the apostle's injunction, that "the husband should love his wife even as himself," always treating her with the kind and loving consideration and tenderness to which woman is entitled at the hands of man; and more especially at the hands of him to whom she has committed herself with all her heart's best love, and on whom her hopes of happiness for both worlds so materially depend. I was emphatic in deprecating as cowardly, and unworthy, and treacherous, the man who,

with his consciousness of superior strength, can treat a trusting wife, a loving woman, with the harshness and cruelty which we see many wives are made to suffer by those who are bound, in all honour and fidelity, to shield them as far as possible from every unkindly blast and every saddening influence, from whatever quarter it may come. The young man looked into my eyes with the greatest earnestness as I spoke to him, now and then turning a loving, smiling glance upon his bride. That he fully understood every word I addressed to him, I could perceive; but I could scarcely understand the expression that stole over his face as I continued, as if he felt some degree of difficulty or doubt concerning the matter I was urging upon his attention. Perplexity seemed to be the feeling that was working in his mind, and throwing something like a shadow upon his countenance. I went on until I finished what I had to say concerning the loving regard he should cherish towards his wife. Then my gravity was overpowered and put to flight when the young bridegroom, after bestowing a somewhat troubled glance upon the white-robed figure beside him, lifted his face to me, and said, with an air of perplexed, amusing, inimitable simplicity, "But, minister, if she don't behave well, musn't I whip she?"

I was so taken by surprise with this strange inquiry, that it was some time before I could feel grave enough to give a suitable reply. Then, of course, I told him that in the case of little children whipping might sometimes be requisite and salutary, but that in the case of a wife it was quite out of the question; and none but a coward, or a man of brutal habits, would lift his hand to strike a feeble woman; in which he and others around seemed smilingly to acquiesce. We then proceeded to make the necessary record of the marriage, in the original and duplicate registers, to which the young couple, with their chosen witnesses, appended their proper signatures, both being able to write. The bridegroom took his smiling bride upon his arm, and at the head of the gay and glittering party walked in procession to the carriages. These drove off as they were successively filled, a very lively and imposing cortège, conveying the numerous

guests to the ample feast which, through the savings of several years, had been provided by the young couple and their friends, to honour the nuptial day.

The remembrance of that marriage has often brought a smile to my lips, as I have thought of the bridegroom's unlooked for inquiry, and the simple and earnest way in which it was propounded. Several years after, on re-visiting the neighbourhood, the young husband, an industrious carpenter, came among the earliest to greet me. After the usual salutation, I said, "Well, Joseph, how is your wife?" and added, with a smile he perfectly understood, "I hope she has made you a good wife, and behaves well, and that you have never thought of whipping she." Showing a handsome set of the whitest teeth, he laughingly replied, "Him quite well minister, and him very good wife. Him no want the whip at all, minister; and after what minister say, I never intend to whip she."

XXXI.

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

YET still where whispers the small voice within,
Heard through gain's silence, and o'er glory's din ;
Whatever creed be taught, or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God.

BYRON.

“**V**ow and pay unto the Lord.” It is better not to vow than to leave the promise unfulfilled. In the West Indies, as in churches and congregations nearer home, many, especially among the young, become the subjects of religious impressions, in whom they never ripen into vital godliness,—the sound, experimental, practical piety, which characterises the true Christian. Various influences combine to check the operations of Divine grace ; and in them the good seed of the kingdom brings forth no fruit to perfection. The outward profession is maintained, but when the day of trial comes and the test is applied to them, they are found wanting.

Letitia B. was a person of this class. In connexion with one of the missionary churches in the island of Barbadoes there had been a gracious awakening and revival of religion. A goodly number of persons had been brought to Christ, and made wise unto salvation, through faith in His blood. Others had been powerfully wrought upon ; but resting short of conversion, in good desires and attention to outward forms and means of grace, continued strangers to the blessedness of those whose iniquity is forgiven, and whose sin is covered, and to the soul-renewing love of Christ shed abroad in the heart. Of the latter number was Letitia B., a young black woman, the daughter of pious parents, who resided in the neighbourhood, and had been for some years

upright, consistent members of the mission church. Letitia had learned to read, and was a young woman of some intelligence; but being of graceful form, and good features,—comely, though black,—of which she was by no means unconscious, she gave herself up to a love of finery and excessive adorning which, in too many instances, has proved a snare and a hindrance to young persons in her position in life.

Whether it was this besetment that prevented Letitia from surrendering herself fully to Christ and heartily embracing the great salvation in the day of gracious visitation, when the word reached her conscience, and, like Felix, she trembled before God, and felt the burden of her sins, and a desire to flee from the wrath to come, I am not able to say. But one thing is certain, that while becoming a professor of religion, and a regular attendant upon its ordinances, she settled down into the condition of one who desires, without experiencing, the blessedness of pure and undefiled religion; and when the time came for the exercise of self-denial in the cause of Christ, she failed to exhibit that adherence to principle and duty which the occasion required.

The erection of a school-house, and other improvements, in connexion with the Christian sanctuary where Letitia was accustomed to worship, called for the exercise of liberality on the part of the congregation; and many of them, though in straitened and difficult circumstances, cheerfully responded to the call made upon them, and placed their humble offerings upon the altar which sanctifies every gift. Influenced by the example of those around her, Letitia came forward with apparent cheerfulness, and requested that her name might be entered in the list of contributors for a dollar, which she was not prepared then to pay, but would pay in a short time. Letitia was industrious, occupying herself sometimes as a domestic servant, and at others in those light labours in the field in which women and girls were accustomed to be employed. She had her own cottage, for which she paid only a small sum for ground rent, and was in better circumstances to redeem the promise she had voluntarily

made than many of those who had, in a self-denying spirit, paid up all they had engaged to contribute towards the building of the school-house, in which the juveniles of the surrounding neighbourhood might be trained both in secular and religious knowledge. But somehow Letitia, in her own view of the case, never found herself able to pay the promised dollar. Many a smart new dress was exhibited upon Letitia's well-formed person, and many a gay new ribbon streamed in the breeze. The new silk mantle, and the bonnet of newest fashion, with its handsome wreath of artificial flowers on Sundays, and the brilliant handkerchief of many colours on week days, displayed the taste of the dress-loving Letitia, as she repaired to and occupied her place in the house of God; but still the promised dollar remained unpaid. The school-house and the other additions to the station were completed; and nearly a hundred children during the week, and a much larger number on the Sabbath, assembled to receive those elements of learning which were intended to fit them for acting their part in this life worthily, and prepare them for the undying joys of a blissful hereafter; and Letitia was often reminded by the officials of the church of the debt she owed to the treasurer: still the promised dollar was not paid.

Several years had passed, and I was expecting in a few weeks to remove to another and distant scene of labour, when one evening, after my weekly visit to the school, I was sitting on the chapel steps, occupying with a book the interval between the dismissal of the school and the time appointed for the usual week-day service. My attention was suddenly arrested by the voice of distress close at hand; and turning to look whence it came, I beheld Letitia weeping and sobbing as if she had experienced some great sorrow. "What is the matter, Letitia?" I inquired. "O minister," she replied, "me bin rob," meaning that she had been plundered. Then she went on to inform me, as tears rolled down her cheeks, and sobs frequently checked her utterance, that she had gone to Bridgetown on the preceding day, and when she returned she found that some one had entered her house in her absence, and broken open her box, which she

left safely locked under her bed, and had carried off some of her clothes, and all her money. "I am sorry for your loss, Letitia," I said. "I daresay the loss of your clothes will be a great trouble; but as you have never, in all these years, been rich enough to pay the dollar you promised towards building the school, your loss in money cannot be very great." "O minister," she said, "I wish I had given you that dollar, and then, perhaps, this trouble would not have come upon me; me very wrong, minister, not to pay the dollar."

"I think with you, Letitia, that you have been very wrong not to fulfil your promise; and to spend so much money as you must have done upon expensive articles of dress, scarcely becoming one in your condition of life. I have often looked upon your gay, flaunting attire with pain and sorrow. If you have lost only some of your useless finery I do not think there is much cause for you to break your heart about it."

"O, but minister! dem take away all my money." "Well, what amount had you in your box?" I inquired, expecting to hear her name some trifling sum. "Dem rob me of eighty-three dollars, minister,"—a sum equal, in sterling money, to seventeen pounds fifteen shillings and tenpence. Surprised to hear that she was in possession of such a sum after lavishing so much as I knew she must have done on the decoration of her person, I asked her how she had managed to save so much. Then she informed me that she had reared a cow, and sold it for forty dollars, as it was a good one for yielding milk; and she had sold two calves and several pigs that she had reared.

In this way she had, in the course of several years, amassed the sum specified, beside the amount spent in articles of dress, and three dollars which she had withdrawn from her store, before taking her departure to the city, for the purpose of adding something to her cherished store of finery. Poor Letitia wept very bitterly as I pointed out to her the dissimulation and wrong of which she had been guilty; keeping back from the fulfilment of the promise she had given,

while for years she had a considerable sum of money hoarded in her box, from which she might have taken the dollar and scarcely have missed it. I agreed with her that, if she had done what was right and just when she had it in her power to do so, the Lord, who ordereth all things in heaven and earth, and without whose permission not a sparrow falleth to the ground, might not have allowed this great loss to come upon her.

I further pointed out to her that she had lost all her money, and still she owed the dollar which she had promised to the church. The weeping girl declared that she would pay it as soon as she possibly could. She had not done so when I transferred my charge in that island to a successor; for I do not think she was in circumstances to do so. Whether she has since paid it I am not able to say; but I believe Letitia went away that evening more alive than she had ever been to the evil of covetousness, and more deeply impressed with the force of those words of inspired wisdom of which I reminded her: "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

XXXII.

THE MURDERED CHILD.

THE voice of blood
Passes heaven's gates, ev'n ere the crimson flood
Sinks through the greensward !

MRS. HEMANS.

THROUGH the low, flat colony of British Guiana, on the northern coast of South America, several broad, majestic rivers flow into the ocean, tinging its waters, to a distance of nearly a hundred miles, with the vast quantities of light, earthy matter they bear down on their bosoms from the far interior of the wide-stretching continent. The Essequibo, which separates the county to which it gives its name from the neighbouring county of Demerara, is more than twenty miles wide upon the coast, where travellers from the one county to the other have to cross it. It has several islands of considerable extent at its mouth ; one of them, scarcely under cultivation at all, containing as large an area as the productive island of Barbadoes, which exports, some years, from sixty to seventy thousand hogsheads of sugar. Three of these mighty streams flow through the colony,—the Essequibo, the Demerara, and the Berbice,—each giving its name to a division of the “magnificent province,” as it has not unaptly been designated.

Between these rivers are other streams, which are called creeks, some of them as wide as the Thames at London. Unlike the thick and muddy water of the rivers, that in the creeks is transparent, though dark as strong, clear coffee, and soft and pleasant to the taste. The creeks receive the drainings of the vast savannahs and wide-spreading forests of the continent, after the heavy rains that fall in those equatorial regions, and the water, being stained by the roots and

herbage with which it is brought in contact, receives the dark tinge that makes it appear, when gathered in a body, almost black. The scenery on the creeks is grand and picturesque in the extreme. The dark, clear, placid waters form a perfect mirror, reflecting every object on the banks and overhead so vividly and clearly that it is difficult to distinguish, at a short distance, where the shadow and the substance meet. The massive forest trees on either side, the growth of many centuries, frequently intermingle their vast umbrageous branches eighty or a hundred feet above the surface of the creek, forming a beautiful archway for miles, and affording to the traveller a perfect screen from the scorching rays of the vertical sun ; and, as he casts his eyes over the edge of the canoe into the dark, transparent stream, he seems to be looking down, through a forest of leaves and branches, into unfathomable depths,

“Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr’d with sparkling gold.”

The perfection of sylvan beauty and grandeur is to be met with in rowing or paddling on the creeks in the interior of Guiana. The water is smooth as glass, unmarked by a ripple, except where a monster alligator, disturbed in his slumbers, rolls lazily from the bank with a heavy plunge into his favourite element ; or an immense camoodie snake (the South American boa constrictor) is seen pursuing his sinuous course, near the surface, from one bank to the other. In those secluded retreats these creatures abound in the waters ; and, being seldom molested, grow to formidable proportions. Numerous birds of splendid plumage may be seen flitting from tree to tree ; while multitudes of butterflies and moths, of unusual size and bright with all the hues of the rainbow, pursue their erratic course. Right overhead, not unfrequently, troops of baboons and monkeys are to be seen, gambolling amid the lofty branches, secure from the ravenous creatures of various kinds that roam the forest underneath them in search of prey. Flocks of macaws, glittering in varied dazzling colours, with their

hoarse screamings, and immense multitudes of parrots, generally sweeping through the air in pairs, shrieking their peculiar monotone, disturb the deep silence of the forest glades.

Occasionally the traveller meets a fleet of Indian corioles, (or canoes,) filled with the swarthy long-haired aborigines of the land; the chief men, it may be, dignified with the splendours of a cotton shirt; but all the rest, men, women, and children, utterly nude, or with only an apron of a few inches square to serve as an apology for dress. These wild children of the forest are paddling down to the cultivated portions of the colony on the coast, to dispose of the grass and cotton hammocks, baskets, and fans which they have learned to manufacture; or to barter the casareep, obtained from the poisonous cassava, for the gunpowder and lead they have learned to use in the chase. The abrupt appearance of these savage denizens of the far-stretching South American wilds awakens painful emotions in the breast of the Christian traveller, who remembers the sad fate of the Indians found in the West Indies, by Columbus. Numerous tribes and nations of the aborigines are scattered over this vast continent, retaining unbroken their barbarous habits, and scarcely reached at all by the civilizing and elevating influences of Christianity.

On the smaller creeks, such as the Madowinie and the Camoonie, which flow into the Demerara river, the canoe of the traveller pushes its way through vast beds of the magnificent *Victoria Regia*, whose broad, bright green leaves lie placidly floating upon the surface of the stream, together with the splendid white flower that blooms upon it, whose slender stalk, always proportioned to the depth of the water, is just of sufficient length to permit its pure graceful beauty to repose on the bosom of the dark water which is its natural resting place.

On the banks of one of the largest of these darkly flowing creeks, at no great distance from the sea, there is a large cattle farm, named Broomlands, occupied by a coloured gentleman and his family, where the ministers of Christ,

no matter of what denomination, always find a cheerful welcome, and receive abundant hospitality. The farm itself is of large extent, devoted to the rearing of horned stock, of which there are fourteen or fifteen hundred belonging to it. These graze, in common with the stock of many other farms, on the immense savannahs which, like the prairies of the northern continent before the white man invaded their solitude, lie embosomed in the dense forests stretching across from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The prowling tiger of South America not unfrequently makes a descent upon these herds, when driven by hunger to approach the coast, and commits great depredations, until the inhabitants rise and hunt him to his death. The formidable alligator and the boa constrictor lurking in the trenches and canals by which the farms are intersected in all directions, to serve the twofold purpose of road and drainage, make sad havoc among the smaller stock, the pigs and goats and poultry with which these farms abound.

The farm house at Broomlands is pleasantly situated, and surrounded by meadows. These are divided, not by walls or fences, but by deep trenches filled with water, and with banks considerably raised, commonly called dams, to prevent the trenches overflowing and covering the meadows in the wet seasons. Sporting upon low-lying fields are often to be seen the stork, and the crane, and the flamingo, with numerous flocks of other wild fowl, that delight in marshy or watery places, many of them exhibiting a magnificent plumage.

Sometimes as the family sit in the cool broad piazza of the farm-house enjoying the balmy evening breeze, the loud screaming of an unfortunate pig, at a little distance, announces that while wandering on the dam, a monster boa-constrictor, stealing softly and silently from the water, has pounced upon the luckless swine, and his bones are being crushed within the powerful folds of the serpent, which, with almost the rapidity of lightning has enwrapped him in his fatal coils. At another time, the loud angry splashing of the water not far off tells of a fierce conflict between an alligator and a

camoodie snake, which have met while prowling in the trenches of the farm in search of prey.

On the writer's first visit to the farm in 1861, he received the present of a snake's skin, about twenty feet in length, which he found nailed up to dry on one of the out-buildings. A few days before, this creature had seized a hog in its deadly embrace on one of the dams near the house. The proprietor, hearing the scream of the dying animal, and understanding the cause, took his rifle, and hastening in the direction whence the sound proceeded, found the serpent in the act of quietly crushing his victim to death. With its prey in its coil the serpent is comparatively harmless and defenceless. So that, stepping up near to the head of the monster, he sent a rifle ball through its head, too late, however, to save the unfortunate pig, which had been crushed out of all shape by its terrible destroyer. At a subsequent visit while sitting, on a pleasant afternoon, in the piazza, the water in one of the broader trenches at a little distance suddenly became greatly agitated. On proceeding to the spot, it was found that a deadly struggle was going on between an alligator and a boa constrictor, both of large size. The conflict was fierce, but not protracted. It terminated shortly after we reached the place. The muddy condition of the water rendered it difficult to ascertain which was the victor; but probably it was the serpent, as they finally sunk out of sight, the alligator firmly held, and seemingly almost helpless, in the folds of its powerful enemy.

The farm, under the skilful management of Mr. J., its proprietor, abounds with all that can contribute to the comfort of a family, and is a source of considerable wealth. When it came into the hands of its present owner, it had, through neglect and want of energetic management, become almost a wilderness, and the large herds of cattle that had formerly grazed in its meadows were fast dwindling away. After the death of its former proprietor, a Dutchman, the farm passed into the hands of his widow, who did the best she could with it and the family of small fatherless children that were left to her care. But those upon whom she relied

in her widowhood afforded her little effectual aid or counsel, and the estate, a valuable one in itself, was fast sinking to ruin. The trenches, left to themselves, and never cleaned out to allow of free drainage of the land, were becoming choked up; and the fine meadows, soon covered with bush where vegetation is so rank, were rapidly changing into a vast morass. The buildings of the farm, all of wood, were becoming dilapidated through neglect of needful repairs, or falling into ruin through the destructive ravages of the wood ant. A short time would have seen the widow and family without a home; and, though surrounded with hundreds of acres of the most fertile land in the world, sunk in poverty and distress. At this juncture she wisely determined to commit herself and children to the care of the husband a gracious Providence threw in her way; and, under the judicious management of Mr. J., the wilderness became an earthly paradise; the abode of peace and piety, and comfort and plenty.

A new, substantial, well built house of three stories, commodious and furnished with all the appliances of elegant comfort, rose upon the site of the old decayed farm-dwelling; where daily the sweet sounds of the morning and evening song of praise, with a melodious accompaniment, told of the God fearing family and the domestic altar; and the lively tones of the well-tuned piano spoke of religious cheerfulness dispelling the gloom of loneliness, and testifying that wisdom's ways are everywhere ways of pleasantness. With the trenches cleared, and the meadows drained, and fields and plantain walks brought into good cultivation, the farm, under the skilful care and far-seeing management of its new master, soon became one of the most productive and valuable on the coast. Those who wish to enjoy all kinds of tropical fruit, and vegetables of the finest quality, and in the highest state of perfection, may find them at Broomlands. There, too, under the watchful care of the matron of the farm notwithstanding the considerable levy made upon her young broods by snakes and alligators, some of the finest common poultry, ducks, and geese, and turkeys, and guinea fowl, are

reared that are produced in the colony. Turtle, and fresh and salt-water fish, venison, and varieties of wild fowl, are easily procurable; and honey and sugar and milk abound. Fine coffee grows upon the farm, and thousands of cocoa-nut trees, valuable as beautiful, planted with judicious foresight by the present owner, are growing up about the farm, to lend to it additional grace and beauty, and yield in a few years an ample revenue, each tree, putting forth its fruit about every month, being calculated to yield at least five dollars (£20. 10s. sterling) per annum to its owner. Bunches of luscious grapes, enclosed in muslin bags to protect them from the marabunta wasp and the numerous flocks of birds that love to feast upon them, hang from a capacious grape-arbour in the well-enclosed garden. And here are to be found, throughout the whole year of perpetual summer, in full bloom, many varieties of rare plants and flowers native to this equatorial region, mingling with European exotics, that, with kindliness equal to their sweetness and beauty, have adapted themselves to the genial climate, and flourish luxuriantly.

Many times have I visited this pleasant place and pleasant family; sometimes to preach, or to attend the missionary meeting, in the village chapel on the coast, about a mile distant from the farm, where the Mahai-cony creek discharges its black mass of waters into the Atlantic Ocean. In the neat sanctuary, erected and kept in repair largely through the liberality of the Broomlands family, Mr. J. himself, in the absence of the circuit minister, often officiates, in the capacity of local preacher, an office for which he is qualified by the possession of a well-cultured mind and extensive reading. At other times the object of my pleasant visits has been, to avail myself of a few days' relaxation from the exhaustive toil of a station near the equator, and enjoy the delights of a pic-nic excursion in the Broomlands large boat, built expressly for such purposes, up the wide creek, ninety or a hundred miles into the interior. Here, in the primeval forest, in huts reared under the shade of the giant trees,

spreading their lowest branches sixty or eighty feet above us, we could sling our hammocks and rest with little fear that prowling tigers or dangerous serpents would venture within the circle of fires kept constantly burning during the darkness all around our encampment.

Unbounded kindness and hospitality always awaited the minister of Christ at Broomlands, heightened by the gentlemanly courtesy of the master of the house, and the Christian sweetness and excellent housewifery of his partner, whose kind heart ever finds its chief joy in ministering comfort and happiness to others. Both of them, by a swarthy complexion, show that the blood of Africa, or of the aboriginal Indians, flows in their veins; and, by the constant exhibition of those amiable and noble qualities which impart lustre to social life, prove that a white skin is not essential to the highest degrees and development of moral excellence.

Mrs. J.'s first family, two boys and two girls, have, through the improvement of the estate by a conscientious husband and stepfather, been favoured with superior educational advantages. One of the boys, before reaching ripe manhood, has sunk to the grave; and one of the girls has been married to a medical practitioner. Two younger children, a boy and a girl, the fruit of the second marriage, enliven this cheerful Christian home, which exerts an influence for good upon many homes of the surrounding neighbourhood.

But dark is the cloud of sorrow, though unseen, which is about to break upon this peaceful, prosperous homestead, and extinguish some of the best and brightest hopes of the family. The children are respectively about nine and seven years of age. Upon the youngest, a bright, intelligent boy of indomitable activity and energy, are concentrated the most precious hopes of both parents. They delight in the thought that, with the aid of that liberal education they are preparing to bestow upon him, he will, in due time, become a well-qualified agent for the Lord's service in preaching the ever-blessed Gospel; a work to which his

young mind, already moved by gracious impulses, seems to have a bent from the earliest days of its dawning intelligence. How would those parent hearts be riven with anguish could they foresee the tragedy that is to desolate and blast that pleasing prospect!

There is, among the servants of the household, a low-browed, ill-favoured Negro girl, bearing the name of Molly James; whose countenance is the index of a sullen, malignant disposition. The vicious character of the girl has been her chief recommendation to the kind loving heart of the matron at the head of the house, who has taken her into employment from a neighbouring cottage, solely with the view of being able to do her good, by bringing the evil-minded one under the softening, ameliorating influences that pervade a Christian household, and imparting to her the benefit of religious instruction and training. Her chief occupation in the family of her benefactress is to perform such little offices for the children as she is capable of; and much of her time is spent in sharing their sports. Molly is not only observed to be of an unamiable, ferocious disposition, but she is an incorrigible pilferer; and though supplied with food without stint, takes every opportunity of laying her mistress's more private stores of dainties under contribution.

The little Eddy, the pride and darling of the house, has more than once informed his mother of these depredations on the part of Molly, committed when he was present, and thus awakened against himself on her part a strongly vindictive feeling; and when, in rough play Molly, in common with his own sister, has been somewhat more rudely handled by the romping, lively boy than she approved, she has been observed casting towards him looks of cutting, bitter hatred, and heard to mutter words that savoured of revenge. But none for a moment dreamed of the deadly purposes secretly cherished in her breast.

It is a pleasant day in August, 1864, like many that have preceded it, and in a cloudless sky the sun is declining to the west: his slanting rays deprived of much of their

fierceness making exercise in the open air a source of enjoyment. It is about five o'clock when the girl Molly is seen passing through the back gate leading to the stock pen. A few minutes afterwards Eddy, in wild hilarity, is also seen scampering in the same direction, with his toy whip flourishing in his hand. And that is the last that is seen of him in life, except by his murderer; for shortly afterwards, probably only a few brief minutes, that vigorous promising young life is extinguished suddenly by a violent death.

When the shades of the evening are closing in, Eddy is called for at the tea table; but the boy is nowhere to be found. His name is loudly shouted in all directions by the domestics, and there is no response; but Molly is seen approaching from one of the trenches behind the house, with her clothes all wet, as if she had been in the trench, or her frock had been newly washed. On being questioned about the child, she declares that she does not know where he is; but she had seen him, not long before, passing through the front gate. Serious alarm is now excited in the family by the unaccountable disappearance of the child, and persons are sent to examine the trenches in the direction whither Molly reports him to have gone. Some labourers at work about the front gate are questioned; and they all affirm that they have not seen him, and that he cannot have passed that way. Attention is then directed to the back of the house; and after a short search, a loud bitter outcry announces that some painful discovery has been made. The agonized parents rush to the spot, and there, overwhelmed with horror, they behold the dead body of their child near the pig pen, stretched upon some tall grass growing in an old filled up trench. He is lying upon his back, and except the face, which appears to have been washed, covered with black mud of a kind not at all corresponding with the spot on which the body has been found. After the lifeless form has been removed to the house, and a medical man sent for, further examination of the scene of death shows a trail along which the body has been dragged

for some distance, and ending at the place where it is too evident the cruel deed has been done, and the child hurled out of life by violent and relentless hands. There, in a spot covered with thick black mud, the partly dried, offensive drainings of the pig pen, as the marks clearly show, the poor boy has breathed out his young life in agony under the pressure of malignant cruelty. There is no wound upon the tender body, but bruised marks about the head. He has died from suffocation; and this effect could only have been produced by the face having been violently pressed down in the foul putrid mud, so as to prevent respiration until all the functions of life were stopped.

Who can describe the grief of the heart-stricken parents, the overwhelming anguish which crushes them down to find their precious child, the darling of the house, so bright and gay and sportive, so full of promise in the vigour of his physical and mental developement, thus snatched in a moment from their embraces, and in a manner so revolting and so cruel? Ah! it may be there has been too much of idolatry in the absorbing love they have lavished upon the handsome boy. Or He whose all-searching eye looks through the future, and sees all possibilities, and all tendencies and results, may have seen how those fine qualities of the child, which they admired and loved so ardently, would become ruinous snares and sources of danger in the pathway of life; and in answer to their prayers for the eternal welfare of the object of their solicitude, and in very tenderness and love to him and them, He may have taken him away from the evil to come. What we know not now we shall know hereafter. But who can have done the wicked deed? It is not, alas! difficult to conjecture. Who but the sullen, vicious girl, whose dark, vindictive scowls and muttered threats have been, unhappily, too little regarded? Who but she in whose company the boy was last seen; and who endeavoured to mislead those who were in search of him when he was first missed? It is now remembered that Molly James was seen coming from the trench, not far from the place where the body was discovered, as soon

as the alarm was given. The wet frock, also, as if newly washed, that also is remembered; and there can be little doubt that she is the guilty one by whose wicked hands the boy has been done to death. She is placed in custody, maintaining a sullen silence, and her countenance still retaining the angry scowl imparted to it by the fierce malignant passions to which she has given such fatal indulgence. Not a shadow of doubt as to the perpetrator of the crime remains, when, on the following day, all the incidents associated with the murder and its discovery are brought together before the coroner's jury in the presence of the girl. All of them point to her and to none other, and the unanimous verdict of the jury sends her to the grand court of assize at George Town for trial on the charge of wilful murder.

Three months have passed, and the court is sitting. An able and impartial judge, Chief Justice Beaumont, presides. A respectable and intelligent jury is impanelled. A large concourse of persons is assembled; for the child-murder has awakened an intense feeling of interest throughout the colony; and Molly James stands at the bar arraigned on the capital charge. Two days are devoted to a most careful investigation of the case. The prosecuting counsel exhibit far more of commiseration than of harshness towards the accused. The judge, while exercising all his eminent ability to set the facts fairly and fully before the jury, shows almost tenderness towards the child-criminal before him. An able barrister, retained by the court to defend the prisoner gratuitously, subjects every witness to a rigid cross-examination, and seeks to turn all the facts, as far as legal skill and subtilty can do so, to the advantage of his client. But only one conclusion can, with truth and justice, be arrived at. The girl, Molly James, is "guilty of the murder." Such is the unanimous verdict of the jury. The chief justice assumes the fatal black cap; and after a touching address to the criminal, which draws tears from all eyes in the court, and is often interrupted by his own emotions, he pronounces

the terrible sentence of the law, which is to consign her to an early and ignominious death.

The verdict and the sentence were just. The writer knew the girl very well, from his frequent intercourse with the family at Broomlands, and had many interviews with her in the prison before and after trial, seeking to awaken her to a right sense of her guilt and danger. Of a low, sullen, brutal nature, it was difficult to arouse her moral faculties in any degree, or call forth any manifestation of moral sensibility. Old sinners with seared conscience and indurated heart he has often fallen in with; but one so young, and yet so obtuse and hardened, he never met before. Yet even that callous nature was not beyond the influence of religious feeling. She quailed when the thought of standing before God, and facing the solemnities of the eternal world, was placed before her; and she wept in prayer, and read the Holy Scriptures, after she was sentenced to die. Even before her trial, she acknowledged to the writer that she "killed Master Eddy;" but it was not until she was under sentence, when concealment could avail nothing, that she confessed all the details of the murder. She had for a long time resolved to kill the boy because he "*told upon her*;" and she watched for an opportunity. On the afternoon of the murder, with dark and deadly purposes in her heart, she asked him to go and play at the pig-pen, for she knew no one was likely to see them there. He refused, but she went, expecting that he would follow her; and in a few minutes she saw him come galloping towards her with his whip. He struck her playfully with the whip as he came up; and she rushed upon him at once, and with all the strength she could exert, struck him to the ground, and fell upon him. Both of them fell into the thick mud flowing from the pig-pen; and, to prevent his crying out, she held down his face in the dirt till he ceased to struggle; and then she sat upon his head, and afterwards stood upon him, keeping him down until she thought he was dead. He was never able to utter one cry, for she "held him down so hard." Thinking some one might come to the pig-pen, she dragged the body away

from the place where she killed him, to the old trench, and placed it among the grass where it was found, intending when it was dark, and no one was about, to drag it to the large trench, and throw it in the water, that it might be supposed he was accidentally drowned, while playing near the water. It had not occurred to her that the child would be missed so soon, and that there would be an alarm and a search made for him in all directions, and thus her purpose would be defeated. So it often is with evil-doers. A slight defect in the well-laid plan—a trivial oversight—furnishes the clue which leads to detection, and the foul deed, and its perpetrator though covered, it is supposed, with impenetrable darkness, are laid open to the light of day.

The child-murderer was suffered to escape the extreme penalty of the law because of her youth. Several ministers, of whom the writer was one, and others, thought it right, on this ground to petition the executive for a mitigation of the capital sentence, as there was something revolting in the idea of a girl only fourteen years of age dying upon the gallows. Sir Francis Hincks, the governor-general, admitting the force of such a plea, respited the criminal shortly before the time appointed for her execution, and she now lingers out a wretched, crime-stained existence in one of the prisons of British Guiana.

XXXIII.

OUR HOME UPON THE DEEP.

THE sea is mighty; but a Mightier sways
His restless billows. Thou, whose hands have scooped
His boundless gulfs and built his shore; Thy breath,
That moved, in the beginning, o'er his face,
Moves o'er it evermore. The obedient waves
To its strong motion roll, and rise and fall.

BRYANT.

A BEAUTIFUL summer day favoured our journey from London to Liverpool, when, in the early part of October, 1868, with my wife and two daughters, I proceeded to that mart of British commerce, to embark, *via* New York, for a new sphere of missionary labour in the West Indies, amid whose many scenes thirty of the best years of my life have been spent.

But dark, rainy, and chilly broke the following morning, when, after procuring a few articles necessary for warmth and comfort at sea, we proceeded, in accordance with the printed notice handed to us when we obtained our passage-ticket, to the south end of the Prince's landing-stage, to meet the tender which was to convey us to our temporary home upon the deep. We alighted from our cab, and hastened through a pitiless shower, by a roundabout way, to the tender; our baggage, with ourselves, receiving all the benefit of the fiercely driving wind and rain. Stepping from the landing-stage on board the little vessel, we found but little protection there from the chilling blast and the soaking rain. True, there was what was called the cabin, a small, stifling room underneath the deck; but as this unsavoury place seemed excellently adapted to bring on prema-

turely all the discomfort of sea-sickness, and the passengers thought it as well to wait for this until they reached the larger vessel, it was ignored, except by one or two whose delicate condition of health rendered the exposure to wind and rain on the deck a matter of serious hazard to their lives.

Wrapping themselves in waterproof cloaks, pea-jackets, fur tippets, &c., and spreading their umbrellas, the passengers set themselves to face the inclement weather as best they could; the miserable apology for an awning consisting of a piece of old canvas which overspread the deck, only serving to collect the descending rain, and pour it down in continuous streams upon those who were compelled to stand beneath it, because they could not obtain standing ground elsewhere in the uncomfortable and dirty little craft. How despicable is the sordid meanness of a wealthy Company, which thus exposes ladies and delicate children and sick persons, who embark on the vessels of their line, to dangerous risk of health and life, in order to save the small expenditure of fitting up a decent and respectable tender-boat, with a commodious deck saloon, in which passengers, compelled to entrust themselves to the tender mercies of the Company, may be protected from unpleasant and dangerous exposure, in being conveyed to and from their vessels!

After some half-hour's delay beyond the time announced for her departure from the landing-stage, during which the crowd of passengers covering the deck became chilled with the wind, and their baggage soaked with the unceasing rain, the tender pushed out into the river. Soon we found ourselves approaching the "Tripoli," one of the Cunard line of steamers, which was about to become our home upon the deep; and distinguished from the numerous vessels around by the stars and stripes flying at her stern, and the well-known signal for sailing,—the blue Peter,—floating from her mast head. Lightly she sat upon the water, and gracefully rose and fell, as the light waves which rolled into the river passed beneath her. All eyes were turned towards the noble steamer with which we were about to form a more intimate

acquaintance. We beheld a long and narrow vessel of more than two thousand tons' burthen, carrying two square-rigged masts, with a capacious red funnel tipped with black, out of which volumes of black smoke were pouring, showing that she only waited the arrival of her passengers to commence her voyage across the wide Atlantic. Her fore-decks were already crowded with several hundred steerage passengers, who had been conveyed on board at an earlier hour of the day. The little steamer is soon alongside her more majestic principal; a stage is thrown across, sloping upward to the deck of the larger vessel, and, in a few moments, all the cabin passengers have found their way on board. There they shelter from the still falling rain, while the large heaps of baggage are transferred to the "Tripoli's" decks, though not until many packages have been thoroughly soaked by their exposure to the wet; from which a few tarpaulins would have protected them, if due care were exercised by the company to preserve their passengers from injury and loss.

Not a little confusion prevails on board for a little while, until the sixty or seventy new arrivals have found the berths numbered upon their tickets, and got their cabin luggage safely deposited in their respective state-rooms. Meanwhile a portion of the crew are occupied in passing down the hatchway to the dry baggage-room in the centre of the vessel the numerous neat packages and trunks which are not required for use during the voyage. Before this has been completed, the anchor has been lifted, and the "Tripoli" is moving under full steam down the Mersey into the Irish sea. Once more we have left the favoured land within whose shores are to be found some of the brightest examples of Christian purity and the richest scenes of self-denying benevolence that gladden this world of ours; and some of the most unfathomable depths of crime and woe to which depravity can sink,—extremes of good and evil over which angels in their bright abode may rejoice, and devils exult and triumph.

The arrangements of our new home appear to be con-

venient. The saloon is built upon the deck, extending about twenty-four feet in length, and covering the whole breadth of the ship except a narrow passage on either side, which serve as the means of communication between the steward's pantry and the galley. Four plate glass windows on either side afford abundance both of light and ventilation. The handsome fittings of the saloon are of bird's-eye maple, with mahogany settees and tables; and a broad sofa-like seat, well stuffed and easy, covered with crimson velvet, runs all round the comfortable apartment, except one end, which is occupied with handsome cupboard sideboards with marble tops, and surmounted with large and costly mirrors in massive gilded frames. On the same deck are the ladies' saloon and the first class state-rooms. On the deck underneath are situated ranges of second and third class state-rooms for the cabin passengers. We inquire for the state-rooms marked 1 and 2 and 23 and 24 on the saloon deck, and find ourselves in comfortable, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, each containing a well stuffed sofa, and as commodious and well furnished as we can expect to find rooms in a moveable and crowded home at sea.

A smooth and pleasant passage of about twenty-four hours brings us into Queenstown harbour, where, as we enter, we meet the "Colorado," a fine screw steamer, just passing out crowded with passengers, and bound, like ourselves, for New York. Coming to anchor, we await the coming off of the tender, which is soon seen approaching with a considerable number of Irish passengers. These are expeditiously transhipped, with the huge heap of their baggage and bedding that is piled up amidships. They are all of the steerage class, emigrants going out to join the multitudes which the emerald isle has sent forth to people the vast regions of the far west, and add strength to the giant republic of the new world. Scarcely an hour has elapsed when the anchor is raised; the bell rings to warn the crowd of apple-selling girls who have come on board to vend their treasures, that they must take their departure. The tender is cast off, the screw re-commences its play, and we are again gliding outwards

beneath the batteries that defend the harbour to the open sea. Our voyage has commenced in earnest, and for a while our home is on the deep.

Within its narrow confines there are between five and six hundred souls. Several hundreds of these are Germans, who have bidden farewell to their fatherland, and are going to join the thousands of their countrymen in the far off land where wealth, and luxury, and social distinction have crowned the efforts of not a few of them; and where multitudes more, settled on their own ample farms, realize an amount of comfort not within their reach in the land of their birth; giving back to their country the inestimable blessings of that pure and undefiled religion, to the knowledge of which they have been brought in the land of the stranger. A considerable number more are Irish emigrants who embarked at Queenstown. All these find comfortable accommodation in the fore part of the ship set apart for steerage passengers, but spend as much of their time on deck as the boisterous weather will allow. Old men and maidens, young men and children, constitute the miscellaneous group, whose appearance exhibits no degree of that squalid wretchedness which has sometimes characterized the export of emigrants to the far west.

The cabin passengers, amounting to sixty or seventy persons, are chiefly Americans, naturalized or native. Those two respectable-looking American ladies, each with a daughter under her care, bear German names; but they are the wives of New York merchants, and are returning to their husbands and homes, after a tour of some eighteen months upon the continent of Europe. The aristocratic-looking couple, with the lively intelligent sprite of a daughter, the very image of her fine-looking mother, are amongst those in New York who have achieved wealth during the war commotions, and have been making the tour of Europe, from which they are now returning to their palatial residence in Fifth Avenue. The fast young lady who sports a rough pea-jacket, with expansive horn buttons, and whose ringing laugh is often heard far into the night, is said to be a votary of the stage.

Several majors and captains, whose appearance is not military according to English notions, respond to their respective titles, and with several other unmistakable Americans are much addicted to card-playing. The stakes, however, are merely nominal. There is no gambling, and little recourse to alcoholic stimulants; nor is there a word ever uttered by the passengers offensive to modesty or savouring of profaneness. The mustachioed gentleman, who in the roughest of rough pea-jackets, furnished with a capacious hood, looks very much like the pictures of Robinson Crusoe we were familiar with in our childhood, is a naturalized Frenchman, who, having realized property in the country of his adoption, has been on a visit to his native Paris. The old gentleman of sixty-five, or thereabouts, and his respectable-looking wife and daughter, have been on a visit to their former home in Leicestershire, from whence they emigrated twenty years ago. The old man has acquired an independence on the banks of the Delaware; and is not a little proud of the handsome Bible presented to him by the Methodist Society in his native town, with which he was formerly associated, and who highly appreciated the services he rendered to the Sabbath school during the few months of his sojourn in the land of his fathers. A tall young man, of consumptive tendency and appearance, is an American missionary, returning in broken health from the West Coast of Africa. He was a chaplain in the army during the civil war, and is deeply interested in the welfare of the free men of the south. The British passengers in the saloon are a comparatively small minority. The venerable man, who, with his wife and four children, pretty well grown, suffers much from sea-sickness, is the Rev. Dr. M'Cosh, eminent among the divines of the Scotch Free Church in Ireland, who has accepted an invitation to become the principal of the Princetown University in New Jersey. Two unmarried ladies, respectable and good-looking, but not very young, are going on a visit to friends in the States. These, with myself and family, make up the party who represent "the old country" in this our home on the deep. The head of this large family, our captain, is a Jersey

man named Le Mesurier. He looks the first-rate sailor that he is ; but is courteous in his bearing, and kind to his passengers, readily granting all indulgences to the weak and suffering that their circumstances require. The doctor who has charge of the emigrants is a gentlemanly young man from the north of the Tweed, and all the officers of the ship are intelligent and courteous.

On the second morning, few of the passengers put in an appearance at the breakfast-table ; for during the night not only has the wind been ahead, but we have been steaming into a very rough sea. There has been a heavy gale to the north ; and though we have escaped the tempestuous blast, our vessel feels the effect of it. The huge rolling waves come sweeping down with tremendous force, imparting a rolling motion to the ship that is almost perpetual ; so that to lie in our berths, or to retain a sitting position, we must hold on with all our might to what may happen to be near us. Loud calls for the stewards may be heard, and sounds indicative of the distress which a heavy rolling sea is very apt to produce, especially at the commencement of a voyage, come up from the cabins on the lower deck. The few who are seasoned voyagers, and therefore not prostrated like their neighbours, cut strange capers as they attempt to move about, making steps that the dancing-master never taught them, and sometimes finishing up their involuntary movements in a prostrate condition across the saloon table, or under it. In vain the stewards place the table in order, with strong guards affixed, to keep things from sliding off. Plates, dishes, joints, and poultry, take flight over the guards ; and the disappointed passenger finds that the savoury morsel just laid before him, with its delicious accompaniments of sauce, &c., has vanished in a moment without his aid. This lasts for two or three days, and then the heaving ocean subsides gradually into a state of comparative quietude ; the sun shines out, and the ladies are to be seen, well defended by numerous wrappers against the cold wind which comes from the north-west, basking in his cheering beams upon the hurricane deck.

Now dawns the Sabbath,—the pearl of days. The sea is somewhat rough, and the captain thinks it not expedient to prolong the service with a sermon; but he will see what the weather is. The sea has moderated a little, when, according to rule, the prayers are to be read, and the captain claims for himself this duty. At the hour appointed, half-past ten A.M., a cushion laid at one end of the saloon table is covered with a crimson cloth, trimmed with gold lace, and upon this are deposited the Book of Common Prayer and the Bible. Other books are spread for the use of the passengers. The saloon is crowded; for many of the emigrants have “come to church.” The service is read by the captain in full uniform, not as correctly or with as much solemnity, perhaps, as we might hear it read elsewhere; but certainly with as little expenditure of time. The lessons for the day happen to be of more than ordinary length: but in rather less than half-an-hour the whole service, with the litany and communion service included, has been got through. Whispering a word or two to Dr. M’Cosh, intimating that he may continue the service if he thinks proper, the captain disappears; and for half-an-hour the good doctor occupies the time in speaking and prayer, very much to the delight of his auditory, founding his remarks upon John xiv. 27.

Several times during the week that follows, we encounter a rough sea, causing the ship to roll most unpleasantly, and producing quite a list of casualties. The fastenings of one of the tables placed in the lobby give way during a heavy lurch, when some twelve or fourteen passengers are seated by and holding on to it; and away they go to the other side, table, settees, chairs, and passengers, with all the contents of the table mingled in an indistinguishable heap upon the floor. Before they can extricate themselves, the “Tripoli” is nearly on her beam ends on the other side, and again they are hurled across the cabin in wild confusion. Even the captain finds it difficult, “old salt” as he is, to maintain his equilibrium, and is seen *hors-de-combat* upon the cabin floor. One lady, who

has not recovered from sea-sickness and keeps her cabin, is thrown from her berth, and receives a severe cut on the forehead, calling the doctor's services into requisition; and another appears at table with a black eye, the effect of being hurled violently across her state-room.

On Saturday evening it is that we get the worst of it. For two or three days the captain has been predicting "*a blow*;" and as the night draws on, a heavy gale sets in from the south-west, and continues for twelve hours before there is any sign of abatement. Those who have never taken a voyage before now realize all the discomfort and terror of a storm at sea. The winds howl and shriek; the sea rises into mountain waves, which break over our decks, and sometimes strike the ship with a force that makes her tremble from stem to stern. Fearful apprehensions prevail, especially among the steerage passengers, who hear the masses of water on the decks above their heads rushing now to one side, then to the other, as the vessel rolls into the deep trough of the sea; and wild shrieks and earnest prayers in German attest the fear and confusion which prevail amongst them. Among the saloon passengers there is less alarm; but none venture to sleep, for it is only by holding hard to some fixture they can keep themselves from being hurled from their berths, as the vessel rolls on her beam-ends continually, first on one side, then on the other, with hardly a moment's cessation. It is a dreary night, and truly welcome is the first dim light in the east, announcing the slow approach of morning. As the day breaks the fury of the tempest abates; but fearfully grand is the appearance of the angry sea, rolling in majestic waves, which seem to threaten destruction to everything that comes within their terrible sweep.

It is the Sabbath morn that is ushered in by the howling storm. Gradually, as the day advances, winds and waves subside; but the rolling motion of the vessel is still so great that the passengers cannot assemble for forenoon worship. In the evening the sea has become so much calmer, that we determine to hold a religious service in the saloon;

and a goodly number gladly avail themselves of the privilege of worshipping God, and giving Him thanks for our preservation in the perils of the storm. Dr. M'Cosh conducts the preliminary part of the service, the short sermon and concluding prayer falling to me. While the sermon is in progress, the stopping of the engines excites a momentary feeling of alarm, which vanishes when it is ascertained that it is only the arrival of a pilot boat alongside. We are nearly four hundred miles from our port, and it is a very unusual circumstance for a pilot to board a vessel so far away; but the tempest had driven the small boat off the coast, and the hardy crew had been compelled for safety to run before it. "The pilot on board" is an additional cause of thanksgiving, as it shows we are nearing the end of our voyage; and our service concludes, as it began, with a grateful song of praise to the Giver of all good, who has brought us so far in safety across the deep.

At noon the following day we are less than two hundred miles from Sandy Hook; the weather is fine, and the captain assures us that the next day will see us in our desired haven. Waking early, as I have always done during the voyage, I see through the cabin window lights in the distance. I dress and go on deck, and find the lights I had seen are on Long Island; and we are just passing Sandy Hook into New York harbour. It is a beautiful, cloudless morning, the heavens brilliant with millions of stars. Jupiter is surpassingly bright, exhibiting quite a disk; and meteors are darting through the sky with unusual frequency. A bright appearance on the horizon suggests a thought of coming day, until it is remembered that the sun cannot make his appearance in that direction. It is the northern light that brightens the heavens; and it is over Long Island to the right that we look for the rising sun. Soon a faint blush is seen in that direction, waxing brighter every moment as we pass the lights on Staten Island and approach the Narrows; but the orb of day has not appeared before "Stop her," and the rattling of the anchor cable, announce the pleasing fact that we have come to anchor at the Quarantine ground.

Soon after sunrise the health officer is on board ; a personal inspection of all the emigrants is speedily completed, and again we are under way. Breakfast is served and hastily disposed of, while the "Tripoli" steams away in the direction of the North river (the Hudson). The beautiful scenery of the magnificent harbour of New York is duly admired, as we gaze upon it in the bright sunshine that welcomes our arrival. We are soon again at anchor. The tender that speedily places herself alongside receives us and our baggage, and transfers us to the custom house. The intimation to the courteous gentlemanly officers of the department, that I am a missionary proceeding in a short time to the south, is sufficient to obtain exemption from the troublesome task of opening our boxes for inspection ; and before the day has reached its meridian we have exchanged "our home upon the deep" for the comforts of a New York hotel ; thankful to our Heavenly Father that during the fourteen days in which we have been driven and tossed upon a rough and angry sea He has kept us in the hollow of His hand, and brought us thus far on the way to our future scene of missionary toil.

After a fortnight's detention at New York, we embarked on the steam ship "Eagle" for New Providence. On the fourth day, early in the morning, we were running down the barren-looking coast of Abaco, one of the Bahama group of islands, and soon passed the well-known lighthouse at "The Hole in the Wall." In the evening we reached our destination, and landed at the pleasant little town of Nassau.

XXXIV.

THE BROKEN HEART.

OUR world is rife
With grief and sorrow ! all that we would prop,
Or would be propped with, falls ! When shall the ruin stop ?

BRAINARD.

THE leaders' meeting at Coke chapel is the most formidable of the kind I have met with in Methodism. Between one and two hundred class-leaders were accustomed to assemble every Friday afternoon at four o'clock, to transact the financial and disciplinary business of the huge society connected with that place of worship. The society comprised a body of communicants amounting to between two and three thousand.

The date of our tale carries us back to the year 1839. The original chapel obtained, and adapted to missionary purposes, by Dr. Coke, has been taken down ; and a new, handsome building is in course of erection on the site of the glorious old sanctuary in which so many thousands of souls have been born to eternal life. The public services, meanwhile, are conducted in the new school-room adjoining, to which an extensive wooden shed has been attached, to accommodate a portion of the congregation.

It is in the school-room that the business of the leaders' meeting is going on. The proceedings are about to be closed, when a Negro boy, covered with the indications of a long and hasty journey, enters the room, and respectfully hands a letter to the presiding minister, to whom it is addressed. The letter, like its bearer, exhibits marks of a long journey, and has evidently passed through hands not altogether immaculate. The recipient of the letter glances

at the direction before breaking the seal; which he does very hastily and with some anxiety, for in the corner of the envelope he has read the ominous words, "*With all possible haste.*"

The contents of the epistle are brief, but startling; for they convey the intelligence that Mr. B., a minister occupying an important official position in connexion with the educational department of the mission, is dangerously ill at Stewart Town. The doctors are of opinion that it is a severe attack of yellow fever; and the symptoms being of an alarming character, it is considered advisable that Mrs. B., who had been left at home with the family, should without any avoidable loss of time proceed to Stewart Town; which the sufferer himself also earnestly desires. The writer of the letter, who is one of the missionaries stationed on the north side of the island, expresses in a postscript his own gloomy apprehensions as to the result of the attack, and urges that not a moment be lost in sending Mrs. B. on, or she may be too late to see her beloved husband again alive.

Mr. B., the subject of the present sketch, has been in the island only two or three years. Having been in the ministry a few years, and possessing talents far above mediocrity, he has accepted the invitation of the Wesleyan missionary committee to undertake the supervision and direction of the educational interests of the Jamaica mission; which are now very greatly extended, in consequence of the removal of those restrictions which slavery heretofore imposed upon the education of the now emancipated Negroes. His wife, with four lovely children, increased to five since their arrival in the isles of the west, has accompanied him to the scene of his labours. Some eight days ago he departed in vigorous health on one of the long tours of inspection that the duties of his office required. To the grief of several of his brethren, Mr. B. is very careless about adopting those precautions that are essential to the maintenance of good health in a tropical climate. It is therefore with more of regret and alarm than of surprise that they

receive the intelligence of the dangerous illness which has come upon him.

After a brief consultation on the part of the three ministers present at the leaders' meeting when the express messenger made his appearance, it is agreed that the senior of them shall undertake the task of breaking the sad news to Mrs. B., and prepare her for the journey; and the younger shall immediately make the necessary arrangements to accompany her to the bedside of her afflicted husband. It is a heavy blow to the loving and devoted wife, who is attached to her husband by the strongest ties of affection, and whose very life is bound up in him, when she hears of the illness that renders her presence needful at the sick bed. In heart-crushing sorrow, and with many gloomy forebodings, she addresses herself to the sad task of making ready for the journey, leaving her precious little ones to the care of one of the missionaries' wives, who readily undertakes the charge.

There are no public conveyances in Jamaica, by which travellers can swiftly proceed wherever business or pleasure may call them. It is only by a vehicle hired for the purpose, to be drawn by the same horses over the whole of the eighty miles that separate her from her loved and suffering partner, that she can proceed to Stewart's Town, where he lies. The necessary arrangements are made during the evening; and at the earliest dawn on the following morning, (Saturday,) an open gig, with a pair of stout ponies attached in what is called outrigger fashion, so that the animals can run abreast of each other, receives the travellers and the little luggage they are able to carry with them. A Negro boy, mounted upon another pony, rides after them to serve in the capacity of a groom. The route lies over Mount Diabola, and the road is only made practicable by slanting along the side of the towering mountain. This involves an ascent of some miles, exceedingly fatiguing to horses that have to drag over it a loaded vehicle. The day is far spent, and the horses are weary and requiring rest, when they arrive at Trafalgar, the present residence of the missionary in charge of

Beechamville, a mission station beautifully situated in the parish of St. Ann, and close to the road along which they have to travel. It is not surprising that the horses are jaded ; for they have achieved a distance of about fifty-two or fifty-three miles over very rough and very heavy roads.

Resting there for the night, where both themselves and their horses are bountifully provided for, at daylight on Sunday morning the travellers resume their journey. Their route lies, as it did yesterday, through some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. But, however the missionary admires it who is driving the vehicle, the poor sorrow-stricken lady at his side has no eye to observe it. The beauties of nature wear no charms for her ; for a heavy load presses upon her heart. Her whole attention, her whole thought, is occupied with the loved sufferer to whose aid she is hastening ; and in perfect silence, as she did the whole of yesterday, she goes on her way, replying only in monosyllables to any question addressed to her. They have rested for half an hour under the shade of some trees overshadowing the road, as there is neither tavern nor missionary station where they can halt for refreshment. It is near mid-day when, as they are slowly descending a sloping road between Brown's Town and Stewart's Town, and not more than two or three miles from the end of their journey, they meet a traveller on horseback. They have seen him in the distance ; and as he draws near he is recognised by the missionary in the vehicle as a Mr. C., the Wesleyan school teacher at the village through which they have recently passed. How does the missionary's heart sink within him, as he observes a streamer of apparently fresh black crape hanging from the white panama hat worn by the teacher ! His companion in the gig has observed it too ; and with startling energy, rising to her feet, she eagerly inquires of the stranger if he can tell how Mr. B. is. The person thus addressed is greatly taken aback by the question, and at once guesses who the inquirer is. Before he can recover his self-possession he has communicated the intelligence that Mr. B.

died on Saturday, the day before, at mid-day, and he, Mr. C., was just returning home from the funeral.

The unhappy lady, who has partly risen to a standing position in the gig, suddenly realizing the mournful truth, gives utterance to a piercing sound, between a shriek and a groan, that thrills the very souls of the hearers, and sinks down at once into her seat, leaning helplessly against her travelling companion. She does not faint, neither is there a tear in her eye. She seems as if the shock had turned her into stone. The eyes, wide open, seem fixed on vacancy and every feature is rigid as if with the coldness of death. Her travelling companion, himself almost choking with grief, endeavours to address to her such words of condolence and sympathy as he is capable of uttering. She appears not to hear anything that is spoken. It is in vain that he urges her, for the sake of her beloved children, not to yield herself up to this bitter sorrow that has come upon her. Alarmed at the condition into which the terrible news so suddenly imparted has thrown her, he urges on his jaded horses, and in little more than half-an-hour reaches the end of this painful journey.

The unhappy widow is lifted from the vehicle, and assisted into the mission house; but she is still in the same state. The appalling fact that she has come to see and to aid her husband, and found only his new-made grave, seems to have come like a thunder-clap upon her, and to have paralysed all her faculties. From the moment that the intelligence fell upon her ear, she has uttered not a single word; she has shed no tear. A low, distressing, plaintive moan, uttered at intervals, and most painful to listen to, alone indicates the fearful weight of grief that is pressing upon that poor, bereaved heart. The All-merciful alone knows the thoughts passing through that troubled mind; the heavy load of sorrow which presses down the soul. Several missionaries and their wives have assembled from mission stations around, and all that loving kindness and tender sympathy can do to afford relief is done by those around her, who share, in some measure, the sorrow of this sudden and

painful bereavement; but the sufferer is insensible to it all. Stunned by the heavy blow that has smitten and crushed her, she seems to hear nothing that is said. No persuasion can prevail upon her to touch food of any kind. And all this time the fountain of her tears is sealed; not a drop of moisture is to be seen in her eye or upon her cheek. It would indeed be a blessed relief if she could give expression to her anguish in a flood of tears. It comes, at length. On the fourth day, when those around her begin to fear that reason will soon give way under the pressure of such a load of grief, an allusion to her fatherless children, and the necessity of her rousing herself from her prostration for their sakes, opens the sealed fountain. A plentiful flow of tears now relieves the pressure upon her heart, and she gradually awakens from the deadly stupor in which all her faculties have been held with such tenacious grasp.

For a day or two she lies helplessly weeping upon the bed, overwhelmed with a sense of her loneliness and the great loss she and her five children have sustained; a loss that can never be repaired in this world. She is now prevailed upon to take a little food, and gradually acquires strength to pay a visit to the spot where the manly, handsome form she loved so well has found its last resting-place in the dust, hidden from her eyes until the resurrection morn. Heart-rending is the scene, as the desolate one, weeping tears of bitter agony, kneels and bows over the grave of the departed, as if she would embrace the very earth that covers the beloved remains. Gladly, most gladly, would she close her eyes on all earthly scenes, and be laid beside him there, if such were the Heavenly Father's will!

She has listened calmly, though with much weeping, to the details of those events of the last few days which have left her in the desolation of early widowhood. She learns from those who have been with him all through his sickness, how he arrived there on Sunday apparently in his usual health, having engaged to preach missionary sermons on that day. He preached both morning and evening, with much power and unction, taking for his text in the morning,

Matt. xi. 25, 26, and in the evening, 2 Cor. vi. 1, 2. On Tuesday he began to feel unwell, and fever symptoms made their appearance, which, it was hoped, a good night's rest and some simple medicine he was prevailed on to take would remove. On Wednesday he was no better, but rather worse. Still no apprehension was entertained that there was anything in the attack more than the ordinary fever of the country, which soon yields to the power of medicine. But the fever continued, and, on the following day, fears began to be entertained that it might prove to be the yellow fever,—the “*vomito prieto*,”—so often fatal here, especially to Europeans. The symptoms grew more and more unfavourable, and at midday it was considered advisable to send off an express, and request the wife to come to the bedside of the sufferer, who, in his delirium, was continually calling for his beloved Mary. The messenger was dispatched, charged to proceed with all possible speed, and to stop for nothing but the needful refreshment of the horse he rode, until he had placed the letter in the hands of the gentleman to whom it was addressed. That he was faithful to his charge was evident from the fact that in twenty-seven hours he had borne the missive over the eighty miles that separated the sufferer from the loved one he longed to see. No improvement appeared as the hours wore away. The medical man tried all the remedies approved by the practice of the faculty in this part of the world, but without effect. The fever steadily progressed, without any intermission, through all the following day. As the day declined, the changing hue of the skin, the blistering lips, and increasing delirium, banished all hope of recovery; and it became too manifest that even before the wife could possibly reach that chamber of sorrow, the fever-smitten occupant would have passed within the veil. He had at intervals spoken cheering things of his sure trust and confidence in Jesus, and the bright hope of life and immortality that sustained and comforted his soul. “O,” said he, “all is right! There is Valentine Ward, my father, my grandfather, my little boy, all waiting for me. O, I have been the child of many prayers and many mercies!” Some reference having

account, will break the spell of her grief, and restore the faculties which under its influence have sunk almost into a state of torpor. But this hope is not realized. Time appears to bring with it no healing, restoring influence. Days pass away. Week after week flies by; and there is no sign of improvement. The desolate one can do nothing but weep. By no beseeching or remonstrance can she be moved to feel any concern about domestic affairs, or even to take any interest in her children. Even the last born, whose life has not yet filled the circling year, as he climbs to his mother's knee and clasps his little arms around her neck, cannot now win a smile from that mother's lips who so lately fondled him with all a mother's transport and joy.

In hope that benefit may result change of scene and removal from the house, where every object serves but to keep fresh the memory of her great loss, she is prevailed upon, but very reluctantly, by anxious, loving friends to remove for a few days to the residence of one of the missionaries. No good result is obtained from this experiment. The counsels and prayers of Christian ministers, though always thankfully received, fail to relieve her in any degree from the morbid melancholy that seems to have marked her for its prey. "My heart is broken! my heart is broken!" is the only response that can be obtained from her in reply to the friendly advices and remonstrances which they feel it their duty to address to her. Wringing her hands in hopeless grief, she moves about her chamber or throws herself prostrate upon the bed, giving utterance to low plaintive moans that might indeed well express the anguish of a breaking heart.

Medical help is appealed to, the best that the city can afford; but the wound lies far beyond the reach of medicine. Time, that often heals the bruised spirit and alleviates the sharpest of human suffering, in this case brings no kind of amelioration. On the contrary, as the days roll on, more alarming symptoms are developed; and it becomes evident that the brain and nervous system have received a shock from which the worst results may be anticipated. Reason totters upon its throne, if it has not been utterly overthrown.

The sufferer no longer pays the slightest attention to the children once so fondly beloved and tenderly cherished, when they are brought to her to divert her from her grief. Her speech has become often wandering and incoherent. The most beloved and respected of former friends are now looked upon with antipathy, while muttered accusations escape from her of their having inflicted upon her some unexplained wrong. A strange, unnatural fire gleams in her eye; and the painful fact can no longer be concealed that the poor widow is fast sinking into the condition of a maniac. It becomes necessary to watch her every moment, and remove from her reach every article that might be capable in her hand of inflicting injury upon herself or others; for a morbid anxiety for death is now among the symptoms that indicate the wreck of a beautiful and noble mind.

It is well that the physical powers decay as the mind gradually sinks into ruin, which is not always the case. The shock received on that Sabbath morning, when she met the person returning from her husband's funeral, and suddenly received the sad news of his death, was a fatal one both to mind and body. It struck a fatal blow at her reason, and it broke her heart. Although the stunned energies had seemed to rally slightly, after the lapse of a few days, yet she never for a moment became anything like her former self. And now she is manifestly sinking to the grave: a fact that gives dreary comfort to the friends around her, for it is a relief from the misery which threatens, of beholding the poor sufferer spending an unhappy, blighted existence under the restraint that would be necessary to prevent her doing injury to herself or others, or as the wretched inmate of a lunatic asylum.

How sad is the change that grief has effected! When first she set foot upon the sunny shores of Jamaica, happy in the devoted affection of a husband she almost adored, and surrounded by a troop of beautiful children, whose superior intelligence showed the judicious, loving care of a mother's guiding hand, she was radiant with a loveliness not often surpassed. A clear brunette, with a head of luxuriant jetty

hair; the roses shone brightly upon her cheeks, fresh from the tempered climate of Britain. A soft, mild beauty gleamed from her large lustrous black eyes; where also shone the intelligence of a cultured mind; and attired with the elegant chasteness that a perfect taste and true piety inspire, she appeared a bright pattern of womanly loveliness; a wife and mother, whose virtues and excellences were well calculated to shed brightness and blessing in the Christian household. A few weeks have sufficed to work a most melancholy change. A deadly paleness has superseded the roses on her cheeks; and her features, sallow and sunken, have lost nearly all traces of their former beauty. All the light of intelligence has faded from the dark eye, which now only occasionally beams with the fitful wild-fire of insanity. Her beautiful arms have lost the finished, graceful roundness of health; and the once symmetrical, elastic frame, wasted to little more than a skeleton, seems to indicate that the king of terrors is not far distant.

And so it is. After three or four weeks' confinement to her room, during which there has been no interval of perfect saneness, there are to be observed unmistakeable indications that the end of this tragic history is at hand. The pallid hue of death has already overspread the countenance; the damps of the grave are on the brow, when, suddenly waking up from a light slumber into which she had sunk, there is again the light of intelligence in the languid eye. Turning to the good old nurse who has tended the sufferer with all a mother's care and love, and who is indeed a mother in Israel, the pious watcher at the death-bed of many a fever-stricken missionary, and many a dying saint,—the patient, in a sweet, calm, natural tone of voice, different from anything that has been heard from her since the stroke of bereavement fell upon her, says, "Mother G., be pleased to call Mrs. ——," naming the wife of the minister in whose house she is lying. The lady referred to is in a few moments standing at the bedside, when, feebly grasping her hand, the dying woman says, in trembling accents, "Mrs. ——, I have seen my dear husband, and I am going to him. We shall soon both

be with Jesus. But O, Mrs. —, my poor dear children! Will you take care of them until they can be sent to England?" The requested promise is given. A sweet smile of satisfaction passes over the pallid features. Gently throwing herself back upon the pillow, with her eyes uplifted to heaven, she becomes gradually still; the light dies out in the eye, the sunken countenance settles in the rigidity of death; the jaw slowly drops upon the loving hand that is outstretched to receive it, and the broken heart is at rest. The pure, loving spirit has passed away from the sorrows of earth, and the stricken widow is a widow no more.

"The soul hath o'ertaken her mate,
And caught him again in the sky
Advanced to her happy estate,
And pleasure that never shall die:
Where glorified spirits, by sight,
Converse in their holy abode,
As stars in the firmament bright,
And pure as the angels of God."

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